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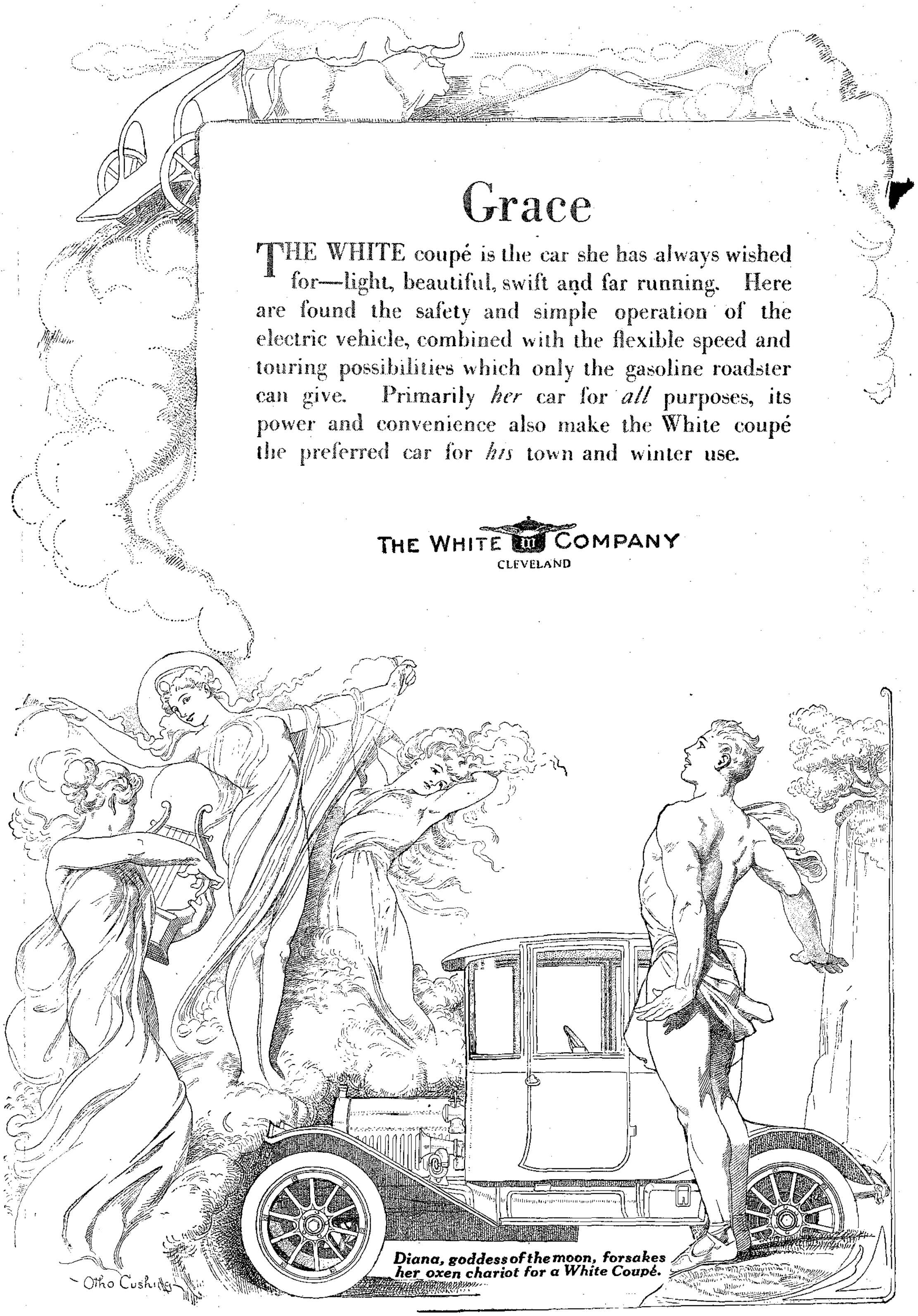

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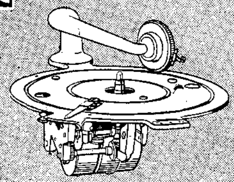

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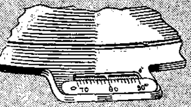

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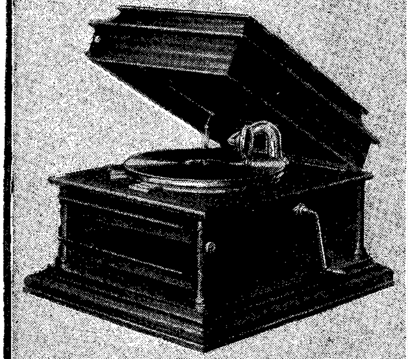

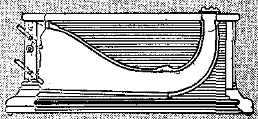

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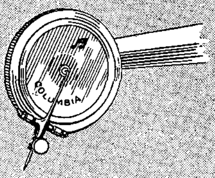

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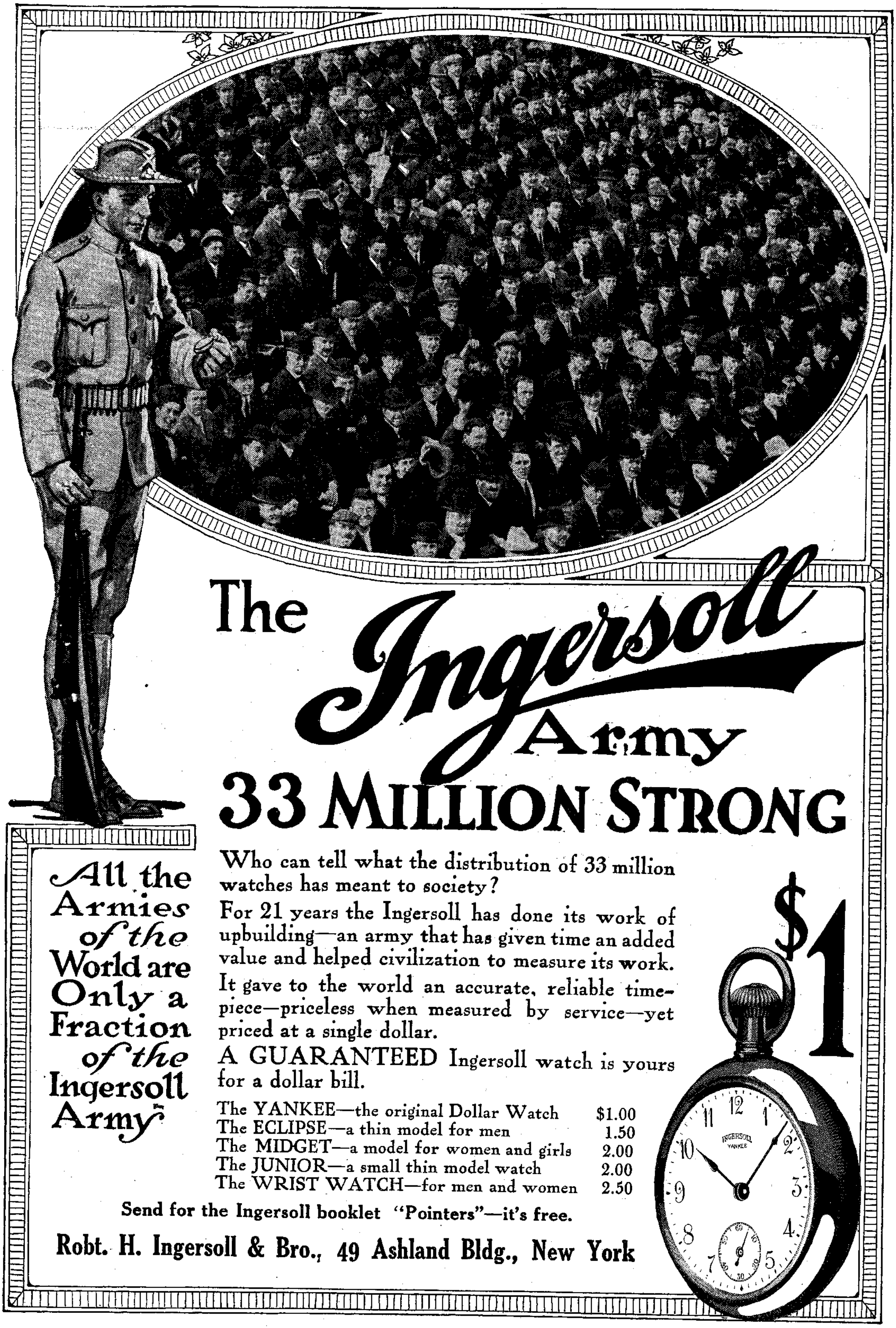

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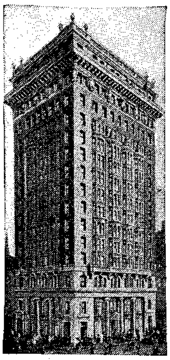

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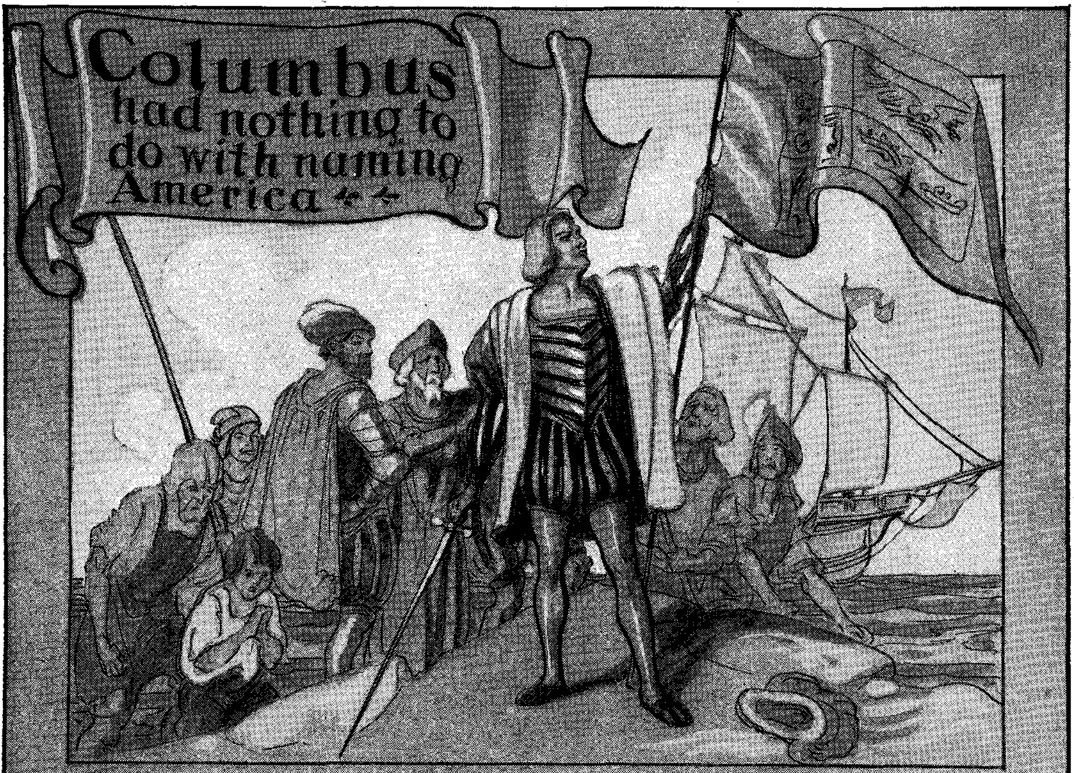
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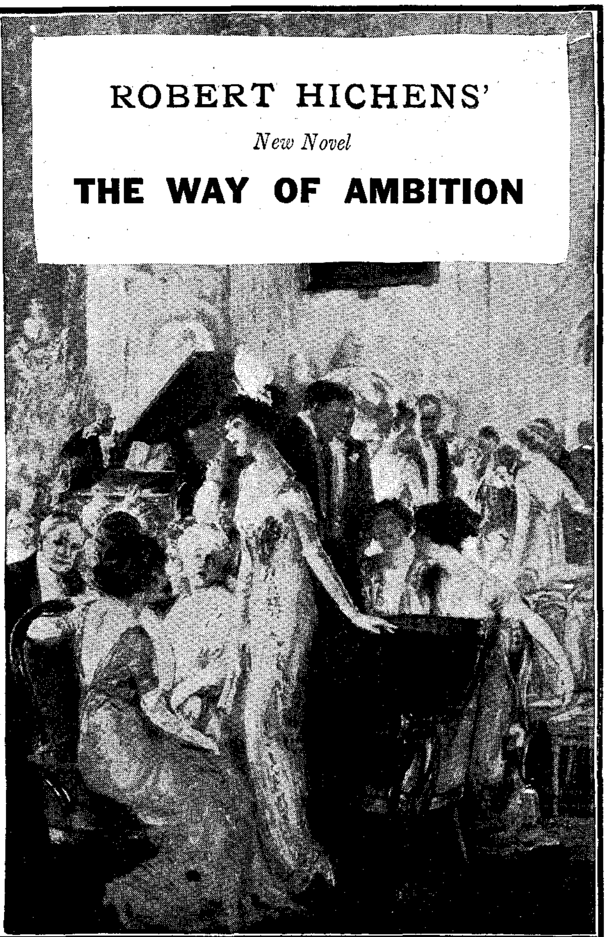

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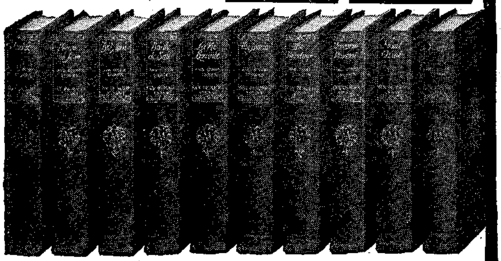

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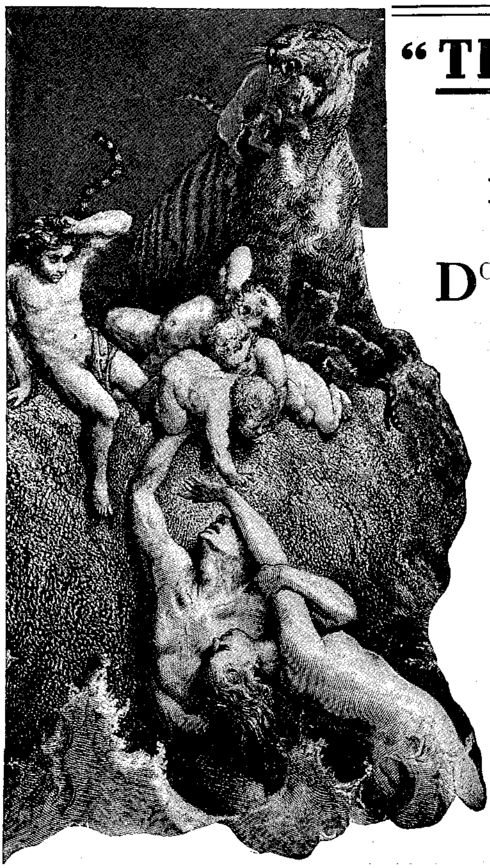

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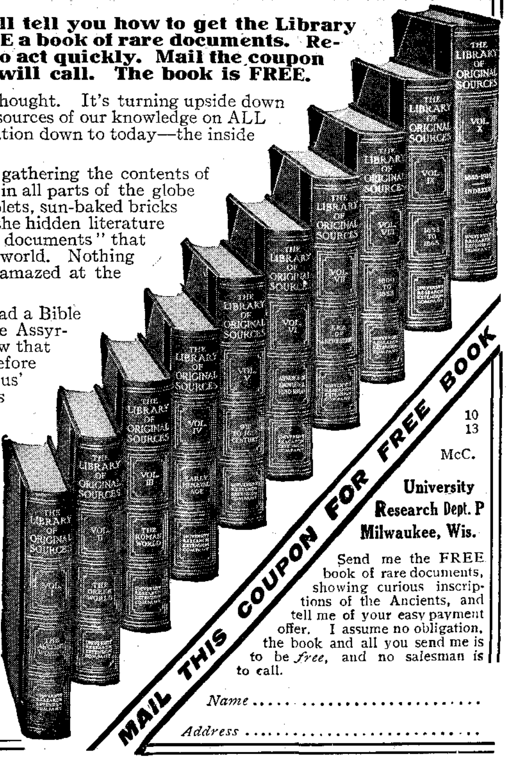

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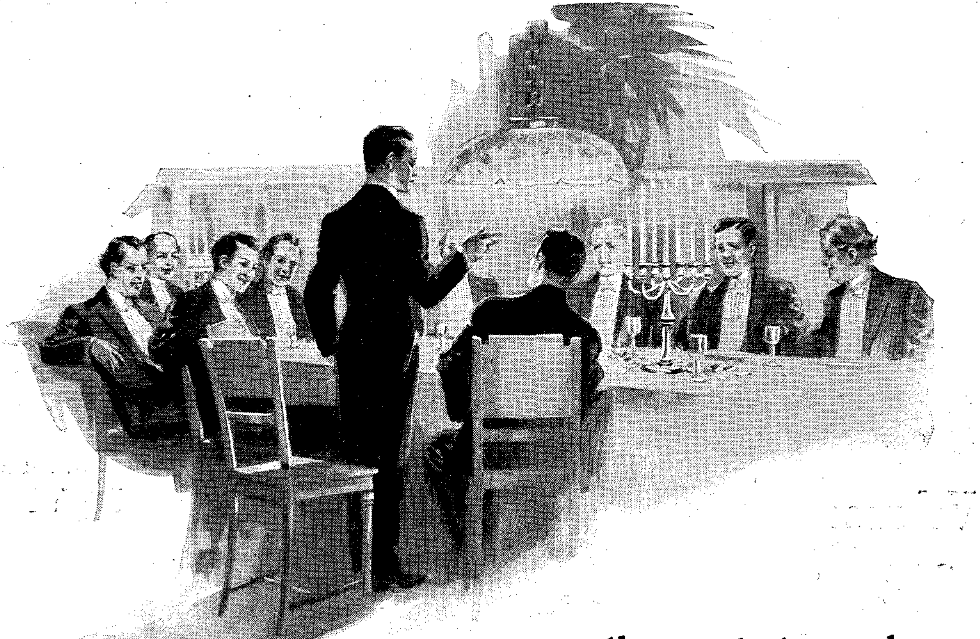

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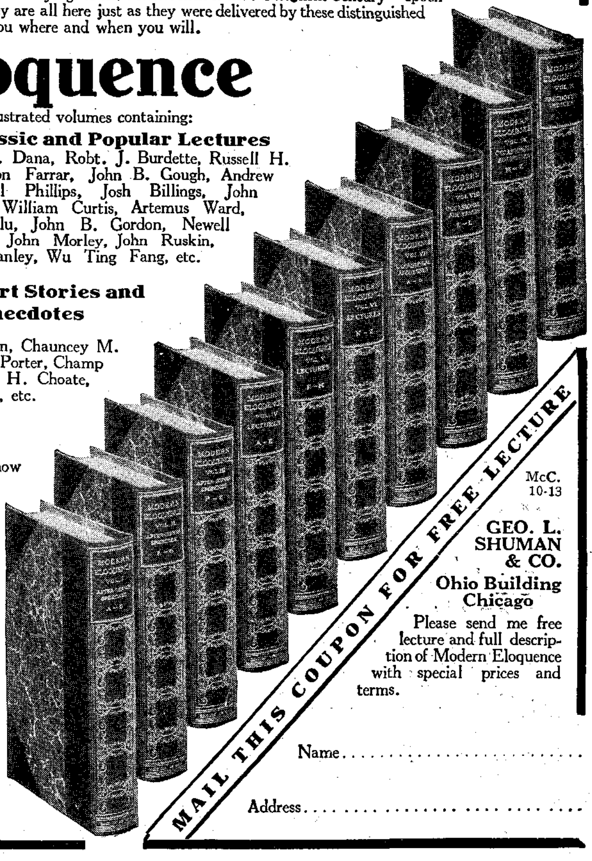

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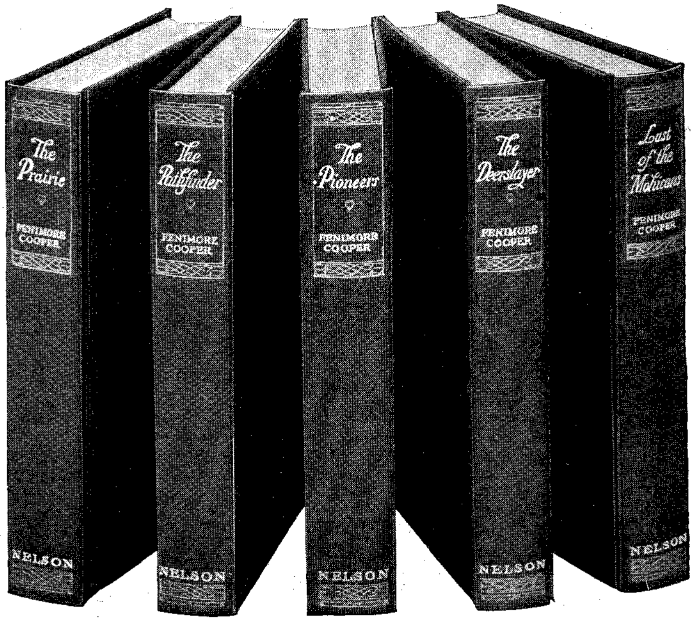
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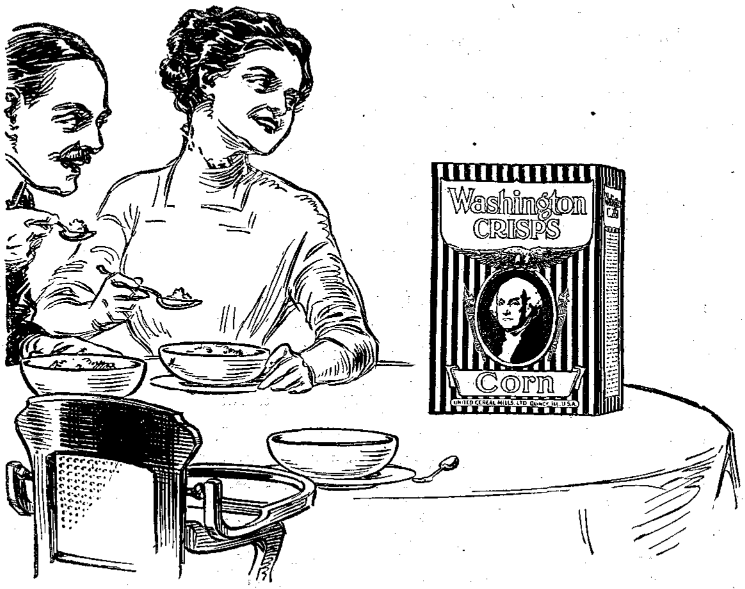
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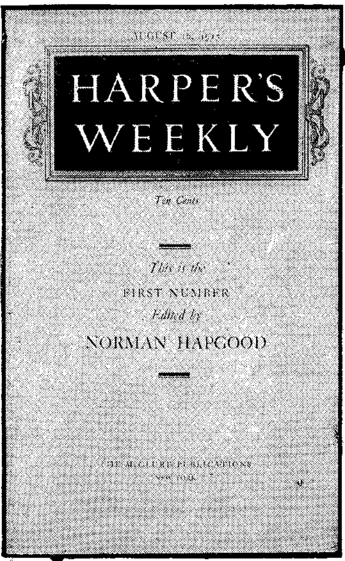

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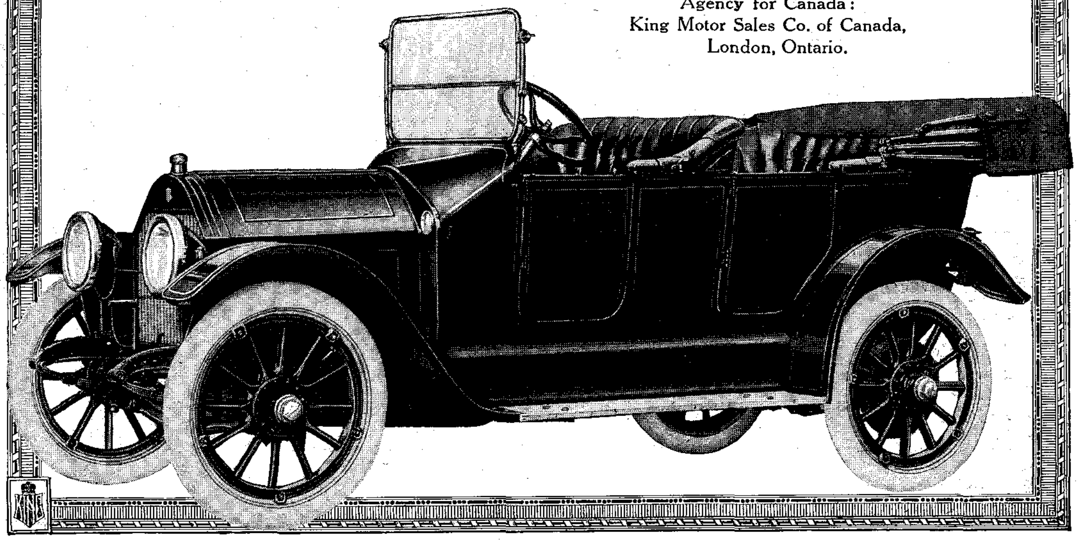

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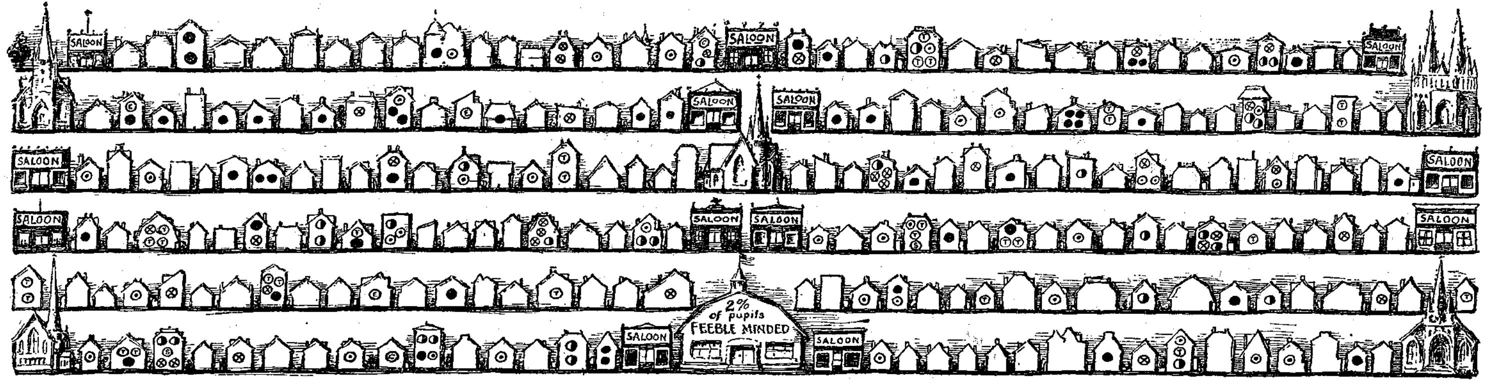
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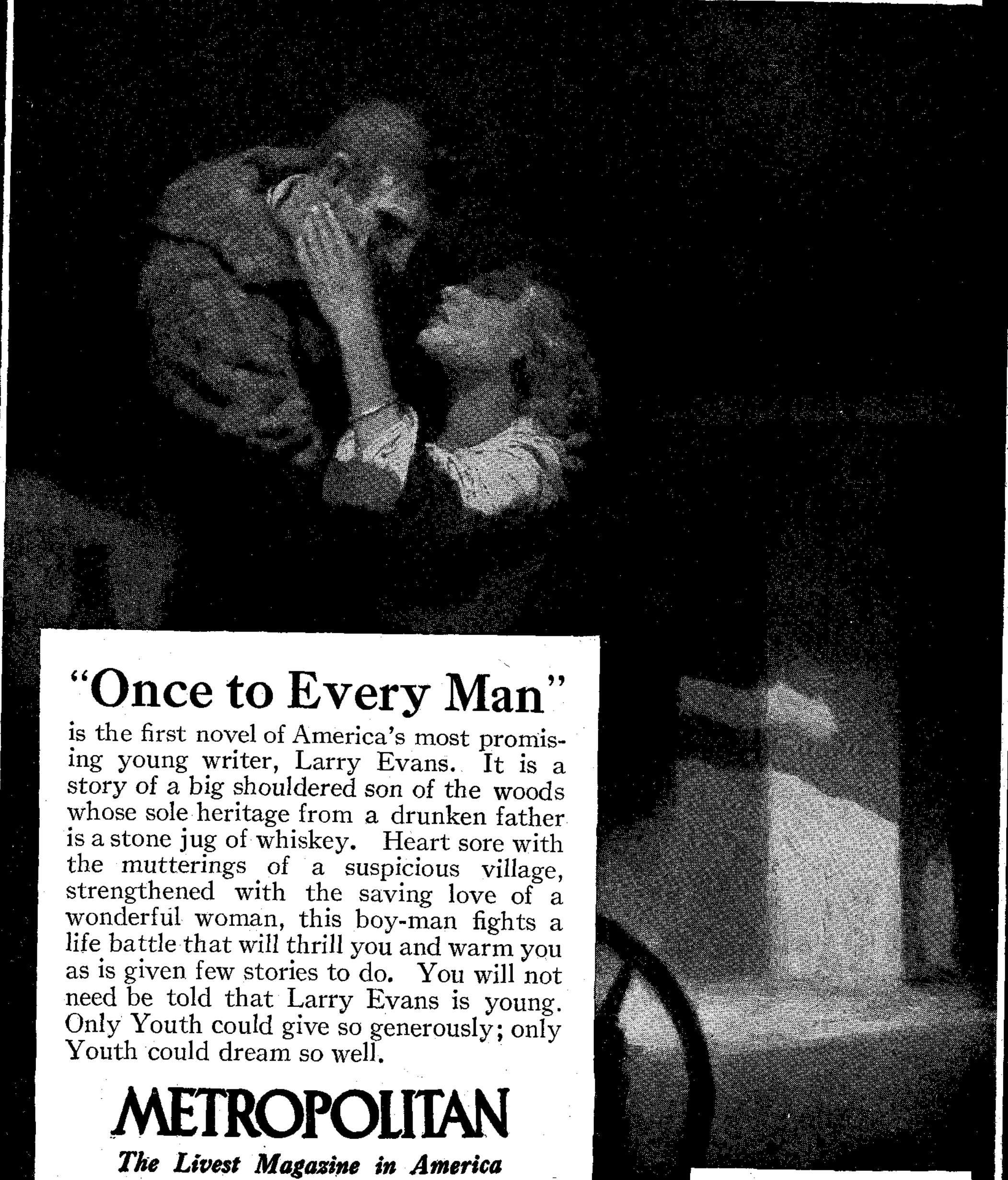

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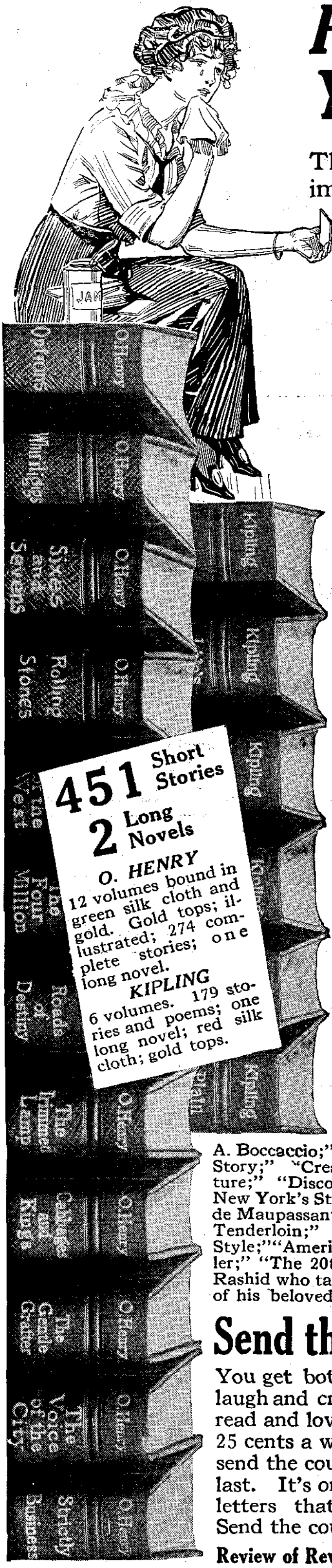
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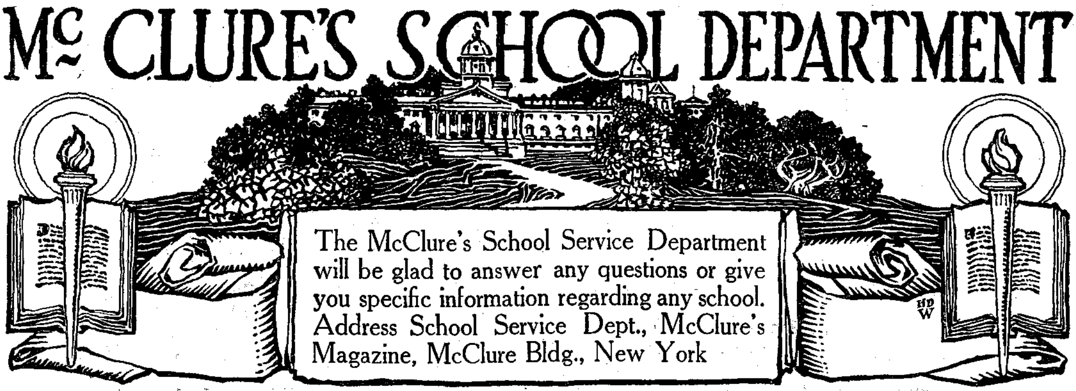

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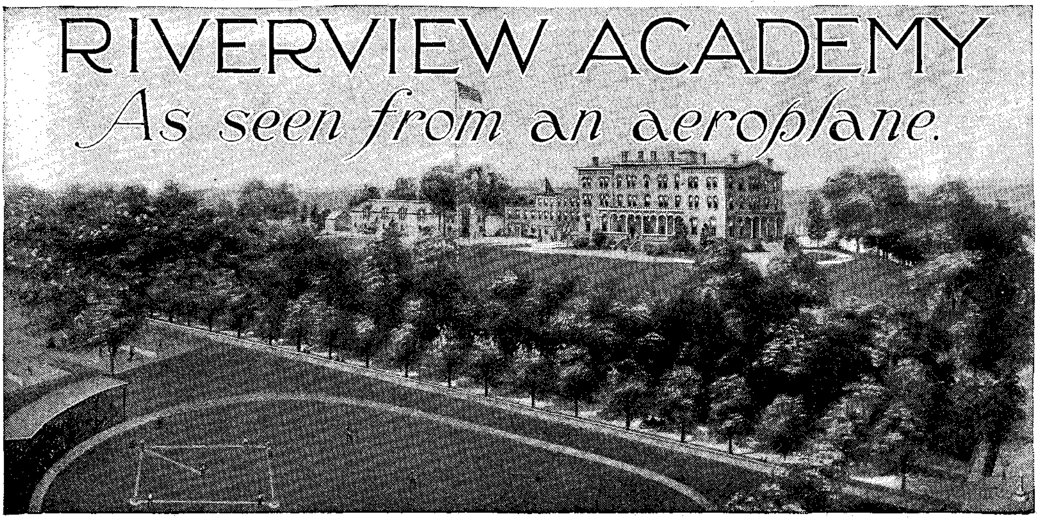

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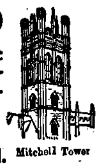

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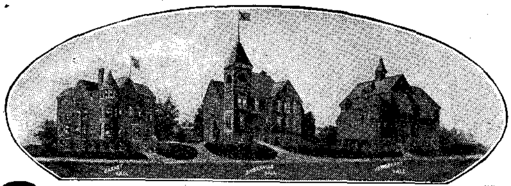

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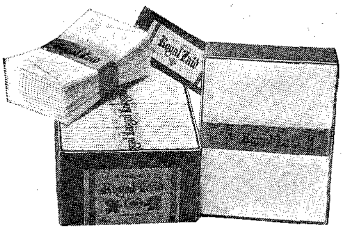

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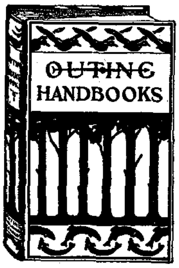

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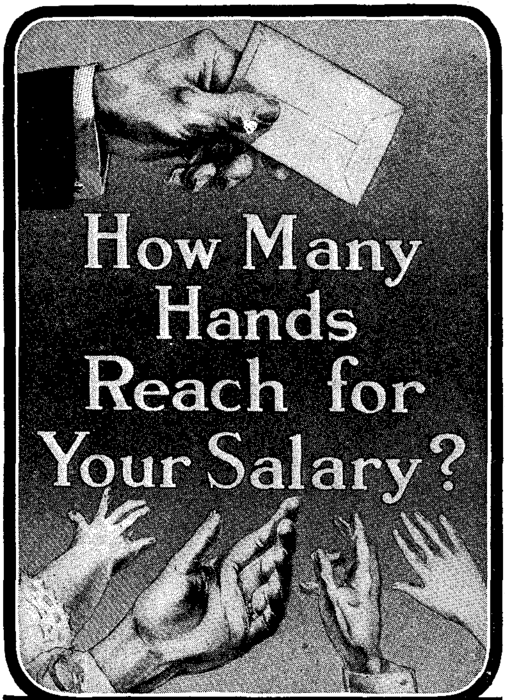
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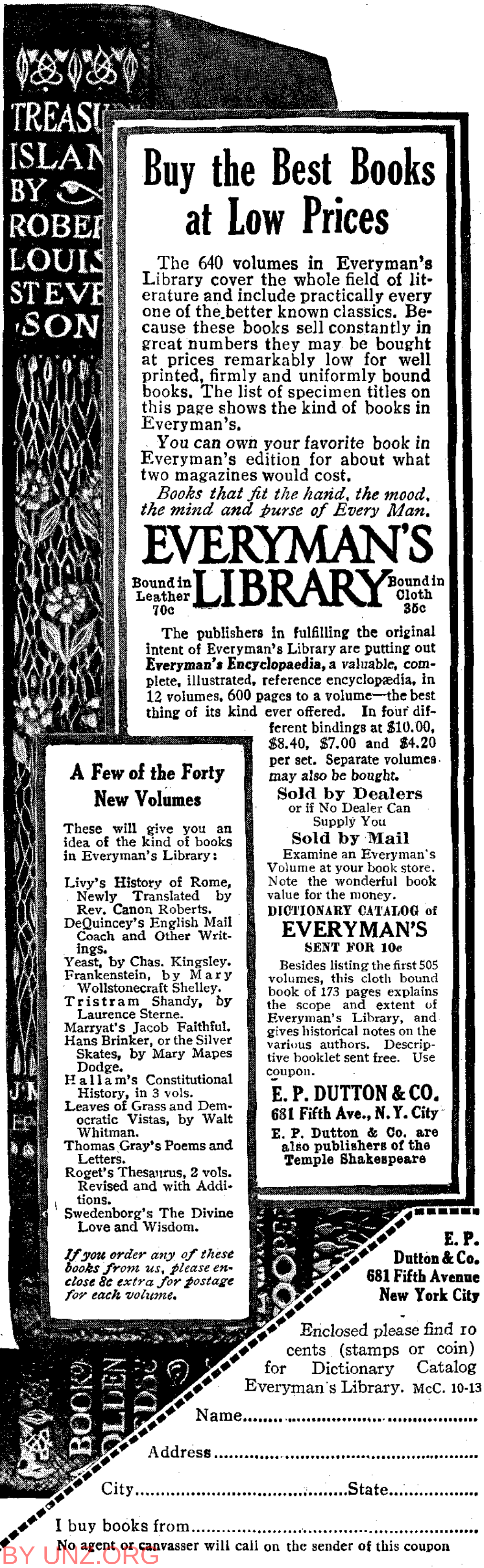

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOLUME XLI No. 6 OCTOBER, 1913

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

S. S. McCLURE

I wish to express my indebtedness to Miss Willa Sibert Cather for her invaluable assistance in the preparation of these memoirs.
S. S. McClure

I WAS born in Ireland, fifty-six years ago. Antrim, the northeast county of the Province of Ulster, was my native county. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Gaston. Her people were descended from a French Huguenot family that came to Ireland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and they still bore their French surname. My father's people, the McClures, were from Galloway, Scotland. The family had come across the North Channel about two hundred years ago and settled in Ulster.

After the battle of the Boyne, as for hundreds of years before, it was a common thing for the Protestant kings of England to make large grants of Irish land to Protestant colonists from England and Scotland. Ulster, lying across a narrow strip of water from the Scottish coast, was given over to colonists from the Lowlands until half her population was foreign. The injustice of this system of colonization, together with the fierce retaliation of the Irish, brought about the long list of reciprocal atrocities which are at the root of the Irish question to-day.

WITH such a dark historical background, the religious feeling on both sides was intense. There had been very few instances of intermarriage between the Scotch Protestant colonists and the Irish Catholics who were the original inhabitants of the Province of Ulster. Among both Protestants and Catholics the feeling against intermarriage was so strong that, when such a marriage occurred, even in my time, it was considered a terrible misfortune as well as a disgrace. This state of feeling had kept both races pure and unmodified, though they mingled together in the most friendly fashion in all the ordinary occupations of life. In Antrim the Scotch colonists had retained much of their Lowland speech. The dialect of Mr. Barrie's stories was familiar to my ears as a child.

MY grandfather, Samuel McClure, for whom I was named, had seven sons. He lived at Drumaglea, on a small farm, and in addition to farming did carpentering, to which trade he brought up his boys. My father, Thomas McClure, was working for my grandfather as a carpenter at the time of his marriage to my mother, and continued to work for him for nearly a year after his marriage, living at his wife's home at the Frocess, one mile up the county road, and coming and going to and from his work every day. In my mother's home there were many sisters and brothers, fourteen in all,—my grandfather Gaston had been married twice,—all farmers or farmers' wives.

My mother was a girl of unusual physical vigor and great energy, and had always done

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farm-work. She was able to do a man's work and a woman's work at the same time. After keeping up with the men in the fields all day, she would come in and get supper for them at night. After her marriage she continued to work on her father's farm, and my father continued as one of my grandfather McClure's workmen. It was in my grandfather Gaston's house at the Frocess that I, the first child of this marriage, was born.

WHEN I was about a year old, my father bought from my grandfather McClure a little farm of nine acres at Drumaglea, and we moved into a home of our own. This is the first home I can remember. It was a two-room stone house, with an earth floor and a thatch roof, set on a long, gently sloping hillside, about an eighth of a mile back from the main road that ran between Belfast and Derry. At Drumaglea we were midway between these two seaports, twenty-six miles from Belfast and the same distance from Derry. Eight miles to the south of us was Ballymena, a town of about four thousand population then; and eight miles to the north, on the same road, was Ballymoney, a considerably smaller town.

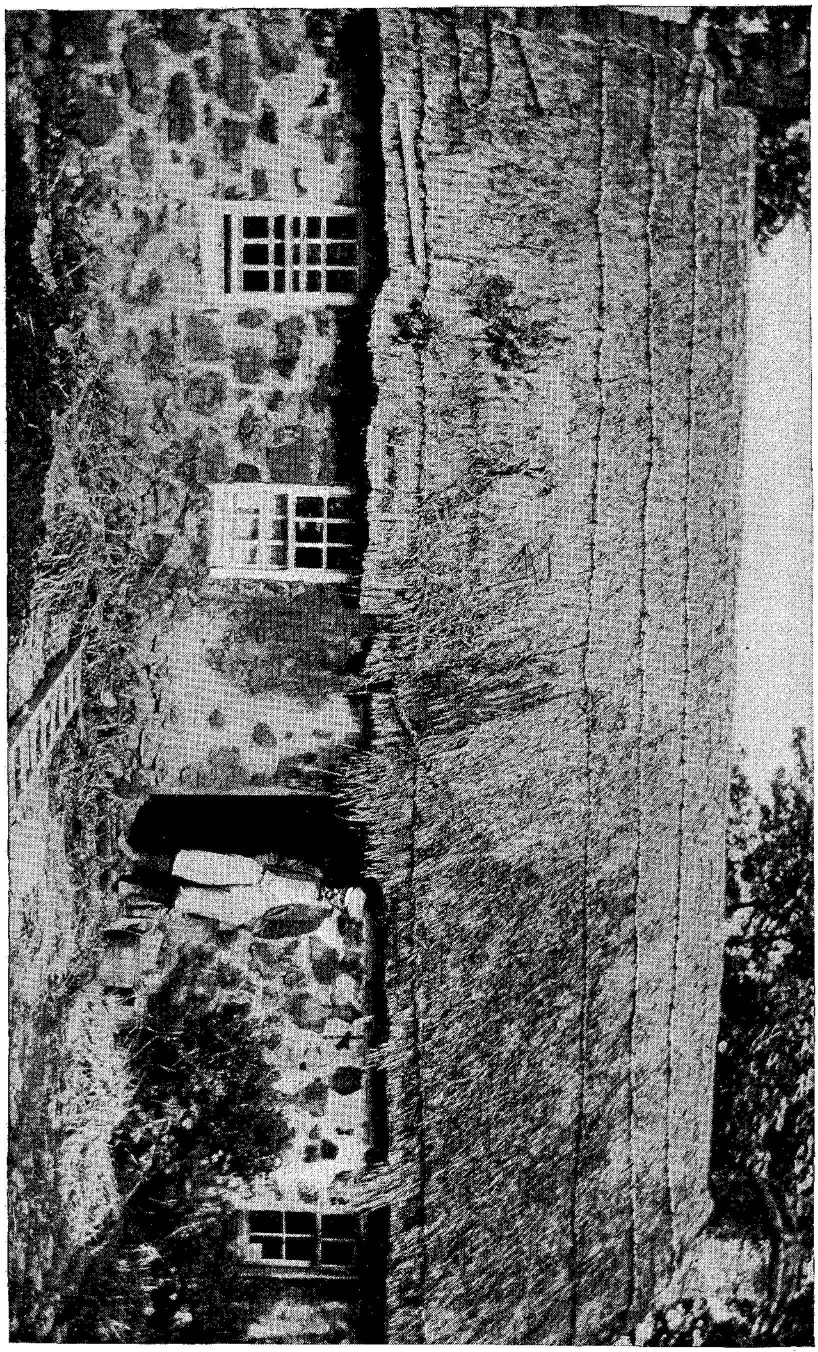
This county road was one of the important facts of our lives. Not many years before my time, a man in Belfast named MacAdam had originated and introduced the method of metaling roads now commonly called by his name. All our roads were macadamized and kept in excellent condition, a very important thing in a country as wet as Ireland. Through the long, rainy winters these highways and the paved lanes that led out from them were hard and firm, even where they ran through great stretches of bog-land, such as that from which we gathered our peat. On either side of the county road, sloping back from it, were dikes about three feet high, and on these dikes grew the hawthorn hedges that marked the line of the roadright. It was along these dikes that we children, on our way to school, used to find the first signs of spring — yellow primroses, and violets of a deeper color than grow in countries where the air is less saturated with moisture.

Our cottage, though it had but two rooms and no ceiling under the thatch, was a comfortable enough dwelling. The rooms seemed large,— about twelve by fifteen feet,— and the kitchen served for dining-room and living-room. There was a large stone fireplace at one end, with pots and cranes, where the cooking was done. In the sleeping-room, were two beds; in one slept the children, — three boys of us, in time,— and in the other my mother and father. This room served also as a parlor, and in it was kept the best household furniture. It was called "the room," and was never used in the daytime except when we had company. Formal visitors were always taken there and served with tea and eggs.

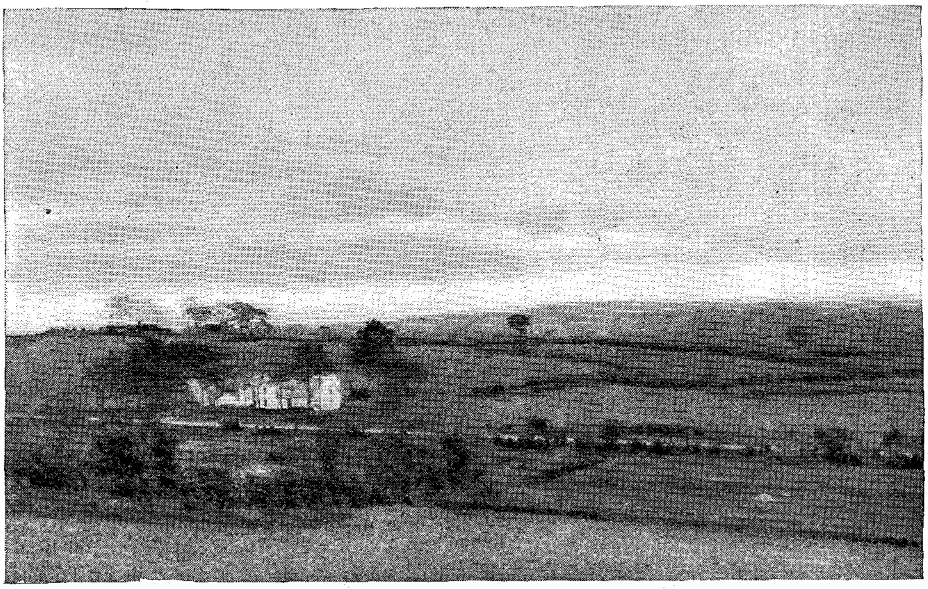
In that part of the country a caller can not escape tea. Even if you go to see several people in the same afternoon, you must have tea at each house. In larger houses than ours the parlor was a separate room, kept shut up all the time and used only when visitors of quality appeared. Neighbor women, who ran in for a few minutes with their shawls over their heads, and men who dropped in of an evening, in their workaday corduroys, were received in the kitchen, and talked there, seated by the big fireplace. It was no hardship to use the kitchen as a sitting-room. The cooking was so simple that, after the meal was over, there was no smell of food, and the ventilation was excellent. There was always the draught of the chimney, and the kitchen door was a half-door, that is, a door in halves, like the sashes of a window, swinging outward, and the upper half was nearly always open. The temperature was seldom low enough to make the outside air unpleasant, and on either side of the fireplace were high-backed settles to protect any one who was sensitive to drafts.

This house always seemed very fine to me; everything about it seemed interesting and beautiful and just as it ought to be. I remember asking my mother once whether there was anywhere in the world a more beautiful house than ours. The earthen floors would sometimes get out of repair and have to be filled in; but the house was warm and comfortable, and my mother kept it exceedingly neat. The yard about the house and the stable was paved with stone, so that even in the wet, soggy winters the place was never muddy, and the barn-yard was always kept clean.

MY father kept on with his carpenter work after he bought his farm. He could hire men to work the fields for sevenpence a day, and use his own time to better profit working at his trade. My father was only twenty-five when I was born. I remember him as a young man with a brown beard — a rather quiet man with a gentle face and manner. We children were not at all afraid of him, for he was never impatient with us. He was naturally open-hearted and open-handed. If any one in need came to him, he would give away the last shilling in his pocket. I can remember several times when friendless women, alone or with their children, who were walking the road to some distant part of Ireland,



THE TWO-ROOM STONE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. MC CLURE LIVED FROM THE TIME HE WAS ONE YEAR OLD UNTIL HE WAS EIGHT. WHEN HE WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD HIS FATHER DIED, AND HIS MOTHER EMIGRATED TO AMERICA WITH HER FOUR BOYS. IN THE PHOTOGRAPH MR. MC CLURE IS SHOWN STANDING IN THE DOORWAY



THE VIEW ACROSS COUNTRY, TAKEN FROM THE DOOR OF THE MC CLURE COTTAGE. THE CHILDREN WENT TO SCHOOL ALONG THIS ROAD, WHICH RAN BETWEEN HAWTHORN HEDGES THROUGH FLAX AND OAT FIELDS

were taken in and fed and kept overnight. We could always make a shake-down bed for people who needed shelter. Such hospitality was usual in our neighborhood; nobody thought anything of it.

My father, though he was generous, was a thrifty man, and would have got ahead in the world had he lived. After he finished the public school as a boy, he hired a tutor to come to his home and give him lessons every evening for a shilling a night. He learned surveying, in addition to thoroughly mastering his own trade. A first-rate carpenter then was able to do the work that now is divided up amongst several trades. My father could build a house, do the finer finishing work on the interior, and he could also build a cart and make furniture. All our furniture at home was his handiwork.

We were poor, but we were of the well-to-do poor. We were always properly dressed on Sundays. We always had hats and shoes and stockings and warm clothes in winter. We had plenty of fuel, too. On the way to my grandfather Gaston's at Frocess, the road ran through a great green bog many miles in extent. As one looked off over it from the road he could see many places where there were deep holes, some of them twenty feet deep, cut down into the bog like the shafts in a quarry, where the peat had been cut deep. Some of these holes were full of water. Every year, in the month of July, we, with our neighbors, went to the bog and cut peat for the year. It was a regular part of the farm-work, like harvesting or potato-planting, and everything else was set aside for it. It was always done in July — I suppose because the bog was drier then than at any other time of the year. In the depths of this bog were many rich fat pine roots, left there from immemorial forests and preserved in their original fibrous state. These, along with the peat, made the most excellent fuel.

Our food, like that of our neighbors, was extremely simple. Potatoes were the staple, with a sparing use of bacon and plenty of buttermilk. We did not use bread, but oat-cakes, made of oatmeal and baked on a griddle. These were very crisp and tasty when they were well made. My mother occasionally varied them with fadge, a dough made of wheat flour with an infusion of potatoes and baked like pan-cakes. Fresh meat we seldom had, but we sometimes ate dried or fresh herrings, broiling them on the tongs over the peat fire. I can remember when the use of white bread and tea began to be general among the people, and I recall hearing the old people deplore the change in food and its effect upon the teeth of the people, which at once deteriorated.

Our house was only an eighth of a mile from my grandfather McClure's, and there I had a little aunt and uncle not much older than my-

THE ROAD FROM BALLYMENA TO BALLYMONEY. AT THE LEFT OF THIS SPOT LIES THE GREAT PEAT BOG WHERE THE MC CLURE FAMILY WENT WITH THEIR NEIGHBORS EVERY JULY TO CUT THEIR PEAT SUPPLY FOR THE YEAR

self, with whom I used to play. I used to run along the little lane that connected the two farms at all hours of the night and day. It was in that lane, after dark, that I remember being first overtaken by the sensation of fear. I remember first thinking that one might be afraid out there, and then thinking how glad I was that I was not; then, all at once, I was afraid, though I did not know of what. It was not of the devil that time, though I always carried in mind the feeling that I might meet him.

WHEN I was four years old I began to go to school. That was the first important event in my life. It was then that I first felt myself a human entity, and my first clear memories date from then. Everything before is made up of vague random impressions. The nearest National School was about a mile from our house. The schoolhouse was a well built stone building, excellently equipped. There was one room downstairs for the boys, another upstairs for the girls. In our room there were six benches, or forms, with a long desk in front of each, running from one side of the room to within three feet of the opposite side. On each of these long benches sat one class. The boys of the highest form sat on the front bench nearest the teacher. I, of course, was put with the little boys in the form at the back of the room.

I remember my distress at being put next to some very dirty children, and I remember how tired I got in the afternoon. For the first three days, toward four o'clock in the afternoon, I had a long crying spell from sheer fatigue, from sitting up on the bench, and the long hours, perhaps. I distinctly remember how kind the teacher, Mr. Boyd, was to me when these crying-fits came on, and how considerate the other boys were, big and little, not making fun of me, nor teasing me at all.

For the next six months my recollections about my school life are vague. I saw that if I learned my letters fast I would soon be able to get away from the dirty children with whom I had to sit, and pass into the next form, which I did in a few months. From then on my school life was one of unalloyed happiness. My life, the pleasant part of it, has always been made up of interests, and my school was my first live interest.

School lasted six hours a day, fifty weeks of the year, and there was only a half-holiday on Saturdays. I was always a little sad to see Saturday come around, because there were more interesting things to do at school than there were at home. I liked everything about going to school. I liked the teacher and the boys and girls. The girls were taught in classes of their own on the second floor of the building; but we all came and went and played on the road together. At noon we played in the triangular playground in front of the school, with a little brook running beside it. The boys of our school were all well mannered and likable. I do not remember any fights or quarrels. Some of my dearest friends were Catholic children. I love some of those boys to this day. We were all like brothers together.

Sometimes I walked to school alone, and sometimes with my young aunt and uncle. I always enjoyed the walk, whatever the weather. In winter the fields got soft, but the grass fields and the grass along the hedges stayed green, and there was only an occasional flurry of snow. Rain we did not mind. The roads were always firm underfoot. Potatoes were planted in March, and spring began early. When the spring flowers came on and the hawthorn hedges bloomed, the walk to school became such a delight that I could scarcely wait to set off in the morning.

Children feel such things much more than grown people know. I can remember what pleasure and comfort I took, even then, in every morning looking up and seeing the blue of distant mountains on the horizon. There was something reassuring to me as a child about that vague line of purple hills, and I thought it an indispensable feature of horizons. Some years later, on the prairies of Illinois, I learned that it was not, and I used to long for those far-away mountains very bitterly.

MY eagerness to be off to school in the morning was attended by one sad consequence. I was not a strong child, and always had to be coaxed to eat my breakfast. I was never hungry for it. Eggs were a luxury and we could not afford them, but my father used to have one egg for his breakfast every morning. When he cut the top off his egg to eat it from the shell, I can remember being given that little piece of the white as a special appetizer. But usually I ate very little for breakfast. After I had set off on the road to school, however, and met other children, and wakened up to the sights and smells of the morning, then I began to feel happy and to get very hungry. With firm resolution I would open the package of oat-cake that was to serve for my school luncheon, and I would nibble a very little of it. Then I would wrap it up again. But the farther I walked the better I felt, and I would make all sorts of excuses to myself to justify another attack on the oat-cake — such as that it would be pleasanter to eat it under the hawthorn hedge than in the schoolhouse; that disposing of the oat-cake now would give me all the more time for play or study at noon; or — most improbable of all — that very likely at noon I should not be hungry at all! However I reasoned, I always ate the oat-cake, to the last crumb. The same thing happened over and over, every day, for months and years. I was always lunchless and terribly hungry at noon, and I always ate my cake on the way to school again the very next day. I enjoyed my cake, too, unless I let my conscience trouble me too much about the irregularity of my conduct.

The road to school led through a beautiful country; it ran, indeed, among those same pleasant fields of oats and beets and potatoes over which we looked out from our own door. The flax-fields, with their beautiful blossoms, were the prettiest. The linen industry is one of the principal resources of the North of Ireland, and these flax-fields, with their sky-blue flowers, were a conspicuous feature of the landscape. In August the flax stalks used to lie for weeks in ditches full of water, until the softer matter had rotted away from the fibers.

In the spring and summer we passed by great patches of yellow gorse which we called whin bushes. The road led over a fine stone bridge with a single arch, which I always liked to cross, as the stream below it was very clear. But this bridge had its terrors, too. Just beyond it there was a public house where they kept geese and very fierce ganders that used to come squawking and thrusting out their beaks at us children. We little fellows were very much afraid of them indeed. I used to look forward to those geese with uncomfortable apprehension. The next landmark on the road was a church. It was not the church we attended; I don't know that I ever saw the inside of it. But it was a fine old stone church, and the church-yard was grown up with dark, luxuriant green bushes; they may have been rhododendrons. Passing this church always gave me a sense of great pleasure.

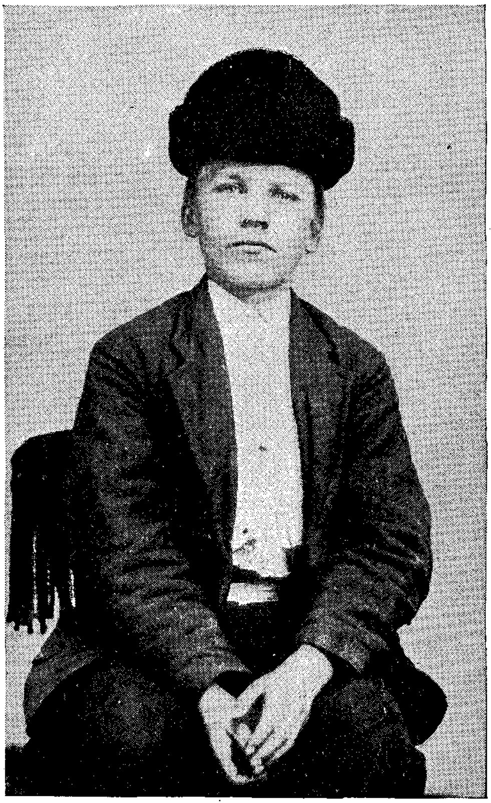
THE school-room was not quiet, as schools are now. As you approached it you heard a hum of voices. While one form recited, the other forms studied, many of the boys going over their lessons aloud. Physical punishment was a very live fact in school then. Occasionally a boy was ferruled over the hand, and we believed that if you could manage to put two hairs from your head across your palm before you held out your hand to the ruler, the pain of chastisement would be greatly mitigated. When a boy was whipped he usually tried to stuff cloth or paper in the seat of his trousers.

The most interesting thing about school, however, was lessons. We were exceedingly well taught. The National School system was then, as it is now, one of the best in the world.

Every few years each teacher in the public schools was required to spend six months in Dublin, freshening up his knowledge and receiving instruction in new methods of education. I can remember when our teacher, Mr. Boyd, went, and how none of us cared much for the substitute who took his place during his absence. Arithmetic and history were the branches liked best. Working out examples was like playing a game; I never tired of it. For a long while I was convinced that long division was the most exciting exercise a boy could find.

I got up at six o'clock every morning to study my lessons. I remember that I once got up at half-past two o'clock by mistake, and it did not seem worth while to go back to bed again. I studied right on until breakfast-time. I can not remember a day when I did not want to go to school. But I used to hate to come home. It seemed dull to come back to the house and sit down to some fried potatoes that were usually a little too greasy. My feeling of the excitement and importance of the day, and of my part in it, seemed to die down as soon as I came into the doorway.

I never got over that feeling. At college everything went well with me until Friday night, and then a blank stretched before me. It always seemed a hard pull until Monday. I was never able to lay aside the interests and occupations of my life with any pleasure, and I have always experienced a sense of dreariness on going into houses where one was supposed to leave them outside. I have never been able to have one set of interests to work with and another set to play with. This is my misfortune, but it is true.



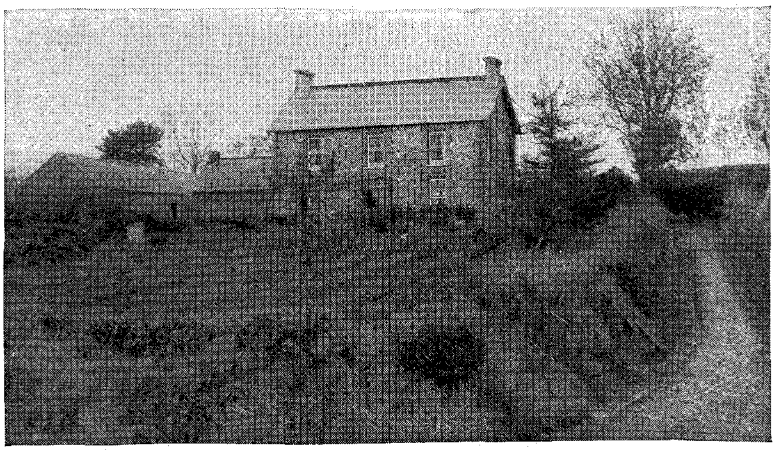
MR. MC CLURE WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD; FROM A TINTYPE TAKEN NOT LONG AFTER HE CAME TO AMERICA

I FOUND it very hard to get books enough to read, particularly as I could never get any pleasure out of reading a book the second time. "Pilgrim's Progress" was the exception; I was able to read that two or three times with delight. Besides that, we had at home only Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and the Bible. I remember feeling very much depressed when I finished the historical books of the Old Testament, because then the last of those exciting stories was over for me. I think I liked these Old Testament stories better than any others. They took the place of books of adventure to me. I remember, too, reading one of the Gospels through several times, and each time hoping that Jesus would get away from his enemies.

Several times a year a big box of new schoolbooks from Dublin was left at our school. Opening those boxes and looking into the fresh books that still had the smell of the press, was about the most delightful thing that happened during the year. The readers contained excellent reading matter, and until I had read them through the new ones were a treasure.

My father and mother had once been Presbyterians, but in 1859 a revival swept over the northern part of Ireland, and they were converted to the new sect, which had no name and which strove to return to the simple teachings of the early church and to use the New Testament as a book of conduct, abolishing every sort of form. These believers had no houses of worship. Our congregation met sometimes in an upper chamber of the minister's house in Ballymena, and when I was old enough I used to walk the eight miles there with my mother. At other times the minister would come to Drumaglea and hold the services in our house or in the house of one of our neighbors.

Long discussions on religious matters were common among the neighbors, and in these a boy, if he could "argue," was allowed to take part. Infant baptism was one of the subjects most frequently discussed, and people felt very strongly about it. There was much talk, too, about men being saved by faith. The best man in the world would be lost unless he repented and accepted the sacrifice of Christ's blood, while a man who had committed crimes would, if he truly repented and believed, be saved. There was no discussion about a personal devil or a literal hell, because there was no doubt about them. If any one suggested that the torments of hell might be mental rather than physical, he was set down as an atheist without further question. I remember taking part in these discussions when I was seven or eight years old.



THE SITE OF MR. MC CLURE'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE, AND THE LANE THAT CONNECTED HIS GRANDFATHER'S WITH HIS FATHER'S FARM

We heard some discussion of the Civil War, too; but our notions about it were vague. When Mr. Boyd, our schoolmaster, explained to us boys that the war was between the Northern and Southern States of North America, and not between North and South America, that was a great revelation to us.

I can remember, when I was about eight years old, going into Patrick McKeever's country store one evening, and seeing a group of men standing close together in the dim candle-light, talking in an excited way. I listened, and heard them say that President Lincoln had been assassinated. I can remember the scene perfectly — the people composing that group, their attitudes, and the expression on their faces.

No piece of news from the outside world had ever moved me so much. It was the first of the world happenings, the first historical event, that had ever cast a shadow in my little world.

Years afterward, when I was publishing Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln" in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, I interviewed a great many people, and I found that every one of them could remember minutely the circumstances under which he first heard of Lincoln's assassination: where he was, what he happened to be doing at the time, exactly how the news reached him. That day stood apart from other days in his life.

Every summer my mother took us children to Ballycastle, on the seashore, eighteen miles to the northeast. There, on the bay across from Fairhead, we used to take lodgings and stay for a week or so, that the children might have the benefit of the sea air. There we went bathing, and were allowed to play along the shore. I can remember, on one of these sojourns by the sea, when I was about five years old, becoming desperately attached to a young woman called Phoebe, a sister of our landlady. But after we went away I never thought of her again.

My first trip to Ballymena excited me very much. All the way there I kept feeling afraid that the city would not come up to my expectations, and I was so impatient that I thought every village along the road must surely be Ballymena. When we at last reached the place, everything delighted me — the clean streets, the neat brass signs outside the doors, the smell of soft-coal smoke,— it was the first time I had ever smelled that odor so suggestive of the city,— and most of all the gas street lamps, which were lit before we started for home. Those street lights seemed to suggest London, where I had always meant to go. I had thought about America, too, and that I would sometime go there in a ship. My notion of a ship was unconventional; I always imagined ships as being round, like a wash-bowl, with a mast in the center, from which ropes were stretched to the rim, and on this rim the passengers sat.

When I was seven years old my father went to Belfast to work at his trade in Wolf & Harland's shipyards. He had been away from us only a few weeks when my youngest brother, Robert, a year and a half old, died of diphtheria. After his death my father came home to see us, and stayed with us for a while. Then he went over to Greenock, in Scotland, to work on a man-of-war that was being built there, doing some of the finer carpenter work in the finishing of the cabins. I remember how sorry we were to see him go, and how we watched him from the house, as he went down our hill, across the road, and then disappeared over the next hill.

ONE OF THE FIR TREE AVENUES THAT OCCUR AT INTERVALS ON THE BALLYMONEY ROAD. IN THE FOREGROUND IS AN IRISH JAUNTING-CAR

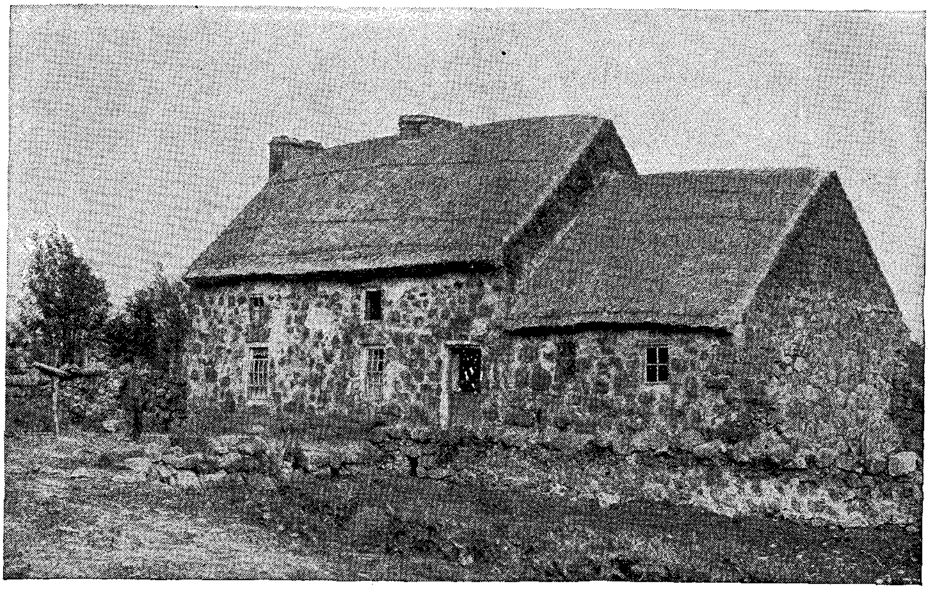
UP to this time, however, I have had very few gloomy recollections. I was always delighted at the good fortune of being alive at all, of living in such a beautiful country and such a beautiful house, of being able to go to school and of having such fine playfellows. I have spoken of the long rainy winters, but when I think suddenly of Ireland I think of blue skies, light, fleecy clouds, and glowing sun. I know there was a great deal of raw weather, but it is the memory of the pleasant weather that seems to have stayed with me. I have often noticed that after a sea voyage or a sojourn in foreign countries, people remember the fine days, but the bad weather they soon forget.

All the turns of the season were delightful to me. In winter, when we used to come home from school through the twilight, I got great pleasure out of the early nightfall and the fact that it was dark by half-past four. That seemed to end the responsibilities of the day most agreeably, and to give one such a long evening. In summer I always found something exciting in being able to read out-of-doors up until ten o'clock at night, and in the fact that there were then only three or four hours of darkness out of the twenty-four.

I was very conscious, too, of the kindness of older people. I used to wonder about it, and to think how remarkable it was that they should make allowances for all my peculiar shortcomings, and that they always treated me so nicely. This feeling that the world all about me was friendly to me was very distinct, and it counted for a great deal in my life. I suppose I was an optimistic child, for I was always confident that delightful things were going to happen, and I never believed that unpleasant ones would, or even thought that they might. On my way home from school I was always imagining that when I got home I would find a splendid surprise of some kind, that something wonderfully nice had happened to the house or to my mother, or was waiting for me. One of my favorite anticipations was that when I got home and ran into the house, I would find a beautiful lady sitting there — quite a story-book sort of person, a lady of quality, radiantly lovely and magnificently dressed. But I was never downhearted when these things did not come true.

WHAT did come true was something I had never even believed possible.

One November day, when I was nearly eight years old, I was going home from school in very high spirits. I had then been at the head of my class in every subject for seven weeks, and I was feeling that my father would be very proud to hear this. My class, moreover, was the highest in the school, and my classmates were big boys, fourteen and fifteen years of age. It usually took a boy more than a year to get through a form; but I had started to school when I was four years old, and in three years I had got into the sixth form, doing two forms a year. I found it exciting to stand at the head



THE OLD GASTON HOUSE, WHERE MR. McCLURE WAS BORN, AND WHERE HIS FATHER LIVED WITH HIS WIFE'S PEOPLE FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

MR. MC CLURE'S MOTHER. WHEN SHE WAS A YOUNG WOMAN OF TWENTY-NINE, SHE WAS LEFT A WIDOW, WITH FOUR BOYS TO SUPPORT AND EDUCATE

of a class of boys nearly twice my age, and I tried hard to keep my place at the head — though I remember reflecting that this was a low motive for trying to do well in my studies.

On this November day I was coming along the home road with several other boys, and we were all feeling unusually gay. We stopped at a turnip patch beside the road, where there were Swedish turnips, very sweet and not at all bitter. We were all hungry, and we went into the field and began to eat turnips with great enjoyment. While we were laughing and talking, a man came along the road, and called out to me:

"Samuel, your da is deid."

I left the turnip patch and started home, but I had no very clear realization of what the man meant. When I got home, I found neighbor women there, looking after the younger children and the house. My mother and my grandfather McClure had gone to Glasgow to my father. Father had finished his day's work on the war-ship, and was leaving the vessel to go to his supper and then to the prayer-meeting. Through the carelessness of one of the workmen, a hatch had been left open that was supposed to be kept closed. In leaving his work my father fell down this hatchway, from the deck clear to the bottom of the hold, and seriously injured the base of his skull. He was taken to the infirmary at Glasgow, and died within three days after his admission to the hospital. My mother and grandfather did not reach the infirmary until after his death.

In 1890, when I was visiting Professor Henry Drummond in Glasgow, I went to the infirmary, and found the record in the books there of my father's admission to the hospital,— "Thomas McClure, injury to the spine," — together with the number of the room in which he was put; and after looking at the books I was shown the room in which he died. He was thirty-two years of age at the time of his death.

I DO not remember any funeral service. I remember that my father was brought home, I remember the coffin standing in the living-room, and the neighbors coming in to see my mother. I remember thinking then about my father's visit with us after the baby died, and about the day he went away, down our hill and over the next, and trying to realize that the look I had of him going over the hill was the last sight I would ever have of my father. The coffin was not opened. When it was taken away from the house, neither my mother nor we boys went to the interment.

It was after my father died, while his body was still in the house, indeed, that I began for the first time to be conscious of the pressure of poverty. It was not that we were desperately destitute or in immediate need, but the bread-winner of the family was gone, and I was conscious that we were facing difficulties. I knew that my mother was worrying, I could see that in her face. I remember, while my father's coffin was in the house, going out on the road and hoping that I would find just sixteen pennies in a row there, to take to my mother. It seemed to me that they would solve her difficulties.

Two months after my father's death my youngest brother was born. My mother named him Robert after the little boy who died. We suffered no serious privations, but another baby added to my mother's cares and perplexities, and there was the feeling of hard times in the house. I used to notice how at night, when we were going to bed, my mother would keep looking toward the window. I took it for granted that she was thinking of my father, and indeed it seemed to me that I might at any time see his face there, pressed against the pane. It took me a long while to realize that he had really gone away from us for good. I did not cease to miss him for many years. After we went to America, when I was a boy of fifteen or sixteen, going to the Valparaiso High School, I used to waken up in the night and cry from the sense of my loss.

My mother stayed on at our old place at Drumaglea for a year, and managed the farm herself. She was a thoroughly capable farmer, but when we were deprived of my father's wages the farm of nine acres was simply too small to support a woman and three boys, and pay the rental, and the hire of a man to help with the work. At the end of a year, therefore, my mother sold the farm back to my grandfather McClure for £100 (five hundred dollars). My father had paid only £50 for it when he bought it, but under careful farming the land had risen in value. Then there was nothing for my mother to do but to take her four boys and go back to her father's house. My grandfather Gaston died when my mother was a young girl, and my grandmother and the younger boys lived in his house at the Frocess. There we were not very happy. My mother was troubled about the future, and I was transferred to the Frocess school, where I never felt at home as I had at my own school. In the new school I did not get on so well in my lessons. I was homesick all the time for my old playmates and my old schoolmaster. Nothing about the new school seemed as nice as the old one was.

Naturally, in my grandfather's house there was a good deal of discussion as to my mother's future and what she ought to do. Her brothers thought it very impractical to try to keep the family together. Their feeling was that we children had better be separated and parceled around among our aunts and uncles, and that my mother should stay on at my grandmother's house and work, as she had when she was a girl. But my mother would not hear to this. Before everything she would keep the family together.

My mother felt that she had not received all that was due her in the distribution of her father's estate. One morning in the early spring she and I walked to Clough, about three miles from the Frocess, to consult a lawyer. When my mother heard what steps it would be necessary for her to take to attempt to recover what she thought was due her, she decided not to enter upon such a controversy. We left Clough in low spirits, as we saw now no way of bettering our condition. On our way home we stopped at the Clough graveyard, where my father and little brother were buried. There was but one grave, for when my father was buried my brother's grave was opened and the little coffin containing his body was placed on top of my father's coffin. Coming home from Clough that day, my mother and I sought out this grave, and there, in our discouragement, we sat down and cried.

IT was soon after this that we first began to talk of going to America. Mother then had two unmarried brothers and two married sisters living in Porter County and Lake County, Indiana, and she thought that in America she could make a living for herself and her boys.

We began to read steamship circulars and to consult railway maps, and soon we began to make actual preparations for the journey. My mother had some little money left from the sale of our farm. It was, of course, something of an undertaking for a widow with four children — the eldest nine years old — and very little money to start across the ocean to make her living and support her boys in a strange land.

We took passage on the *Mongolia*, a vessel of four thousand tons owned by the Allan Line. I remember that my mother bought cloth and had new suits made for us boys. When we started on our journey we took the train at Glarryford, and I remember the scenes of parting at the Glarryford railway station. There were a good many people from our part of the country going on the *Mongolia*, and their fathers and mothers had come to the railway station to bid them good-by. The old women wept as if they were taking a last farewell of their children. Indeed, statistics show that many of these Irish immigrants never see home again. I often think how much heartbreak each of our incoming steamers from Ireland or from Italy represents. For the old people at home such partings are like death.

In our case there was no bitter grief. My mother was of a hopeful nature. She was then a strong young woman of twenty-nine, and was confident that she was doing the best thing for her boys. We were to sail from Londonderry. When the train swept around a curve and ran alongside Lough Foyle, the water seemed to me to rise in a slope beside us. We got off the train, and were put into a tender that carried us out of this Lough, twenty-six miles to the open sea, where we got on board the *Mongolia*, which had sailed from Glasgow.

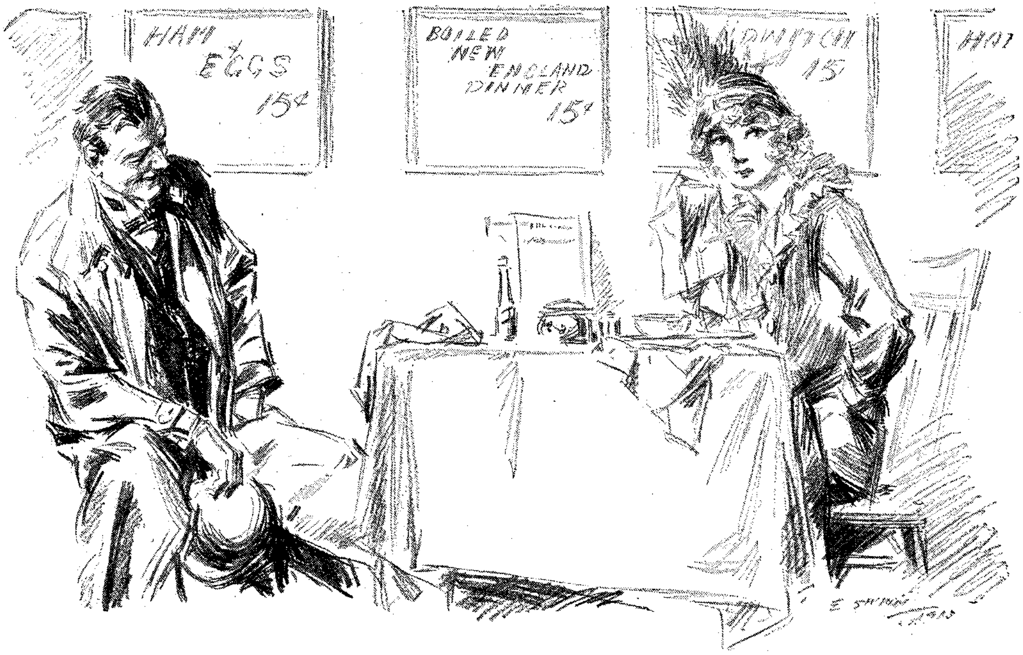
WE sailed on Friday the 14th day of June, 1866, when I was nine years old. Our steerage quarters were comfortable. We were not crowded, and the food was good. The first two days and nights we were all seasick and very miserable. I lay in my bunk Friday night with a raging thirst. I was too ill to get water, and nobody else was well enough to get any for me. I remember dreaming that I was drinking cool buttermilk in my grandmother Gaston's milkhouse at the Frocess. By Sunday, however, we were well enough to be on deck. I found everything delightful, and greatly enjoyed playing on the clean decks. All the way across I had a singular illusion which I have never since had at sea: it seemed to me that the surface of the water was concave, shaped like a bowl, that the vessel moved at the bottom of this concavity, and that the water swelled on all sides and met the sky.

We were to land at Quebec. I can remember going into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and then into the St. Lawrence River, and the never-to-be-repeated sensation of approaching the coast of a foreign land for the first time. Although this is an experience that one can never have twice, I had somewhat the same feeling, years afterward, when I first saw Jerusalem. We had sailed from Londonderry June 14, and we landed at Quebec June 26. The railway journey from Quebec to Valpariaso, Indiana, took seven days. Our immigrant train would be held up for hours on a side-track while passenger trains and even fast freights passed us. We bought our food as we went along, changing our English money as we had need. We were delighted to find that we got seven or eight dollars in exchange for a gold sovereign, but we were astonished to see how fast these dollars slipped away when we came to buy food. Everything, of course, was dearer than at home.

We reached Valparaiso on the third day of July, 1866. I suppose we were all very tired by this time, for I do not recall much about our arrival. My uncle, Joseph Gaston, met us with a wagon, and drove us fourteen miles south of Valparaiso to the farm where my mother's sister, Mrs. Coleman, lived.

The next day we drove to Hebron, two miles away, and there I celebrated my first Fourth of July in America, had my first firecrackers and lemonade. The exercises were conducted in a grove, where there were wooden seats and a speaker's platform. The orator of the day was Mr. Turpie, who was then the Democratic candidate for Congress. I remember feeling that he and I were of opposing parties. I don't know how or when I became a Republican, but I landed at Quebec nine years old and a ready-made Republican. Mr. Turpie, in his speech, voiced the sentiments usually expressed on such occasions. He talked about the land of freedom, of popular institutions, and unbounded opportunities. I had never heard such a speech before. All these sentiments were new to me and moved me very deeply. As I sat in the grove listening to this speech, I could see off across the country, as far as my eye could reach, a great stretch of unfenced prairie in place of the little hedge-fenced fields I had always known. My heart swelled with the swelling periods of the orator. I felt that, as he said, here was something big and free — that a boy might make his mark on those prairies. Here was a young country for Youth.

TO BE CONTINUED



"SHE SUPPED AT A LUNCH-COUNTER, PAYING OUT A PRECIOUS THIRTY CENTS FOR A CUP OF COFFEE, A BOWL OF CRACKERS AND MILK, A BAKED POTATO. A YOUNG FELLOW CAME AND SAT AT HER TABLE, SEEKING AN OPPORTUNITY TO OFFER HER THE SUGAR"

THE SALAMANDER

THE GIRL WHO WENT THROUGH FIRE

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT SHINN

Begun in September.— Doré Baxter, a youthful Salamander living in a Madison Avenue boarding-house with a young actress, Lottie Snyder, and two other Salamanders, Winona Horning and Ida Summers, masquerades as a chorus girl at the unconventional luncheon given by Albert Sassoon, one of the social and financial powers of New York City, for the Comte de Joncy. The other guests at this luncheon are five members of the sextette of chorus girls from "The Gay Prince," a musical comedy, and four men — Harrigan Blood, a newspaper owner, Judge Massingale, Garret Lindaberry, a rich and courted trifler, and Tom Busby, a leader of cotillions. Doré's personality stands out in the company of the chorus girls, and her disguise is soon penetrated by the more astute of the men present. Massingale's attitude toward her, of interest masked by irony, piques and attracts her. Lindaberry's indifference awakens her resentment. As the luncheon progresses, it becomes an orgy, and Harrigan Blood and Sassoon quarrel for Doré's favor. In the excitement, she slips away, but not until Sassoon has learned her address.

CHAPTER IV

THE faithful Stacey was below, lounging at the door of the grill-room, as she came tripping down, the sensation of escape sparkling on her delicate features. She was so delighted at the effect he had achieved for her that she gave him an affectionate squeeze of the arm.

"Stacey, you're a darling! When the footman announced 'Miss Baxter's car' you could have heard a pin drop among the squillionairesses!"

Stacey had been told, and dutifully believed, that the luncheon was a heavy affair, very formal, very correct.

"I say, you didn't bore yourself, did you?" he said, noticing the excitement still on her cheeks.

"No, no!"

"Fifth Avenue, or Broadway?"

"Fifth first."

"Bundle up; it's turning cold!"

The next moment the car had found a wedge in the Avenue, and Stacey, solicitous, relapsed into gratifying silence.

She was all a-quiver with excitement. Her little feet, exhilarated by the memories of music, continued tapping against the floor, and had Stacey turned he would have been surprised at the mischievous, gay little smile that constantly rippled and broke about her lips. Indeed, she was delighted with her success, with the discord she had flung between Sassoon and Harrigan Blood. She could scarcely believe that it could be true.

"What! I, little Dodo, have done that!" she said, addressing herself caressingly, overjoyed at the idea of two men of such power descending to a quarrel over a little imp like herself.

She had no illusions about them. If she had given Sassoon her address instead of hotly refusing, it was from a swift, vindictive resolve to punish him unmercifully, to entice him into fruitless alleys, to entangle and mock him, with an imperative desire to match her wits against his power, and teach him respect through discomfiture and humiliation. Sassoon did not impress her with any sense of danger. She rather scoffed at him, remembering his silken voice, the slight feminine touch of his hand, the haunted, dreamy discontent in his heavy eyes.

Harrigan Blood was different. In her profound education of a Salamander, she knew his type, too: the man without preliminaries, who put abrupt questions, brushing aside the artifices and subtleties that arrest others. She would make no mistake with him — knowing just how little to venture. And yet, always prepared, she might try her fingers across such hungry flames. Strangely enough, she did not resent Harrigan Blood as she did Sassoon; for men of force she made many allowances.

She thought of Lindaberry and Judge Massingale: of Lindaberry rapidly, with a beginning of pity, but still inflamed with an irritation at this magnificent spectacle of a man going to destruction so purposelessly.

"How stupid a man is to drink!" she said angrily.

"Eh? What's that, Dodo?" said Stacey.

She perceived that, in her absorption, she had spoken half aloud.

"Go down Forty-second and run up Broadway!" she said hastily.

Massingale she could not place. She comprehended the others, even the Comte de Joncy, whom she had left with a feeling of defrauded expectation. But Massingale she did not comprehend, nor did she see him quite clearly. Why was he there? To observe simply, with that tolerant, baffling smile of his? What did he want in life? Of her? He had been interested; he had even tried to arouse her own curiosity. She was certain that the effort had been conscious. Then there had come a change — a quiet, defensive turn to impersonality. Tactics, or what?

What impression had she left? Would he call, or pass on? She did not understand him at all; yet he excited her strangely. She had a feeling that he would be too strong for her. She had felt in him, each time his glance lay in hers, the reading eye that saw through her, knew beforehand what was turning in her runaway imagination, and that before him her tricks would not avail.

Then she ceased to remember individuals, lost in a confused, satisfied feeling of an experience. It seemed to her as if she had taken a great step — that opportunity had strangely served her, that she had at last entered a world which was worthy of her curiosity.

She had met few real men. She had played with idlers, boys of twenty or boys of forty, interested in nothing but an indolent floating voyage through life. For the first time, she had come into contact with a new type, felt the shock of masculine vitality. Whatever their cynical ideas of conduct, she felt a difference here. They were men of power, with an object, who did not fill their days with trifling, but who sought pleasure to fling off for a moment the obsession of ambitions, to relax from the tyranny of effort, or to win back a new strength in a moment of discouragement.

"Perhaps one of them will change my whole life! Why not? I have a feeling —" she said solemnly to herself, nodding and biting her little under lip.

The truth was, she felt the same after every encounter, dramatizing each man, and flinging herself romantically on a sea of her imagining. But to-day it was a little different. The feeling was more profound, calmer, more penetrating. She felt, indeed, under the influence of a new emotion, a restlessness in the air, an unease in the crowded streets.

Since morning, the glowing warmth of the last summery stillness had slipped away unperceived. The wind in an hour had gone round to the north, and from each whipping banner threaded against the sky one felt the whistling or rush of winter.

She felt something in all this — something ominous, prophetic, vaguely troubling, and, being troubled, sought to put it from her. She began to dramatize another mood. About her she felt the city she adored: the restaurants, the theaters, the great hotels, the rocket-rise of the white *Times* building, towering like a pillar of salt in accursed Sodom.

She forgot the unease that lay in the air at the sight of the feverish restaurants where so often she had dipped in for adventure of the afternoon. The sight of the theaters, even, with their cold white globes above the outpouring matinée crowds, brought an impatience for the garlanded night, when elegant shadows would come, slipping into flaming portals, amid the flash of ankles, the scent of perfume, glances of women challenging the envy of the crowd.

The multitude churned about her, roaring down into the confusion of many currents: the multitude — the others — whom she felt so distant, so far below her. They were there, white of face, troubled, frowning, harassed, swelling onward to clamoring tasks, spying her with thousand-eyed envy; and everywhere darting in and out, dodging the gray contact of the mass, alert, light, skimming on like sea-gulls trailing their wings across a chafing ocean, the luxurious women of the city sped in rolling, careless flight. She felt herself one of them, admiring and admired, glancing eagerly into tonneaus bright with laughter and fashion, deliciously registering the sudden analytical stare of women, or the disloyal tribute boldly telegraphed of men.

She had lunched with Sassoon, de Joncy, Massingale. She was a part of all this — of the Brahmin caste; and, her little body rocking to the swooping turns, deliciously cradled, her eyes half closed, her nostrils drawing in this frantic air as if it were the breath of an enchanting perfume, she let her imagination go: already there by right, married to Massingale or Lindaberry — she saw not which quite clearly. Nor did it matter. Only she herself mattered.

"Riverside or Park, Dodo?"

"Through the Park," she said; and, roused from her castle-building, she laughed at herself.

"Good spirits, eh?"

"So-so!"

In the Park there were fewer automobiles. She no longer had the feeling of the crowd pressing about her, claiming her for its own. There were no restaurants or climbing façades. There was the earth, bare, shivering, and the sky filled with the invader.

She had a horror of change, and suffered with a profound and uncomprehended trouble when, each year, she saw summer go into the mystery of winter, and again when came the awakening miracle. Yesterday, when she had passed, the splendor of the trees, it is true, lay shorn upon the ground; but the earth was warm, pleasant with a fragrant odor, and the air was soft and the evening descended in a glow. Now there was a difference. Over all was the dread sense of change. Each tree stood alone, aghast, against the sky, the ground bleak, bare, the leaves wandering with a little moaning, driven restlessness. Even against the gray banks piling up against the north there was something vacant and horribly endless. From tree, sky, and empty earth a spirit had suddenly withdrawn, and all this change had come within an hour, in a twinkling — without warning.

Now she could no longer put it from her, this resistless verity that laid its chill fingers across her heart. It was not of the change in nature she thought — no; but of that specter which some day, inexorably, would rise from a distant horizon, even as the wind in an hour goes round to the north and winter rushes in. She was twenty-two, and she had a horror of this thief, who came soft-footed and unreal, to steal the meager years.

She stiffened suddenly, clutching her stole to her throat.

"Too cold?"

"Yes!"

"I've got a coat for you."

"No; go back!"

"Already?"

"Yes!"

"Tea?"

"No! Go back!"

She closed her eyes, not to see, but the thing was there, everywhere, in the air that came to her, in the sad tiny sounds that rose about them. Yes, she herself would change inexorably, as all things filled their appointed time. What she had was given but for a day — all her fragile armament was but for a day. She thought of Winona Horning, who had played too long. She thought of thirty as a sort of sepulcher, an end of all things! She felt something new impelling her on — a haste and a warning.

"It can't go on always!" she said to herself, in her turn using the very words that Winona had uttered. "Not much longer. A year, only a year, then I'll make up my mind!"

"Blue, Dodo?" said Stacey.

"Horribly!"

The word seemed so incongruously ridiculous, after what she had felt, that she burst into exaggerated laughter.

"Going to change your mind?"

"No, no! I'm out of sorts — a cold! Get me back!"

When they reached Mrs. Pim's the rain was beginning in little flurries. She ran in and upstairs hurriedly. She had hoped that she would find her room lighted, that Snyder or Winona would be home. No one was there, and when she opened the door she entered a den of obscure, shadowy forms, faintly lit by the reflection of a street lamp below. Across the windows on the Avenue was the cyclopean eye of the Metropolitan tower, which she saw always every night with her last peeping glance from her covers — enormous eye, bulging, swollen with curiosity. At the other side was the wall of brick pressing against the window-pane, this wall she hated as she hated the idea of the commonplace in life.

She stood in the luminous pathway, gazing outward.

"What is the matter with me?" she thought. "Am I like Winona? Am I getting tired of it all? Or is it — what?"

The metallic summons of the telephone broke upon her mood. She lit the gas quickly. The telephone continued to clamor, but she took no step toward it. All that she had planned as a choice for the evening no longer interested her. She was in another mood. She flung down her things rapidly. Then, remembering the bouquet of Sassoon's, she took it off, pricking her fingers. Inclosed was a banknote for a hundred dollars!

Then she began to laugh — a bitter, incongruous note. She understood now why he had gone so abruptly to his questions, confident in the test he had prepared among the fragile stems of orchids and dainty yellow pansies.

All at once her eye went to her pin-cushion, caught by the white note of visiting cards left there by Josephus, the colored chore-boy. She crossed quickly, stretching out her finger impatiently. Which of the four had come, as she had determined? The first bore the name Harrigan Blood, the second Albert Edward Sassoon. She stood staring at the last, the hundred dollar bill still wrapped in her fingers. . . . Sassoon and Harrigan Blood! She let the cards drop, profoundly disappointed, prey to a sudden, heavy return of disillusionment.

The telephone, querulous, impatient, again called her, but she turned her shoulder impatiently. Now the thought of an evening of gayety revolted her. She changed quickly, wrapped herself up in an ulster, took an umbrella, and went out, though by the wide-faced clock in the skies it was scarcely six. Before, she had sought to break away, to escape recklessly from the depression that claimed her: now she sought it out, surrendering to this tristesse that whirled her on with its exquisite benumbing melancholy.

She supped at a lunch-room in Lexington Avenue, paying out a precious thirty cents for a cup of coffee, a bowl of crackers and milk, a baked potato. Not many were there yet. A young fellow without an overcoat, stooping already, pinched by struggle, came and sat at her table, seeking an opportunity to offer her the sugar. But, seeing her so silent and inwardly tortured, he did not persist.

She did not notice him. She was thinking always of Massingale, and a little of Lindaberry.

"He carries a coffin on his back!" she found herself repeating, in the cynical words of Harrigan Blood. He would not seek her out; nor would Massingale. All her castles in the air had collapsed. It was only to the others, then, that she could appeal — the flesh-hunters!

She returned, swaying against the wind, holding her umbrella with difficulty against the shattering rain-drops, that seemed to rise from the glistening sidewalks. The young man, who had no umbrella, remained in the shelter of a doorway, watching her undecidedly.

"Ah, yes! I must be getting tired of it!" she said suddenly, as she reached her steps. A taxicab was turning in the Avenue, having just drawn away. As she went slowly up the interminable, impenetrable dark flights to her room, she said, revolting against an injustice:

"Well, if he doesn't come, I'll go and find him!"

She had no feeling of reticence in seeking out Massingale and Lindaberry, since they appealed to her and would not come, any more than she felt the slightest diminution of her self-respect in situations labeled with the appearance of suspicion. Her ideas of morality and conduct were not even formulated. They existed as the sense of danger exists to a pretty animal. For, ardently as she desired it, there had not come into her soul the awakening breath of love, which, in despite of old traditions and lost heritages, alone would be to her rebellious little Salamander soul the supreme law of conduct.

Suddenly she saw that on her pin-cushion another card had been placed while she had been absent. She went to it without expectation. It was from Massingale — Massingale, who must have left in the taxicab even as she returned hopelessly.

Then it seemed to her as if a thousand tons had slipped from her. She felt an extraordinary joy and confidence, the alertness of a young animal, a need of light and laughter, to plunge into a rush of excitement.

The telephone rang. Donald Bacon was

clamoring to take her to the cabaret party. She disliked him cordially. She accepted with wild delight.

CHAPTER V

It was far in the morning when Doré awoke, after a late return from the cabaret party where, in a revulsion of emotions, she had flirted scandalously. But the men with whom she had danced, laughed, and fenced, provokingly were lost in a mist. They had only served to eat up the intervening time: she had not even a thought for them.

The busy bubbling sound of a coffee-pot in fragrant operation sounded from the table. She opened one eye with difficulty, peering out the window at her friend the clock. It was already thirty-five minutes past ten — what might be called a dawn breakfast in Salamanderland.

Snyder, moving about the table with a watchful eye, came to her immediately.

"Take it easy, Pettie! Don't wake up unless you feel like it!"

She stood at the foot of the bed, and the smile of fond solicitude with which she bent over Dodo, lightly touching her hair, seemed like another soul looking through the tired mask of Lotta Snyder.

"You're an angel, Snyder! You spoil me!" said Dodo, rubbing her eyes and twisting her body in lazy feline stretches.

"Me an angel? Huh!" said Snyder, grinding on her heel.

She went to the improvised kitchen with the free, gliding grace of the trained dancer, and, lifting the top of the coffee-pot, dropped in two eggs.

Breakfast at Mrs. Pim's was an inviolable institution ending at eight-thirty sharp. Wherefore, as the Salamanders would as soon have thought of getting up to see the sun rise, coffee was always an improvisation and eggs a visitation of Providence. Besides, the Salamanders, for the most part, made their arrangements for lodgings only, trusting in the faithful legion of props, but supplementing that trust by an economical planning of the schedule ahead. In a week, it was rare that a Salamander was forced to a recourse on her purse for more than one luncheon — dinner never.

"Did you hear me come in?" said Doré, raising her gleaming white arms in the air and letting the silken sleeves slip rustling to her shoulders.

"Me? No!" said Snyder, who had not closed her eyes until the return. "Here's the mail."

Doré raised herself eagerly on one elbow.

"How many? What! only four?" she said, taking the letters from Snyder.

She frowned at the instant perception of Mrs. Pim's familiar straight up and down, sharp and thin writing, concealing the dreaded summons quickly below the others, that Snyder, who paid nothing, might not see.

Two she recognized; the third was unfamiliar. She turned it over, curiously studying it, characteristically reserving the mystery until the last. But, as she put it down on the white counterpane, she had a feeling of expectant certitude that it was from Massingale.

"Well, let's see what my dear old patriarch says!" she said, settling back in the pillows and taking up a stamped envelop, type-written, with a business address in the corner.

Dear Miss Baxter:
Will be in town to-morrow, Friday, the 22d. It would give me great pleasure if you could lunch with me at twelve-thirty. Will send my car for you at twelve-twenty. I trust you are following my advice and giving attention to your health.
Very sincerely yours,
ORLANDO B. PEAVEY.

P. S. Am called to important business appointment at one-thirty sharp, but take this brief opportunity to see you again. Telephone my office only in case you *can not* come.
O. B. P.

"Sweetest old thing!" she said, smiling at the postscript characteristically initialed. "So thoughtful — kindest person in the world!"

Snyder brought her coffee and an egg broken and seasoned in a tooth-mug. Doré glanced at it suspiciously, seeking to discover if the division had been fair.

"My! Eggs are a luxury," she said, applying the tip of her tongue to the tip of the spoon; and she added meditatively: "I wish Stacey went in for chickens!"

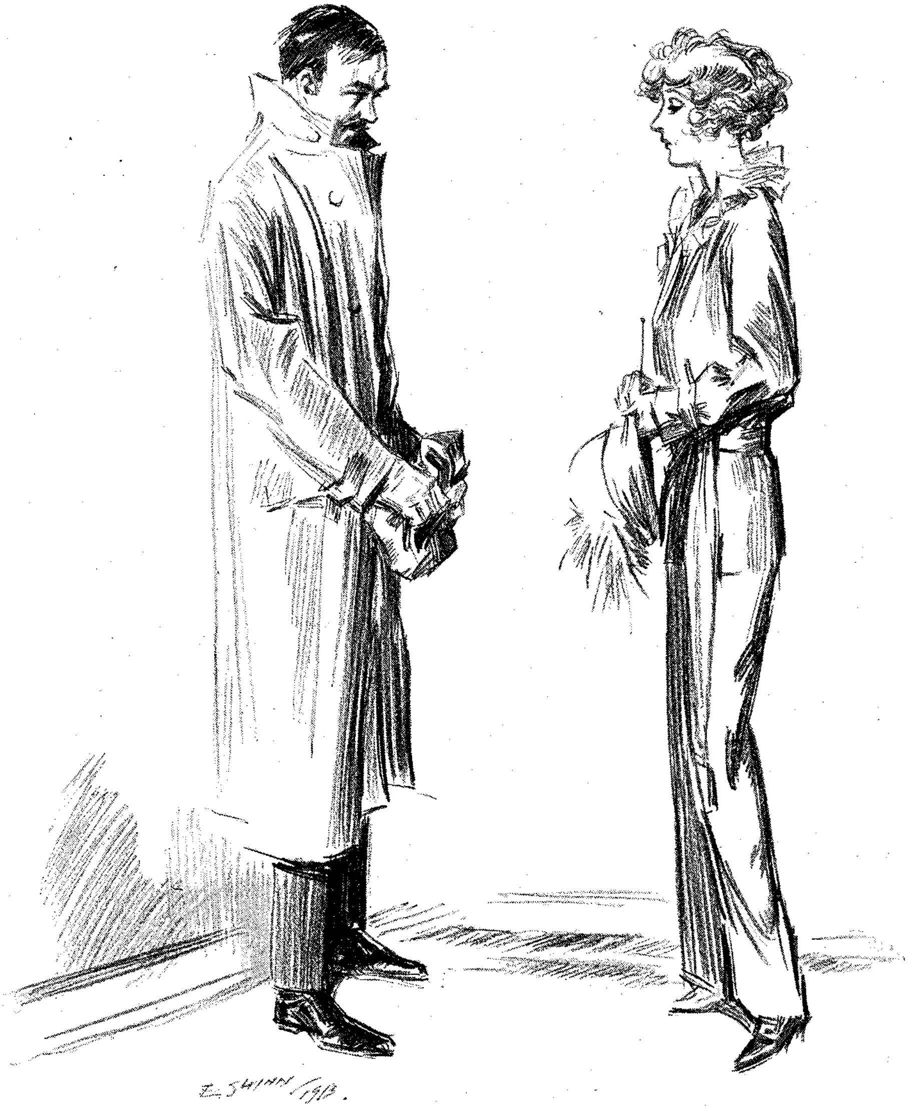
She took up the unknown letter, turned it over once more, and laid it slowly aside in favor of the second, a fat envelop covered with the boyish scrawl of the prop in disgrace. She spread the letter, frowning determinedly. Joe Gilday was difficult to manage, too alert to be long kept in the prop squad. It began without preliminaries and a fine independence of punctuation:

Look here, Do — what's the use of rubbing it in on a fellow? You've made me miserable as an Esquimo in Africa, and why? What have I done? Supposing I did slip fifty in your bureau honest to God Do you don't think I'd do anything to jar your feelings do you? Lord, I'll lay down and let you use me for a door mat for a week if it'll help any. Kid you've got me going bad. I'm miserable. I'm all shot to pieces — insult you, why Do, I'd Turkey Trot on my Granny's grave first. Won't you let up — see a fellow won't you? I'll be around at noon if you don't see me I swear I'll warm the doorstep until the neighbors come out and feed me for charity: *that's* straight too! Now be a good sort Do and give me a chance to explain.

Down in the dumps,
J. J. (Just Joe.)

She opened the third, drawing out a neat oblong card, neatly inscribed in a minuscule, graceful handwriting, slightly scented:

My dear Miss Baxter:
I shall call this afternoon at two o'clock.
A. A. SASSOON.


E. Swinn 1913.

"'I FORGIVE ALWAYS ONE MISTAKE — ONE ONLY,' SAID DORÉ. 'IF YOU MAKE A SECOND I CUT YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.' GILDAY GULPED. 'DODO, IF YOU'LL TAKE ME, I'LL MARRY YOU TO-NIGHT'"

This note, inspired with the slang of Broadway, would have made Doré laugh the day before, but the experiences of the last twenty-four hours had given her a standard of comparison. Between Joseph Gilday, Jr., and the men she had met there was a whole social voyage. Nevertheless, props were necessary, and, undecided, she laid the scrawl on Mr. Peavey's neat invitation, postponing decisions.

She was not surprised at the signature, nor the pacha-like brevity.

"Harrigan Blood won't take chances; he'll telephone," she thought. At the bottom she was pleased at this insistence of Sassoon's; it worked well with the plan she had determined on for his disciplining. "You're sure that's all?" she said aloud, wondering what Massingale would do.

"Yes."

"Wonder why he called so soon?" she thought pensively; and then, remembering the warring cards of Blood and Sassoon, added: "Was it to warn me?"

She smiled at this possibility, sure of herself, knowing well how weak the strongest man is before the weakest of her sex, when he comes with a certain challenge in his eyes.

"So Sassoon is coming, is he? Good!" she said musingly, a little far-off mockery in her smile; and to herself she rehearsed again the scene she had prepared.

She would receive him with carefully simulated cordiality there below in the dusky boarding-house parlor; she could even lead him to believe that he might dare anything; and suddenly, when she had led him to indiscretions, she would say suddenly, as if the thought had just suggested itself:

"What! you have no flowers. You shall wear mine!"

She smiled a little more maliciously at the thought of the look that would come into those heavy, foolish eyes at this. Then, taking a few violets from her corsage, she would fix them in his buttonhole, saying:

"No, no; look up at the ceiling while I fix them nicely — so!"

And, when she had coaxed him into this ridiculous craning of his neck, she would deftly pin the hundred-dollar bill on the lapel under the little cluster of purple, and, turning him toward the mirror, say, with a mocking farewell courtesy:

"Mr. Albert Edward Sassoon, I have the pleasure of returning your visiting card!"

She was so content with this bit of romance that she laughed aloud.

"Hello! what's up?" said Snyder, taking away the tooth-mug.

Dodo could not restrain her admiration.

"You know, Snyder," she said seriously, "I am really very clever!"

But she did not particularize. She had a feeling that Snyder, who watched over her in a faithful, adoring, dog-like way, might not quite approve. She did not know quite what made her feel this, for they had not exchanged intimacies; yet she felt occasionally in Snyder's glance, when she found it unawares, a dormant uneasy apprehension.

"Now for it!" she thought, and, taking up the last note, unstamped, she tore it open.

Miss Doré Baxter, Dr.
To Miss Evangelica Pim
Four weeks' lodging, third floor double room front at \$10 per week..........\$40
Kindly call to see me as to above account.

"Four — impossible!" exclaimed Doré, bolt upright, now thoroughly awake. But instantly she repressed her emotions, lest Snyder might guess the cause. She made a rapid calculation, and discovered that in fact she had to face four deficiencies instead of three. But finances never long dismayed her.

"Anyhow," she thought, "I can turn over the champagne. If only Winona raised something on the orchids! There are a dozen ways, but I must give it some attention!"

Snyder had silently cleared away breakfast, and seated herself with a book by the window. Now, glancing at the clock, she rose.

"Ready for tub, Pettie? I'll start it up."

"Snyder, you're too good to me!" said Doré, rousing herself from her reveries.

"Huh! Wish I could! Hot or cold?"

But Doré, catching her wrist, detained her, her curiosity excited.

"You're the queerest thing I ever knew!" she said, looking at her fixedly.

"That's right, too!"

"Why do you insist upon my calling you Snyder?"

"Don't like to get fond of people," said the other shortly.

"Why not?"

"Too long a story."

She sought to detach her wrist, but Doré held it firmly.

"And aren't you fond of me?"

Snyder hesitated, frowning at thus being forced to talk.

"Sure! Couldn't help it, could I?"

Doré smiled, pleased at this admission.

"And yet, you have such a funny way of watching me!"

"Me? How so?"

"Yes, you have! I often wonder what's back of a certain queer look you get ——"

"What I'm thinking?"

"Yes!"

"I want to see you married and settled, girlie!"

No more unexpected answer could have been given.

"Heaven forbid!" said Doré, sitting up in astonishment. For this commonplace solution to all the romantic possibilities she imagined always infuriated her. But at this moment Ida Summers came, after a little rippling knock, a grapefruit in hand.

The new arrival was in bedroom slippers and pink peignoir, her disordered hair concealed under a tasseled negligée cap. She was a bit roly-poly, but piquant, merry, still new to Salamanderland, hugely enjoying each little excitement.

"Breakfasted already?" she said, in astonishment. "Heavens! Dodo, how *do* you get up in the middle of the night?"

Having teased from the coffee-pot a bare cup of coffee, she camped down on the couch, and, while waiting for the coffee to cool, applied the end of her forefinger to the tip of her nose in the way to uplift it contrary to the gift of nature.

"Ida, do leave that nose alone," said Doré.

"I must have a retroussé nose," said the girl merrily. "This doesn't go with my style of laughter. All the artist-men tell me so. Ah, this nose!" And she gave it a vicious jolt, in her indignation. Her coloring was gorgeous, her lines delicate, her expressions vivacious and quick with natural coquetry. Wherefore she was in great demand among the illustrators, who had reproduced her tom-boy smile on the corners of a million magazines. She was in great demand, but she was capricious in her engagements — like all Salamanders, sacrificing everything to pleasure.

Winona Horning, aroused by the sounds of laughter, appeared through the connecting door, in a green and black negligée, rubbing her eyes, quite indignant.

"Heavens, child! No one can sleep when you're round! Hello, Snyder. Morning, Dodo!"

She said the last words in a tone that made Snyder look up at her, surprised. There was a note of reluctance, even of apprehension.

"Ida's drunk up the coffee; make her give you a grapefruit," said Dodo, nodding and departing.

When she darted in twenty minutes later, tingling and alert for the day, Snyder and Ida Summers had gone. Winona, standing in the doorway undecidedly turning a cigarette nervously in her fingers, watched Dodo from under her eyelids.

"By the way," said Doré, "Winona, raise anything on the orchids?"

"Only eight bones — hard enough getting that," said Winona slowly.

"Old brute! Pouffé would have given double," said Doré indignantly.

Suddenly Winona turned and said, with a gesture like a blow:

"Do, I took it! I had to!"

"Took what?" said Doré, startled.

"Joe's fifty!"

Doré sprang precipitately to the drawer and opened it.

"Winona, you — you didn't!"

"It was that or get out!" said Winona doggedly, her back against the wall. "The Duchess made a scene. I'll pay it back — sure!"

"But, Winona, what am I to do? Joe's coming. I must — I have to return it to him. What can I say?" said Doré in dismay, staring at the empty drawer. "You had no right! You should have asked me. I can't — oh, you've put me in an awful hole! It wasn't right!"

"Don't! Dodo — don't!"

The girl clasped her hands, extending them in supplication, and burst into tears.

Doré could not resist the spectacle of this misery. She sprang to her side, seizing her in her arms, all her anger gone.

"Never mind! I don't care! You poor child! It isn't the money — it isn't that! I'll find some way." All at once she remembered the hundred dollars of Sassoon's bouquet. "Stupid! Why, of course!" She recounted hastily the incident to Winona, smoothing her hair.

"But, Do, you can't take it. How can you?" said Winona, becoming more calm.

"Why not? It was a present to each."

"But what can you say to Sassoon?"

"Him? Let me alone; I'll invent something — he'll never know! Bah! I shall miss a fine scene, that's all!" she added, with a dramatic regret. "Well, that's over! How much did you use?"

"Thirty-five."

"Keep the rest!"

"I'll pay."

"Bur-r- — shut up! I'm not lending. Borrowing breaks up friendships. It's yours — it's given!"

She looked at the distressed girl a moment and added apprehensively:

"Winona, you're losing your grip!"

"Losing? It's gone!"

"Decidedly, I must see Blainey this afternoon and get that job for you," said Doré pensively.

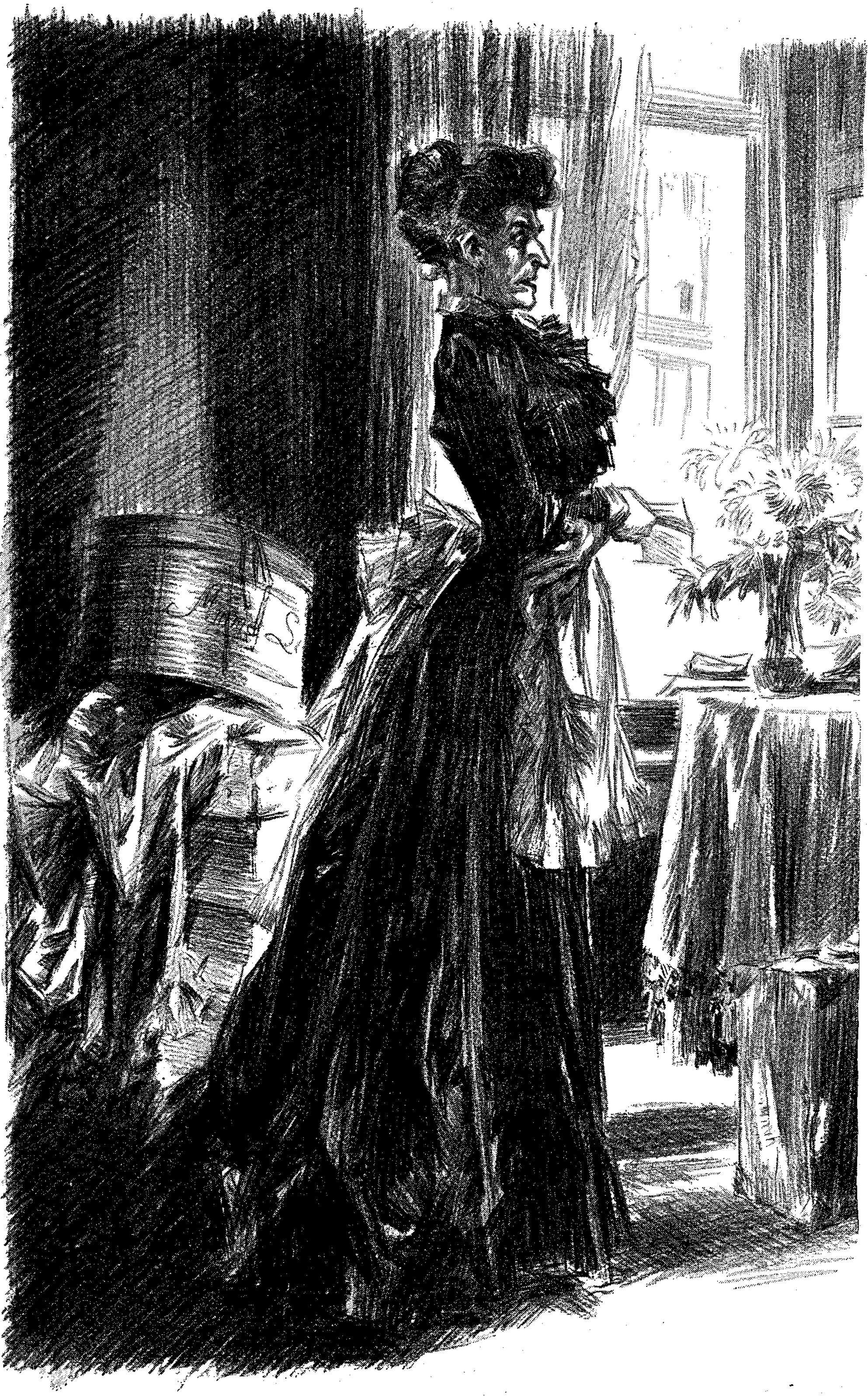
At this moment three knocks like the blow of a hammer sounded on the door, and the next moment the dreaded form of Miss Pim, yclept the Duchess, swept, or rather bounded, in.

"Humph! and what's this fol-de-rol mean?" she said, stopping short, sniffing and folding her hands over her stomach. "Very fine! Plenty of money for cabs, perfumes, silks, hats, flowers, luxuries ——"

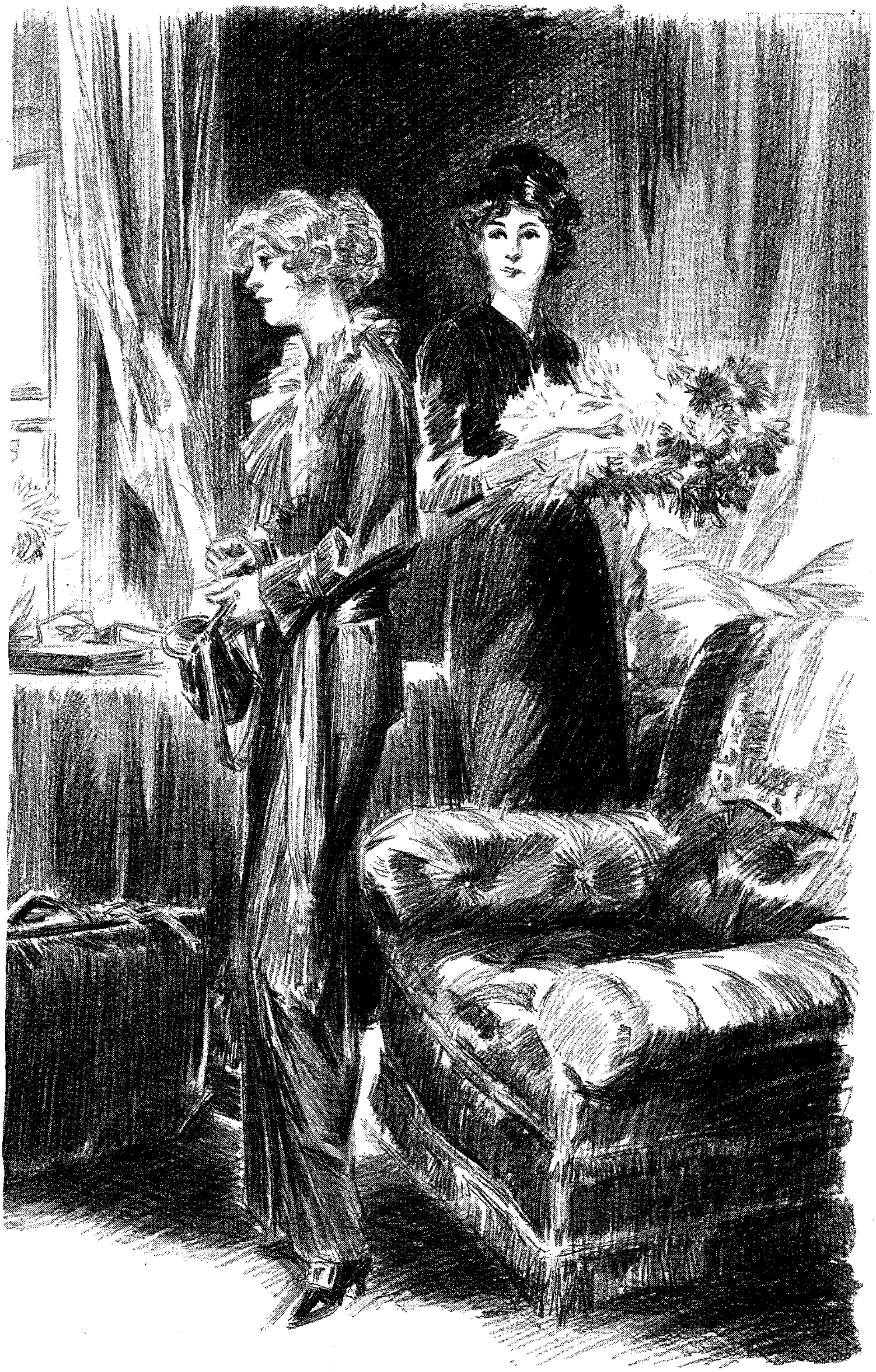
"You certainly don't object to my having plenty of money, do you, Miss Pim?" said Doré in a caressing voice, as she went to her purse before the landlady could make the demand direct. "You seem rather anxious about my little bill, I believe!"

"Little!" exclaimed Miss Pim, sitting down with the motion of a jack-knife shutting up.

Doré's calmness took away her breath, but



"'MY DEAR MISS PIM,' SAID DORÉ, 'I'VE TOLD YOU FREQUENTLY THAT I PREFER MY BILL SMALLER THAN A HUNDRED;



MONTHLY. THESE WEEKLY ROUNDS ARE EXCEEDINGLY ANNOYING. I HAVE NOTHING CAN YOU CHANGE IT?'"

a certain joy showed itself eagerly over her spectacled nose. She understood that such impudence meant pay. Nevertheless she sat stiffly and suspiciously, ready to pounce upon the slightest evasion.

Miss Pim's face advanced in three divisions — forehead, keen nose, and sharpened chin. She wore a high false front, of a warmer brown than the slightly grizzled hair that she piled *en turban* on her head, a majestic note which had earned her the sobriquet of "the Duchess." She adhered to the toilettes of the late '70's — flowing brown shotted silks, heavy medallions, hair bracelets, and on state occasions appeared in baby pinks, as if denying the passage of years. She had had a tragic romance — one only, for her nature was too determined to risk another, and at the age of fifty-four she still showed herself implacable to the male sex, although not unwilling to let it be known that she could choose one of three any day she selected. She carried a hand-bag, which jingled with the warning note of silver dollars. She was horribly avaricious, and the Salamanders who courted her favor paid her, whenever possible, in species. Then she would open her bag, holding it between her knees, and drop into it, one by one, the shining round dollars, listening eagerly to the metallic shock.

"My dear Miss Pim," said Doré, returning with her pocket-book, in a tone of calm superiority that left the landlady dumfounded, "I've told you frequently that I prefer my bill monthly. These weekly rounds are exceedingly annoying. Please don't bother me again. I have nothing smaller than a hundred; can you change it?"

And, flirting the fabulous bill before the eyes of the landlady, she nonchalantly let it flutter from the tips of her disdainful fingers.

Miss Pim, who liked to inspire terror, was so completely nonplussed that, though her lips worked spasmodically, she found nothing to say. She took the bill furiously, and went out. A moment later Josephus appeared with the change in an envelop. The Salamanders were still in gales of laughter over the discomfiture of their common enemy.

Dodo, left alone, dressed in a simple dress of dull black, relieved by a lace edging at the throat and sleeves, and a tailor hat with the invariable splash of a red feather; for she made it a superstition never to be without a little red flutter of audacity and daring. Then she zealously applied the powder, to give a touch of ailing melancholy to her young cheeks — it would never do to appear before Mr. Peavey in too healthy a manifestation. In general, it must be noted that no Salamander is ever in perfect health. There is always lurking in the background a melancholy but most serviceable ailment that not only does for a thousand excuses, but encourages concrete evidences of masculine sympathy.

Her costume finished, she exercised her prevaricatory talents at the telephone, soothing irate admirers, who had clamored ineffectually for her the evening before, with plausible tales which, if they did not entirely believe, they ended by weakly accepting, amounting to the same thing.

At noon, according to orders, Joseph Gilday, Jr., arrived with a carefully simulated hang-dog look. He was a wiry, sharp-eyed, jingling little fellow, just twenty, already imbued with the lawyer's mocking smile, on the verge of being a man of the world, eager to arrive there, but not quite emancipated. For the last month in this growing phase Doré had found the lines of discipline difficult to maintain. She even foresaw the time when it would be impossible. He had to be handled carefully.

"Hello, Dodo," said Gilday, in a hollow tone of misery, dragging his cane into the room and fastening humble eyes on his yellow spats.

"Good morning," said Doré frigidly, for she perceived his manoeuver was to force a laugh. "I think you came here to ——"

Gilday flushed; apologies were not easy for him.

"What's the use of kicking up a tempest about a little bill of fifty," he said sulkily. "You could take it as all the other girls do!"

"My dear Joe," said Doré, seizing her opportunity instantly, "other girls do, yes — the kind that I think you see entirely too much of. The trouble with you is, you are not man of the world enough to distinguish. That's the trouble of letting boys play around with me; they make mistakes ——"

"Come, now," he broke in furiously, for she had touched him on the raw of his vanity.

Doré stopped his exclamations with an abrupt gesture, and, picking from her purse a fifty-dollar bill, held it to him between two fingers.

"Take it!"

"You don't understand."

"I understand perfectly, and I understand," she added, looking him in the whites of the eyes, "just what thoughts have been in the back of your head for the last two weeks!"

Her plain speaking left him without answer. He reddened to his ears, took the bank-note, and thrust it in his pocket.

"Now I am going to say to you what I have to say many times," she said, without softening her accusing glance. "I expect to be misunderstood — often. I live independently, and, as men are mostly stupid or brutal, I expect to have to set them right. I forgive always one mistake — one only. If you make a second, I cut your acquaintance! Now we'll consider the matter closed!"

Gilday gulped, suddenly enlightened, overcome with mortification, and in a sudden burst of sentimentality exclaimed:

"Dodo, if you'll take me I'll marry you to-night!"

This unexpected turn, the value of which she did not overestimate, brought her a mad desire to burst out laughing. It was not the first time that she had been surprised by such sudden outbursts, and, not being given to the study of psychology, had always been puzzled — with a little disdain for the superior masculine sex.

"Neither now or ever!" she said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Don't be a silly! Hand me my muff — there on the table. It's time to be going!"

She replaced the orchids, deciding it was best to appear alone and unbefriended before Peavey. Joe, going to the table, stole a glance at the cards of Sassoon, Harrigan Blood, and Judge Massingale, apparently carelessly thrown there, and returned with enlarged eyes.

"Damn it, Do," he said, with a new respect, "I wish you'd let me buy you a diamond necklace or an automobile. This money burns my pocket!"

"Presents, all you wish. Send me a *little* bouquet of orchids, if it will make you feel better," she said, descending the stairs. "Orchids I never get tired of. If I were rich I'd wear a new bunch every day. Pouffé has such exquisite ones . . . ."

The stairs were so dark that she had to feel her way: she could smile without fear of detection.

"He will leave an order for a bouquet every day," she thought confidently, and she began busily to calculate the advantages of her understanding with that justly fashionable florist.

CHAPTER VI

OF all the men Dodo met, paraded, and ticketed to her own satisfaction, Mr. Orlando B. Peavey was perhaps the one she had the most difficulty in keeping in the *status quo.* Not that a wounding thought could ever cross his timid imagination, but that she feared a crisis which by every art she sought to postpone. On the day he found courage to propose, she knew their friendship would end. This exact and vigorous man of business, indefatigable, keen and abrupt in the conduct of affairs, was as shy and disturbed in her presence as a wild fawn. At the age of twelve he had been forced, by the sudden death of his father, to give up an education and fling himself into the breach. For thirty-five years he had worked as only an American can who is resolute, ambitious, passionately enwrapped in work, without the distractions of a youth that had been closed to him, or without other knowledge of women than the solitary devotion he gave to an invalid mother, who querulously and jealously claimed his few spare hours. All the depth of sentiment and affection he lavished in small attentions on this invalid. Yet at her death a great emptiness arrived — life itself seemed suddenly incomprehensible.

For the first time he perceived that he had almost reached fifty, and had he taken stock of his demands on life he would have found that business had ceased to be a means, but had become the sole end, the day and the night of his existence. Several times he had had a furtive desire to marry, to create a home, to look upon children whom he might shower with the enjoyments of youth. But when at last, two years ago, he had found his life set in solitary roads, he had at first said to himself that the opportunity had come too late, that he was past the age when marriage would be safe. The word "safe" was characteristic of the man. He had a horror of becoming ridiculous.

Then he had met Doré.

He had met her through the daughter of a Western business acquaintance, who had confided her to his care. From the first meeting, he had felt a turbulent awakening in him at the sight of her glowing youth. At the thought of her, so inexperienced and candid, subject to all the hard shocks of metropolitan struggle, standing so fragile and alone amid the perils, the temptations, and the hunger of the flaring city, he had felt an instant desire to step between her and this huddled, snatching mob, to give her everything, to make all possible to her, to watch her face flush and her eyes sparkle at the possession of each new delight that youth craves. But other thoughts came, and, he began to suffer keenly, afraid of fantastic perils, that tossed before him in his silent hours. If, after all, she should find him ridiculous — he an old man, and she so fresh, so delicate! Then another horrible fear came. What did he know of her — of any woman? If he were deceived, after all? He became suspicious, watching her with a woman's spying for significant details, alarmed, ready to take flight on the instant.

This was the man who was waiting for her in the long corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria, black coat over his arm, derby in hand, not too portly, not too bald, square-toed, dressed in the first pepper-and-salt business suit, ready-made, which had been presented him, low turndown collar, and a light purple tie, likewise made up. The nose was small and aquiline, the eyes gray under bushy eyebrows, and the lip obscured under the heavy, drooping fall of the mustache, which was a lighter gray than his hair.

He saw her flitting down the long hall, head shyly down, light, graceful, scattering imaginary flowers on her way; and the sensation of life and terror that she set leaping within him was so acute that he pretended not to perceive her until she was at his elbow.

"It's very good of you to come," he said at last, when they had reached their table in a discreet corner.

"It's very kind of you to think of me," she said instantly, a little touched by the confusion in his manner. She understood the reason, and it saddened her that it should be so — that he could not always be kept just a devoted friend.

"I'm rushing through; wanted to know how you were!"

"Don't you think I look better?" she said, raising her eyes in heavy melancholy. "The champagne has done wonders."

He was not able to do more than glance hastily at her.

"You don't look yet as you ought to," he said, shaking his head. "You need air. I have a plan — I'll tell you later."

"I'm taking fresh eggs, two a day," said Doré, wondering what he had in view. "Only it's so hard to get real fresh ones!"

"My dear girl, I'll send you the finest in the market," he said joyfully, delighted at the opportunity of such a service.

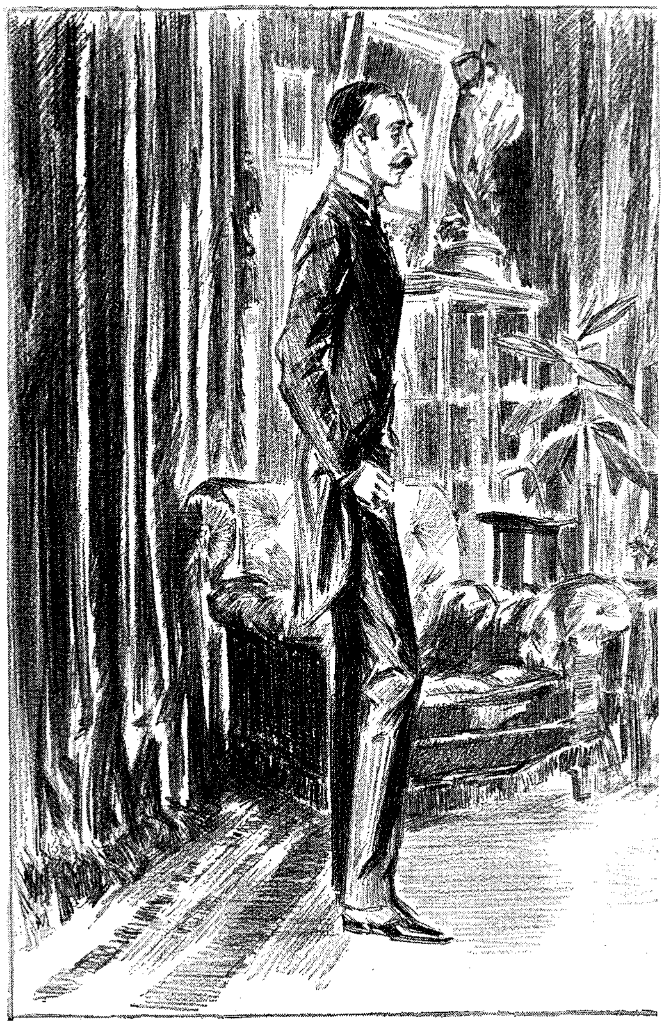
He took out a note-book and wrote in a light, curved hand, "Eggs," and, replacing it, said:

"If I send you a pint of the finest dairy cream each morning, will you promise faithfully to make an egg-nogg of it? It's splendid — just what you need!"

"I'll do anything you tell me," said Doré, genuinely touched by the pleasure in his face. It was not entirely self-interest that had made her lead up to the subject, for she could have secured a response from a dozen quarters. It was perhaps an instinctive understanding of the man and what it meant to him to find even a small outlet to his need of giving.

Mr. Peavey methodically had taken out his memorandum and by the side of "Eggs" had added "and cream."

She would have preferred that he should need no reminders; but at this moment, on taking up her napkin, she gave a cry of pleasure. Inserted between the folds was a package of tickets. She scanned them hastily —



"'NOW TO BE A DESPERATE ADVENTURESS,' SHE THOUGHT; ENTERED groups of two for each Monday night of the opera.

"Oh, you darling!" she exclaimed, carried away with delight.

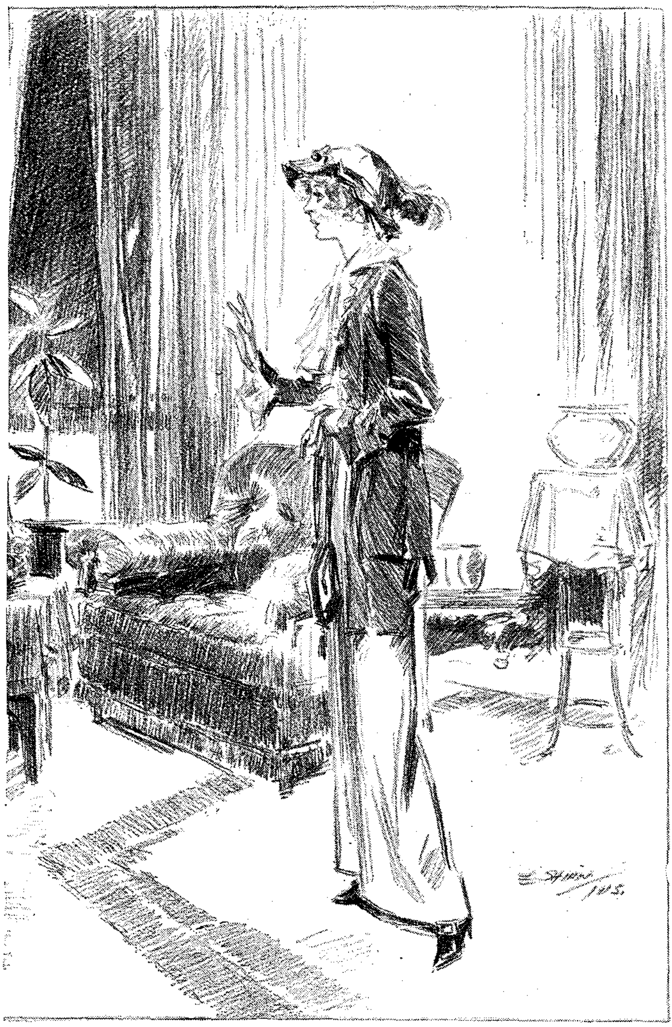
He reddened, pleased as a boy.

"Want you to hear good music," he said in self-excusation. "Sha'n't be here always; you'll have to take a friend."

"Oh, but I want to go with you!" said Doré, genuinely moved.

"When I'm here — can't tell," he said, in the seventh heaven of happiness. "But I want you to go regularly; besides, my car is to call for you."

"You are so kind," said Doré, looking at him solemnly, and forgetting for the moment all thought of calculation. "Really, I don't think there is another man in the world so kind!"



AND, ASSUMING A LANQUID, INDIFFERENT MANNER, SHE
THE ROOM"

"Nonsense! Stuff and nonsense!" he said, resorting hastily to a glass of water. The waiter came up. He took the menu in hand, glad for the diversion.

"How good he is!" she thought, watching the solicitude with which he studied the menu for the dishes she ought to take. "He would do anything I wanted. If he were only a colonel or a judge!"

She was thinking of the ponderous mustache, and wondering in a vague way what it would be like to be Mrs. Orlando B. Peavey. Perhaps, if she could get him to cut his mustache like Harrigan Blood. At any rate, he ought to change his tie. Purple — light purple! and made up, too! With any other man she would have attacked the offending tie at once, for she had a passion for regulating the dress of her admirers; but with Mr. Peavey it was different. A single suggestion that he could not wear such a shade, and she fancied she could see him bolting through the window in alarm.

"Will you do me a favor — a great favor, Miss Baxter?" he said finally, turning to her in great embarrassment.

"What is it?"

"It would make me happy — very happy," he said, hesitating.

"Of course I will," she said, wondering what it could be.

"It's not much — it really is nothing. I mean, it means nothing to me to do it! It's this: I am away so much; my car is here — nothing to do; you need a ride, — good air every afternoon, — and, besides, I don't like to think of you going around alone in taxicabs or street cars, unprotected. The car is standing idle; it's bad for the chauffeur. Won't you let me put it at your disposal for the winter — for a month, anyway?"

"Oh, but, Mr. Peavey, I couldn't! How could I?"

"You don't think it would be proper?" he said, in alarm.

"No, no, not that!" she said, and a strange thought was at the back of her head. "For the opera, yes! And occasionally in the afternoon.

But the rest — it is too much; too much! I couldn't accept it!"

He was immensely relieved that this was the only objection.

"I should feel you were protected," he said earnestly. "That worries me. Such horrible things happen!"

"But I am a professional! I must take care of myself!" said Doré, with a sudden assumption of seriousness.

She began to talk of her career, of her independence, her ambitions — rapidly, feeling that there were sunken perils in the course of his conversation.

"Really, it isn't difficult. American men are chivalrous; they always protect a young girl — really, I've been surprised! And then, I don't think it's quite right that I should have advantages other girls haven't. If I'm going on the stage, I should take everything as it comes. Besides, it teaches me what life is, doesn't it? Then, it's such fun being independent, and making yourself respected! By the way, I feel so much stronger now, I shouldn't wonder if I could be on the stage again soon. Blainey wants to talk to me — I may see him this afternoon. He's such a good, kind fellow, just like you, Mr. Peavey! Really, all men seem to try and protect me!"

But the real reason she did not wholly accept his offer she did not tell him.

She shifted the conversation to his interests, and kept it there, with one eye on the clock. It was difficult choosing her questions, for all would not do. For instance, she wished to ask him why he did not stop working and enjoy his money; but that would have opened up a direct and personal reply.

"Why do you work so hard?" she said, instead.

"I've got to do something!" he answered; "and, besides, I'm on the point of something big — if I carry it through. In another year I'll be a rich man — quite a rich man!"

He looked away as he said it, ashamed, knowing at his heart why he had offered it up to her thus against his fifty years! But in a moment, chirping ahead rapidly, she had put him at his ease, and, keeping the conversation on light topics, avoided further dangers.

He left her with stiff, formal bows, placing her in his automobile and giving the chauffeur directions.

The car went smoothly through the crush. It was a good car,— she was a judge!— in perfect order. Whatever Peavey did was always of the best. The chauffeur had quite an air, too. She disturbed the heavy fur rugs that had been so carefuly wrapped about her little feet, sunk her head gratefully against the cushions, and thought, with a long, easy breath:

"Well, that's one thing I could do!"

She began to consider it from all points of view:

"I wonder what it'd be like to be Mrs. Orlando B. Peavey?"

An automobile — two or three; seats at the opera — a box in the upper row, perhaps; a big house; big dinners. Or, better still, travel, strange countries, curious places. Then she remembered the mustache. On a colonel or a judge, perhaps. What a pity he wasn't either! To be the young wife of a colonel or a judge was quite distinguished!

He was good, kind, gentle. She might even go in for charity. Perhaps, after ten or fifteen years, she might be left a widow, with lots of money. Fifteen was rather long — ten would be better! There was a girl she knew who had married an old man worth ten millions, who had died before the year was out. What luck! But then, all husbands are not so obliging!

This revery did not last long. She tied it up, so to speak, in a neat package and put it in a pigeonhole. It was comforting to think of it as a possibility! Why had he offered her his automobile every day — just like her own? Was it pure generosity, or was there something else? She smiled; such motives she read easily. Wasn't it, in fact, to know what her daily life was! — whom she saw, where she went, to know absolutely, before he took the final plunge? She smiled again. She was sure there was something of all this in the gift, and, leaning forward she sought to study the face of Brennon, the chauffeur, wondering if she could make him an ally, could trust him — if he were human.

She had no time for conversation. Hardly had she arrived before Mrs. Pim's than she perceived Sassoon's automobile turning the corner. She did not wish to meet him thus, though she was not sorry that he had seen her return. So she ran hastily upstairs to her room, and was in the midst of a quick change of toilette when Josephus brought the card.

"Tell him to wait!"

She took pains that this waiting should not be too short, maliciously studying the clock for a good twenty minutes before, prepared for the street, she went down.

"Now to be a desperate adventuress," she thought to herself; and assuming a languid, indifferent manner, she entered the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BOOSTER'S HONEYMOON

When Is a Hick?

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IN June the Booster married Betsy Spencer and started for New York to spend his honeymoon. The Booster had never seen New York. Neither had Betsy. Their exciting adventures in the most romantic city in America — their perplexities, the strange coincidences that befall them, and the wonderful outcome of their experiences — are told in the following story.

"MAPLE-HONEY-KID!" Brian Boru Blaney leaned from Pullman seat 25 and thus addressed himself to the somber orbs of light becomingly set in the features of the very new Mrs. Blaney, that lady being comfortably cushioned in Pullman seat 27.

"Sugar-boy-dear!" responded the previously matter-of-fact Betsy. Then, with a momentary lapse into sanity, she whispered: "Brian, the whole car's looking at us!"

Responsive to the warning, Brian made a sudden movement, and several handfuls of rice clattered to the floor from various parts of his clothing.

"Darn that god-speed stuff!" he grumbled. "The more I see of rice the worse I hate Japs."

He removed his hat and shook therefrom a miniature hailstorm. The entire car tittered — there was an excursion of rather young Boston schoolma'ams returning from San Bruno. Brian blushed to the roots of his auburn hair, then his cheeks wrinkled to a broad grin. His was one of those natures to whom publicity in any form can never be quite distasteful.

"Enjoy yourselves, girls!" he smiled, bowing to his appreciative audience. On the lapel of his coat hung a bright blue button nearly as large as a saucer and labeled: "BOOST FOR SAN BRUNO." This token, as well as an enormous harp-shaped floral emblem which reposed between their chairs, bearing the word "BOOST" in white carnations, was the gift of the San Bruno Boosters' Club, which organization had accompanied them to the station with enthusiasm, a brass band, and the city's surplus of overshoes.

Brian's salute to the assembled schoolma'ams was well received by all save Betsy, who sat for several minutes with her eyes averted toward the whirling landscape.

"Sugar," she said at last, "I wish you'd take that thing"— pointing to the Booster Button — "and put it in your pocket. And I wish you'd give that"— indicating the floral emblem — "to the porter. It reminds me of an Elks' funeral."

"Now, Candy-bag!" protested Brian, in a hurt tone, "we ain't ashamed of the home town, are we?"

"You bet we aren't!" agreed Betsy warmly. "And that's why I think it's up to us not to make the home town ridiculous."

"Porter!" said Brian, with one hand beckoning the menial and the other pointing out the floral emblem. "Bear away the tribute!"

He slipped the booster button quietly into his pocket.

"You old dandy thing!" Thus she rewarded him. He sat awhile in unnatural silence.

"Funny!" he said, at last. "Those are the very words Obrey O'Malley said to me this morning."

"What words?"

"'Don't make the home town ridiculous.' Y' know, when the Boosters took us to the train, C. W. Ketchum pullin' my arm loose at the socket while kittenish Sid Eidlitz poured eighteen cents' worth o' rice down my collar? Well, old Obrey O'Malley led me aside for a minute. Uncle Obe's got more sense in his upper right-hand eye-lash than Ketchum can hire in his whole office force. 'Brian,' says Obrey, 'you're going to see N' York for the first time. It's a great big town full o' things a young man can slip up on and fall over. I hope you won't think me impertinent, but I want to give you a word of advice — don't be a hick.'"

"What's a hick?" asked Betsy.

"A hick's a dressed-up Rube out hunting for a shell game," he defined it. "'I've lived in N' York for forty years,' O'Malley went on, 'and I know it from Wall Street to Waldorf. Take it from me, it's up to the stranger coming fresh from the clover to sing low, because every inhabitant of Manhattan Island has got the art of financial transgressions down to a poisoned pellet. The graft industry is overcrowded there, and N' York would naturally starve if it wasn't for the man from home who comes piking down Broadway with his check-book in his hand and a sprig of timothy over his ear. Lifelong practice at the art of bunk has made the N' Yorkers so darned canny, they can steal your clothes, ship you home in a borrowed nightie, and make you think you've had a good time. So take an old man's tip. When you come in sight of the Statue of Liberty, step light, sing low, and, for Gawsh sake, don't let 'em know you're a hick!'"

"Maybe we'd better go to Niagara Falls, after all!" Betsy faltered.

"I says to O'Malley," Brian went on, "'Uncle Obe, what can I do to conceal my hickory origin?'

"'I'll give you a few Don'ts for Hicks,' says O'Malley. 'Don't smoke a cigar with a band on it. Don't get up in street cars and offer a lady your seat. Don't let the barber shave the back of your neck. Don't talk politics with strangers. Don't wear tan shoes with buttons on 'em.'" (Furtively Betsy noted that her husband's shoes were of the kind described.) "'Don't drink Manhattan cocktails. Don't be ashamed to walk over people's knees in the theater. Don't stand on windy corners to watch the chori go by. And don't offend the head waiter by trying to tip him in public. Those are a few rough rules which may keep you a while out of the Order of Straw along the Great White Graft, says Uncle Obe.'"

"That was thoughtful of him," Betsy intimated.

"Y-yes," agreed Brian grudgingly. "But it makes me kind o' sore. What brand o' lobsters do those N' York dudes eat that makes 'em so all-fired brighter 'n the rest o' the country? Can't an Indian from another reservation blow in with his war-paint and not ——"

"They're naturally lots more experienced than we are, living as they do in the midst of things," she suggested.

"Um. O'Malley gave me this letter of introduction." Brian fished a large envelop from his inner pocket. "Said it was to a real N' Yorker — a fella belonging to a Knickerbocker family so old it considers the Vanderbilts vulgar trades-people; said that if I ever got skinned in any sort of a bilk I could go round to this keen young guy and he'd pull me out. Nice of him, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," agreed Betsy. She opened the flap of the envelop and read:

Dear Dyckman:

This is to introduce Mr. Brian Boru Blaney, who has come, for the first time, to see the town. You'll be doing a favor to your father's old chum if you take my young friend under your wing now and then and steer him clear of any of your city's justly celebrated pitfalls. With regards to your dad,

Sincerely,
OBREY O'MALLEY.

"Now you *must* present this letter as soon as we get to New York," said Betsy, in a slightly abashed tone.

Brian turned the envelop critically in his hand, reading the address at every conceivable angle.

"Mr. Dyckman Wynkoop, 13½ Washington Square," he read aloud; then added: "That ain't a name: it's a label on an imported cheese."

Just the same, Brian was impressed, and was discovered gazing disgustedly at his buttoned tan shoes at intervals during the trip.

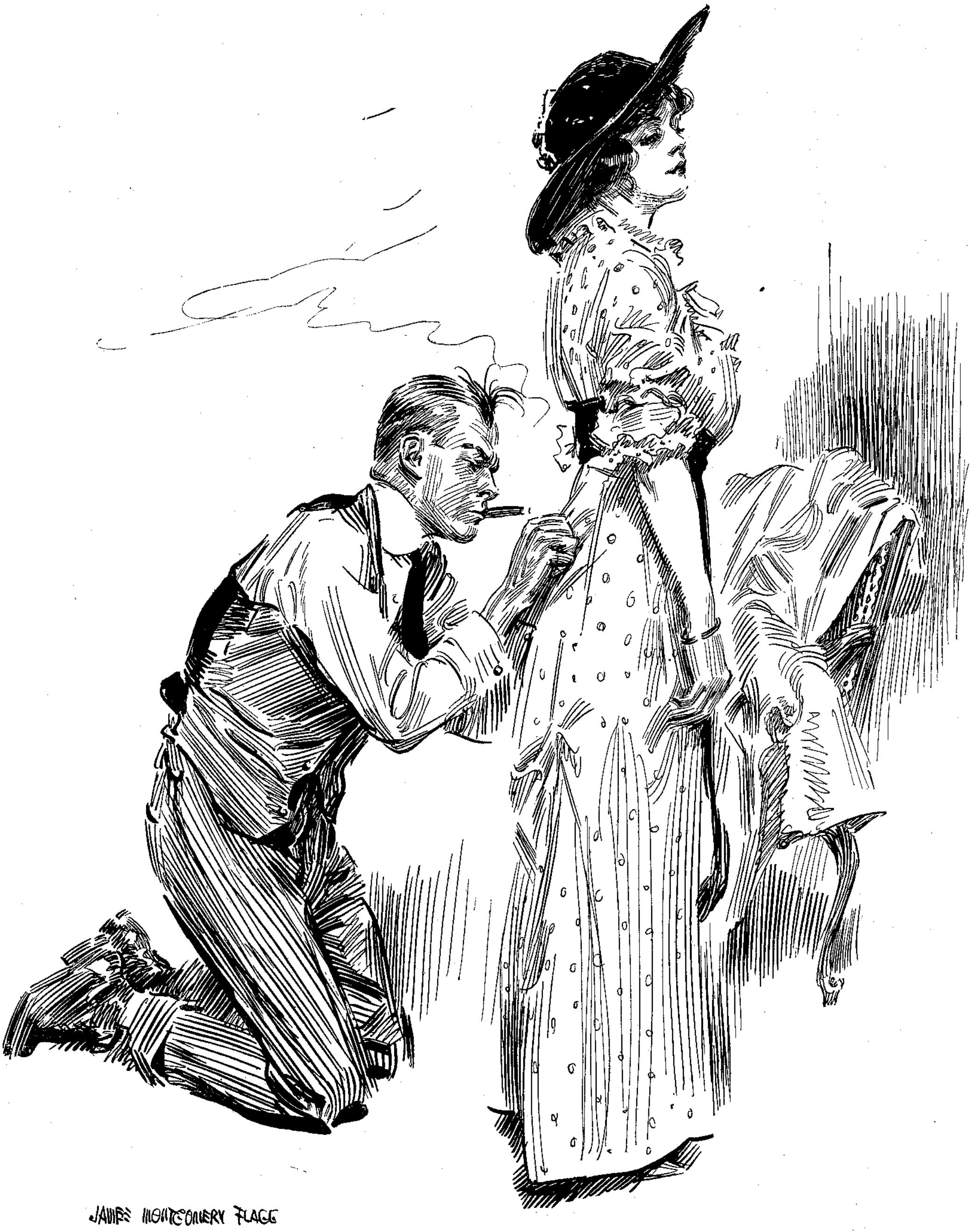
They were amid the horrific grandeurs of the Royal Gorge, battling ground of Titans (according to prospectus), when an impertinent intrusion appeared in the person of G. Hunter McCosh. Sight-seeing passengers were assembled in the observation-car, huddled around each window, to let no marvel pass. Roaring through chasms measureless to man, browbeaten by infernal crags, the soft coal smoke of the D. & R. G. locomotive added that Stygian touch so well portrayed by the late Mr. Dante. Some passengers were regarding the Devil's Needle and saying "Ah!" Yet others were looking at the far-piled Ogre's Dungeon and remarking "Oh!" But Brian and Betsy were looking into each other's eyes, and the latter was exclaiming, "You dear old red-headed proposition ——"

"Just look at that!" said a resonant voice at their shoulders. "Just *look* at that!"

A large, florid elderly gentleman with eyeglasses and a tooth-brush mustache spread over the bridal couple a prominent plaid suit in a pattern reminiscent of the costume worn by George IV while shooting grouse on the Highland estate of the Mackintosh of Mackintosh. He fairly crowded in between them and pointed out of the window. "Behold yon masterpiece of nature's antic art, appalling cataclysm of a planet's dawn ne'er limned by any human paint-brush, sir! There they stand, sir. Rocks! Craggy rocks! Fit for some race of demi-gods ——"

"Jaggy rocks fit for some race of demijohns — I gocha," said Brian appreciatively.

"You may sing, young man," continued the


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"THE DAYS OF HIS BONDAGE HAD BEGUN"

eloquent stranger, "of the terrors of the boundless deep or the wonders of the tropic night — but look at those rocks. By ginger, ain't they great?"

"In the real-estate business?" inquired Brian affably.

"Well, no — not exactly."

"I thought by the way you went at us," continued the Little Booster, "that you were trying to sell us the Rocky Mountains on the easy-payment plan."

"Ah, youth!" rhapsodized the big one. "Youth will have its quip at the wisdom of age. Youth and love. I see you're a bridal couple. I hope, madam," turning a ravishing smile upon Betsy, "that you can spare your husband a moment." Turning to Brian with a suspiciously glib motion of the thumb and forefinger. "Play cards, sir?"

"Not with you," announced Brian, looking the other coolly between the eyes.

"I trust I'm not making a nuisance of myself ——"

"Not yet," replied Brian, turning for the first time in the direction of the scenery.

"My name is McCosh — G. Hunter McCosh," said the florid person, still smiling. "Any time you want to look me up, I'm in Car 3." He strode jauntily away.

"Oh, Sugar Boy, how rude of you!" Betsy chided, as soon as the other man had gone.

"Take it from me, Betsy," said Brian, in rather a depressed tone, "that old guy's phoney. I don't know what he's got to sell, but I bet he makes it in a dark room. I wonder why he picked *me* out?" He looked reflectively at his toes, and remembered the warning words of O'Malley. "Gawsh! I wonder if he saw my buttoned tans!"

The further they rushed Eastward, the more earnestly Brian hated his shoes as a recognized badge of Hickdom. He did not look up Mr. McCosh in Car 3, but that thoughtful gentleman made occasion to sit down next to Brian in the buffet when the latter was enjoying a solitary cigarette. They were approaching Chicago at the time, and McCosh sat paring his broad finger-nails with a pearl-handled knife.

"Try one of my perfectos," he said suddenly, offering an ostentatious roll of tinfoil.

"Thanks; I never smoke," responded Brian, taking a fresh cigarette from his box.

"Say, you're a cagey kid, all right," laughed the big one, changing from the grandiloquent to the vernacular. His eyes slanted and his weather-beaten mouth came down at one corner. "What's your line?"

"I'm a fly-catcher."

"Haw-haw! You're a smart kid, anyhow. Now, look here. As an enterprisin' young business man from the West, launchin' out on life's voyage with a fair young helpmeet, and awaitin' alert and joyous to hear the welcome knock of Opportunity at your door — Opportunity, the goddess who knocks but once — you are unspoiled, you are ambitious, too smart to let the golden moment pass unheeded. Ever thought of investin' in mining stocks?"

"Show me," said Brian in a level tone.

"As you see by my card,"— he extended a square of pasteboard,—"I am General Director of the Goodfellow and Surprise Gold Lode Company, Incorporated."

"Phew! Is it as bad as that?"

"Have your joke!" growled Mr. McCosh. "But the old must be patient with the young. I want to talk to you like an uncle. I want to put you on the ground floor in this unparalleled proposition, a chance we only offer our particular friends. I like your face."

Mr. McCosh's fat fingers deftly unfolded a bale of handsomely printed papers engraved in rich orange, the seal of Nevada at the head, an intricate, wavy border down the margins. He laid a compelling palm on Brian's knee.

"In six months from now they'll pay you twenty-five cents on the dollar — twen-ty-five per cent!"

"Honest," said Brian, carefully folding the stocks and handing them back, "you're the coarsest Wallingford make-up I've struck yet."

"How's that?" spluttered the big one.

"Excuse me, while I take a good look at you. I thought they had all the old-style con men stuffed and under glass by this time. And to think of one of you whiskered dodos tryin' to panhandle me — *me* — with a line o' minin' stock fluff that was passed up by Adam and Eve. Say, old man, I'm sorry for you. You make me want to cry. Your childish stab at dishonesty is sadder 'n 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and twice as stale. Say, what jay town are you going to work with that line o' county-fair bilk?"

"New York," said Mr. McCosh, with simple dignity.

"What!" The word came like a pistol-shot. "With *that?* Why, Uncle Rufus, you've got no more show in New York with that prehistoric swindle than a glass bead on Fifth Avenue. Honest, they teach better grafts than that in the New York public schools. Why don't you stick to St. Jo, uncle, where the grass is long and the grazing good?"

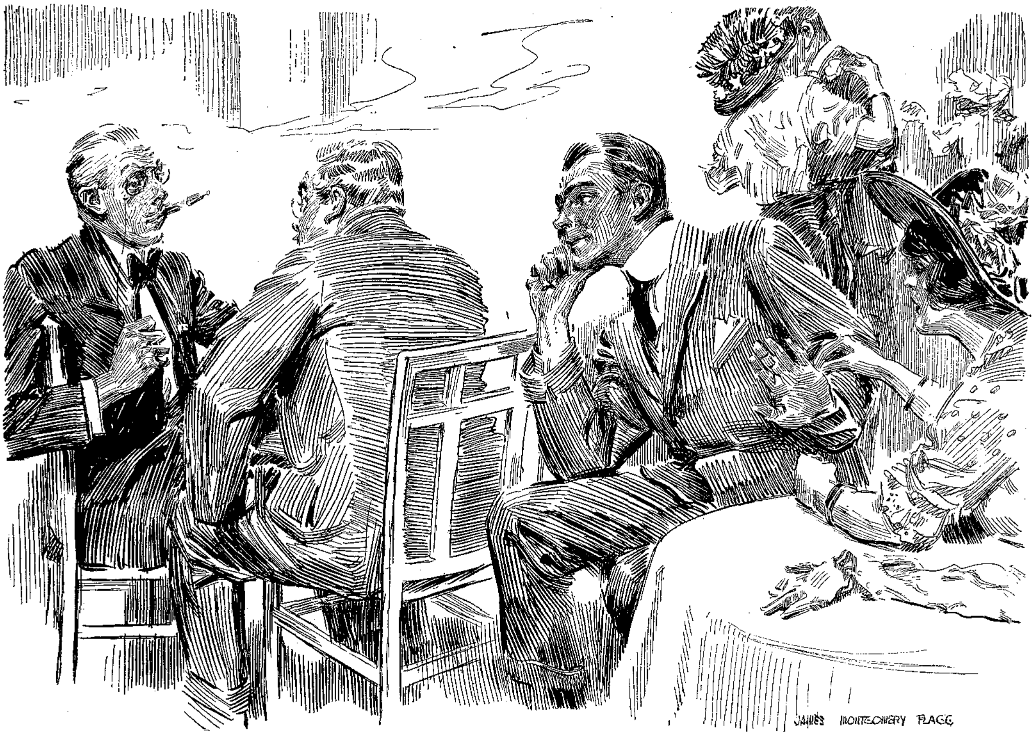
The face of the honest Mr. McCosh suddenly settled into tragic lines.

"If I'd 'a' known you was one of us," he began sadly. He made the sign of Three

Walnuts between his thumb and fingers. "If I'd known you was in our line o' goods, I'd never come that con on you. But, since you mention St. Jo, I'll put you wise to something. The Middle West circuit's worked dry. I had to borrow from the constable to get out of Emporia, and in Keokuk I was blackmailed poor by a Rube I tried the badger game on."

"So you're advancin' on New York."

"That's the stuff! The only town in America where you can catch the hick off his nest with the golden eggs exposed. I got a cousin doin' well there on the old glass-ring game."



"McCOSH'S BROAD BACK WAS TOWARD BRIAN, THEREFORE HE COULD NOT SEE HIS NEIGHBORS. 'TAKE AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE,' HE WAS SAYING"

"Yes, but look at the competition!" Brian objected. "There's three bunks there to every hick. And what's your home-made mining swindle against the kind of graft they make by machinery?"

"Well, I'm gettin' old," sighed the swindler. "But a fresh train-load o' straw arrives at the New York Central every fifteen minutes. This is my last stand — maybe I won't have to keep bar in my old age."

"If you ain't skinned poor before you've been in New York a week, come around to me and I'll buy some of your goods," said Brian kindly, but with deep foreboding; for he was still mindful of O'Malley's tale of what greedy Gotham does to the naïve outsider.

II

It is the conventional thing for the newcomer in New York to pause Aladdin-like, mind whirling, eyes blinking at the magic works of these djinns who have bewitched mankind. Shall he fly first to the Metropolitan Museum, or shall it be the Metropolitan Tower? Shall he climb the Statue of Liberty or descend into the Subway? But Brian Boru Blaney, his feet set on Manhattan, was tortured by no such doubts. He called a taxi at the Grand Central Station, and, after tucking his baggage and his Betsy safely inside, called commandingly to the chauffeur: "Beat it for the first shoe store on Fifth Avenue."

Betsy's head was out of the window many times. She all but plunged herself headlong several times in passing window displays of feminine attire, and as they whirled by the emporium of a famous milliner, she cried, with almost a sob in her voice: "Brian, you've just got to stop here!" But her auburn-haired lord had his eyes set sternly to the fore. They drew up before a plate-glass window with masculine footwear discreetly displayed.

"Nope!" he announced to the smiling clerk, "I don't want anything similar to what I got on. Gimme something like Vince Astor kicks around in."

They sold him a pair with tapering toes, flat soles, and unostentatious eyelets. They cost him eight dollars.

"Score one!" said Brian, making a mark on his cuff as he paid the bill. He wore the shoes out of the shop. "Now that I got rid o' those hick kicks, I guess we'll be safe to walk along Fifth Avenue, paying the taxes here and there."

At a famous milliner's Betsy chose a hat with very little on it, but that well disposed. The bill was sixty-five dollars.

"Score two!" announced Brian, making another mark on his cuff.

"What on earth are you doing, Sugar?" asked his wife.

"Keepin' tab on New York. We've been here half an hour, and she's got us seventy-three bucks already."

They took a room at the St. Sidon Hotel, a fabulous pile overlooking Broadway's busiest corner.

"I'm tired already," said Betsy, throwing herself on a gilded chaise-longue.

"When I look at a dump like this," remarked the Little Booster, "I feel like the King o' Persia — afraid to sit down for fear some of the gold leaf 'll stick to my pants." He walked over to the window and looked down on the restless human stream flowing below. "I bet N' York's got more ticket speculators than San Bruno's got population. Look! there's a fire-engine tryin' to beat a rubberneck wagon, and a lame horse has just sat down in front of a milk-wagon and tied up all the rapid transit from here to the Bronx. Careless Dobbin!"

After lunch, Brian complained of his new shoes pinching; but he bravely kept his footing within their resisting soles, and plunged still further into the gulf of conventionality by changing to a suit of quiet gray and an inoffensive necktie.

"Going far?" inquired Betsy sleepily from her couch.

"To 13½ Washington Square," he said. "I'm going to present O'Malley's letter to Dyckman Wynkoop to see if he's cheese or human. Want to come along?"

"No, you little old big foolish; I'm not being introduced. I suppose we're going somewhere to-night ——"

"Bet your fairy goloshes we're goin' somewhere. As soon as the Scotch whisky ads begin to light up along the Great Tight Way, we'll beat it for one o' those tay dansong restaurants where they teach the Harry Thaw glide free with every thousand dollars' worth of champagne. To-night's the big, wide evening!"

Brian fixed his hat at a dangerous angle in the midst of a dance figure which ended in an ardent embrace of his girlish bride.

"Don't let any bunco man see you while you're in that mood," she cautioned. "Remember, you're a hick in a great city."

About six o'clock he came whistling back, his face afire with enthusiasm.

"Did you find him?" asked Betsy, who was waiting, with the patience of an experienced wife, to be hooked up in the back.

"Who? Dyckie Chickencoop? Nope. Say, Dyckie lives in a boy's-size brick palace with a white door, and a brass knocker. When I banged the knob, out shoots a Woodrow Wilson effect in butlers. 'Not to hum!' he says. When I called him Charley, he snatched my card away from me and slammed the door so quick he 'most pinched off my nose."

"Sugar Boy, he probably saw you were a ——"

"Hick? Yes. But how did he know? So I hired an open taxi and sailed forth to discover N' York."

"What did you see?"

"Saw the Woolworth Building, a Jew cop arrestin' a drunken Armenian, the Brooklyn Bridge, a fight, a Wall Street panic, the Pennsylvania Station, and Willie Collier tryin' to light a cigar on a windy corner."

"Anything else?"

"I saw a hick. Right before my eyes. Y' see, I dropped my taxi at Fourteenth Street, and ducked into the subway just to get a taste of that celebrated canned air. And what d' you think I saw, the first thing? A Rube got up and gave his seat to a lady. I was sitting comfortably on somebody's mother at the time, and I wanted to lead that hick aside and say, 'Not done, old chap — not in New York'; but I let him go his suiciday way. Wallingford'll get *him* before morning."

Betsy stood before the mirror and pointed suggestively at the unhooked void in the back of her gown.

"Sweetie Maple!" sighed the Little Booster, settling down to a desperate struggle with the intricacies thereof, "the dressmaker that built this dream must 'a' had an awful lot o' time!" The days of his bondage had begun.

They dined beneath golden cornices, beside roseate tapestries, eating from precious plate and draining goblets of brilliant crystal.

"Don't make any quick moves," Brian cautioned his wife, "because every time you do it starts a waiter this way, and that costs you five dollars extra."

The bill was nineteen dollars.

"Score three!" warbled Brian, keeping imaginary tab on his cuff. He led Betsy rather hastily toward the foyer. It was getting on toward ten o'clock, and round the corner, glaring amid the infernal glories of jumping gigantic electric images, stood the Cabaret de l'Obsterre, home of tangled tangoes where Baal feeds fat, where the heathen rage, and where the Turk trotteth till the dawn.

Most of the tables were already taken when they entered. Young Mrs. Blaney was not too young to note the two types of women: those who had come and those who had been brought — the former characterized by elaborate complexions inside infantile hats; their lips were bold, their eyes were cold. The band uttered a musical compound of treacle and dynamite; a negro nobleman endowed with India-rubber joints rolled his eyes swimmingly and smote his palms together to an ecstatic "Buzz around — Buzz around!" until a young mulatto woman, lithe as a spider monkey, threw herself at him in an acrobatic tango which included touching her wool to the carpet in miraculous backward loops.

"Let's twirl!" came Brian's enthusiastic voice in Betsy's ear, for the band had now struck up "We'll row, row, row," and many couples took the floor, every Jack to his Jill, every Bacchus to his Bacchante. By way of *divertissement,* a Princeton gladiator had arisen from a tableful of college boys, and was inviting the head waiter to put him out.

"Let's go!" pleaded Betsy, seizing Brian's arm.

"Stick around, kid," Brian urged. "We needn't be afraid of this dansong stuff. All New York's doin' it."

"I bet half the men here are traveling salesmen from Duluth. Don't be a hick!" This was Betsy's quelling word.

"Speaking of hicks," whispered her husband, nudging her sharply, "look what's just come in!"

"Who is he?"

"The Rube I saw give his seat to a lady in the subway. He's hopeless!" For, even at the word, the newcomer — who wore buttoned tan shoes — was ordering a Manhattan cocktail.

"He must be the King of the Hickories," murmured Brian, becoming more and more concerned. "Ain't it pitiful!" The object of Brian's commiseration called to him the head waiter, and, in the presence of the whole room, handed him a five-dollar bill. Then he lit a cigar, and kept the band on.

"He's got every one of O'Malley's 'How to Tell a Hick' marks except he don't shave his neck. Probably he's waitin' for the barber shop to open in the morning."

"He's rather nice-looking," said Betsy, "and he wears a good suit of clothes."

"Whiskers! There ought to be a Society for the Protection of Him. I've a good mind to give that lone yokel a tip before he falls in the hands of ——"

Down the aisle came a florid, familiar face. The head waiter pulled out a chair next the unprotected stray. And the person who occupied the seat, presenting a cordial palm to the helpless hick, was none other than G. Hunter McCosh, the superannuated bunco man of the D. & R. G.

McCosh's broad back was toward Brian, therefore he could not see his neighbors, although close enough to be easily overheard. Brian quickly forgot the charms of tango in the study of bunco as the elderly rascal laid his fat palm caressingly over the hand of the younger man, who was neat and rather small, with oyster-colored eyes and a sallow mustache.

"No, my boy; you can't afford to miss this," began McCosh, in the tone of thick gravy. "Take an old man's advice and —" The rest was lost in the musical racket.

"If you can prove they're as good as —" the young man was heard to say.

"Opportunity knocks but once at the door . . . good as smelted gold . . . as proved by our specimens"— these scraps in McCosh's soothing tone.

"If we could only find a place to talk more quietly ——"

"It *is* kinda noisy here," McCosh admitted. "Supposing you and me go over to Gothamia grill . . . the details of this splendid proposition."

"Come on!" breathed Brian in Betsy's ear.

"Where?"

"To the Gothamia grill!"

It was easy to see why the more or less skilful Mr. McCosh had chosen the Gothamia grill. A luncheon room in one of the largest hotels, it opens, flower-like, at the hour of noon, and dozes again at sunset, when the interest is diverted to the Fragonard dining-room upstairs or the Bohemian music-hall in the basement. During the evening hours the Gothamia grill assumes the elderly quiet of a Union League Club; but under shaded lights men and women talk mysteriously at secluded tables.

"A gunman's delight!" exclaimed Brian. "If I stabbed a man here and dragged him into the elevator, how would Hearst ever catch me? . . . Waiter!" A blue Alsatian mountaineer approached glibly. Bring a pitcher of blond beer and a lemonade."

The waiter retreated, and the door was

darkened by the shadow of a pompous person leading a slender youth of hesitating mien.

"Pretty work!" murmured Brian. They sat at a table far out of ear-shot but well within view. The hypnotist was evidently imbuing his subject with enthusiasm, confidence, honest conviction, for the fat hands of Mr. McCosh were working busily in circles more complicated than any Futurist's dream. And the dupe looked up with the expression of a tired child who hears a new fairy story and loves to believe it true.

"O Maud, what a sucker!" sniffed Brian. "He wants to bite so bad, he's helping put the bait on the hook."

The two figures at the distant table leaned back. Something was settled. The elder man brought forth a packet of papers folded lengthwise.

"McCosh was right," said Brian. "You can make the man from Keokuk do stunts in N' York he's never dreamt of in his home town."

"Maybe it's not so bad as you think," suggested Betsy.

"Didn't you see the orange-colored engravings on the paper? That's Goodfellow and Surprise bunk he's sellin' the hick — and look! Rube's pullin' his check-book!"

Sure enough, the lamb was already reaching for McCosh's fountain-pen. There was a moment of intense scribbling, during which McCosh bit a black cigar and forgot to light it. Finally a pink leaf from the check-book fluttered in his palm, and he handled it like a rare orchid. An instant later McCosh was seen to rise rather feverishly, button his coat over the new-made check, extend a loving hand to his victim, and stride forth into the unknown. Brian jumped from his chair.

"You're not going to —"

"You bet I am! As a stranger in town, I ain't a-goin' to sit here and see my helpless brother skun bright red on Broadway."

The young man sat reading an orange-printed sheet of Goodfellow and Surprise rapturously, even as the Moslem scans the Koran, when Brian accosted him.

"Excuse me!" said the Little Booster. "I don't know what part of the Woolly West you come from, but you'll take back less wool than you brought with you."

"Meaning?" inquired the youth, adjusting his eye-glasses.

"Do you know who that bunk is you just ——"

"That 'bunk,' as you roughly term him," said the young man in a modulated barytone, "is Mr. Hotchkiss, well known in the Goodfellow and ——"

"His name was McCosh when I met him. Now, listen to mother. There ain't any time to feed the chickens. I'm telling you. You've just fallen for a man who's a professional walnut-pusher, a dot-and-carry card-handler, a life member of the Gold Brick Layers' Union — in plain Californian, a bunko man. Because you left your brains the other side of the Ohio River, I'll wise you. You've been bilked, trimmed ——"

"But he came to New York with the highest references."

"Splash! I've a good mind to touch you for a thousand myself. How much was in that check you just signed?"

"Forty-five hundred and fifty."

"Get your bank the first thing in the morning and stop it."

"Lord!" groaned the callow one. "It's on the Night and Day Bank!"

"Telephone — hot foot, kid!"

The sedate grill-room was enlivened by the sight of a red-headed enthusiast dragging a dazzled youth across two chairs toward the telephone-booth. A few minutes later Betsy, to her relief, beheld her husband returning calmly with the new-found hick.

"Now, Marcus," Brian was saying, "we've got to kite it over to the Night and Day and identify you. Friend wife and I'll tag along to see that the rest of your wad don't jump out of the window."

The hick had a taxi — waiting by the hour apparently — outside. As they bumped over New York's asphalt, which, like her sky-line, is picturesque but uneven, Betsy tried to soothe the stranger with commonplaces.

"Doesn't it seem grand in New York after the country?" she asked.

"It does," said the hick forlornly.

When he emerged from the sleepless portals of the Night and Day, there were tears in his pale orbs, suggestive of sea-food.

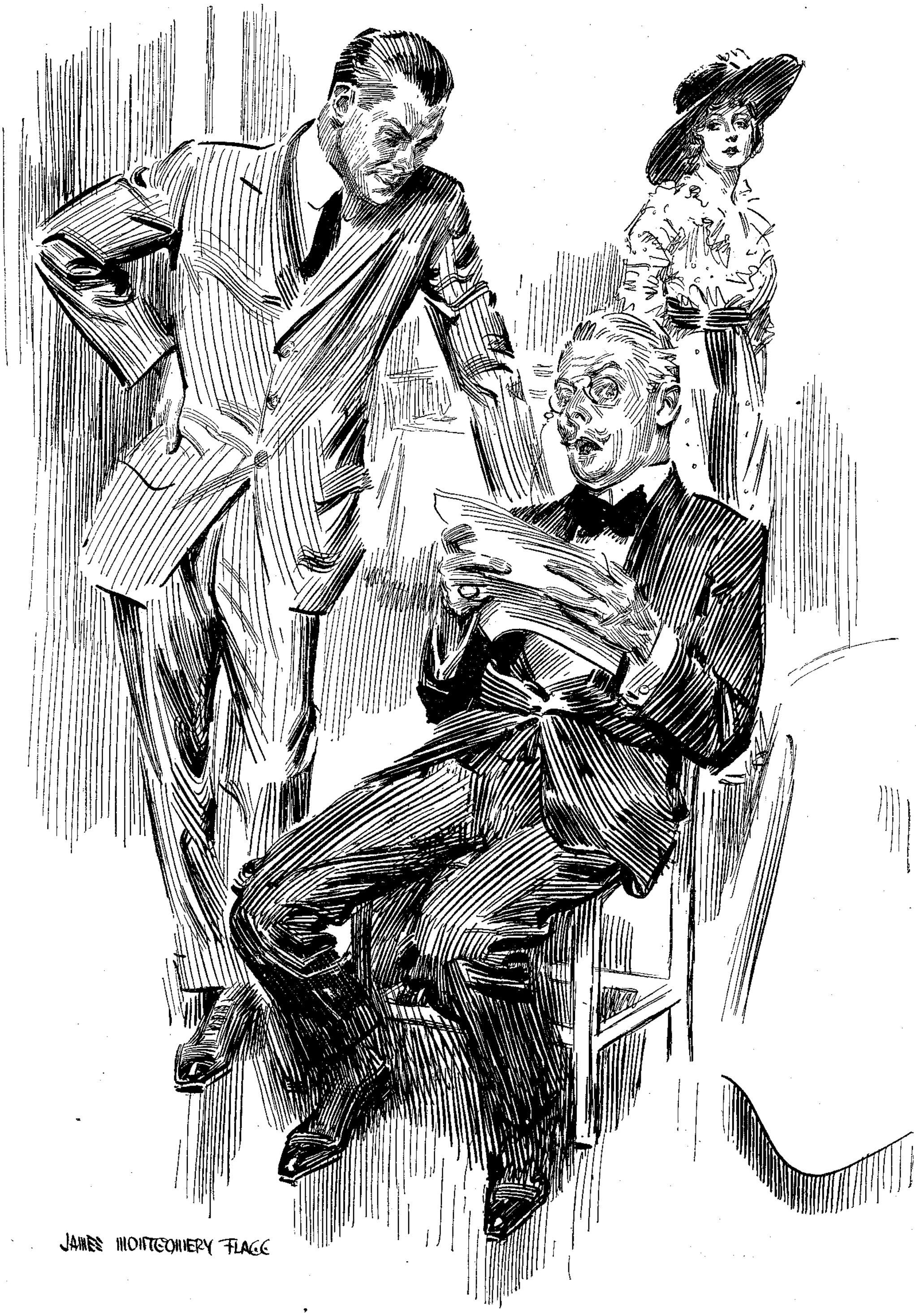
"They fixed it — but it hurts me to think I've been betrayed by a friend," he sobbed.

"That's what they all say," chirped Brian brightly. "Now, Mrs. Bride and I'll escort you past the bogies to your hotel."

The young man gave a number to the chauffeur.

"Now, look you, son," Brian went on, for he must have his lecture. He put his hand patronizingly now on the hick's knee. "I just got to hand it out. Take it or leave it. When in Rome you gotta do as the Romeos do. Don't talk to large men with fancy vests. Maybe you'll thank me for this when you get back to the home town."

"It's not my fault. It's the way the old man raises me," the callow one moaned. "Never


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"'YOU'VE JUST FALLEN FOR A MAN WHO'S A PROFESSIONAL WALNUT-PUSHER, A DOT-AND-CARRY CARD-HANDLER, A LIFE MEMBER OF THE GOLD BRICK LAYERS' UNION'" letting me go into business, like other fellows."

"Say!" Brian had an inspiration. "If you ever want a wise guy to take you around N' York, ring me up. I'm at the St. Sidon. Stick around, kid, and I'll show you all the new stuff."

"Thanks awfully," said the hick.

The taxi stopped before a brick house with a white door.

"You've pulled me out of an awful hole, old man," he continued, as he stepped out. "I'd like to see more of you. Here's my card."

The hick's face stared into the taxi door, pale and anxious. Brian, as he accepted the card, felt a thrill of remorse. Perhaps he had been a bit rough in his language to this outsider, who, after all, would learn his New York in time. Under the flickering corner light Brian held the card, spelling each letter carefully. Then he put it in his pocket. Already the hick was disappearing up the front steps.

"Say!" said Brian, calling after him, and again looking at the name on the card, "I got a letter of introduction to you."

And, as the hick returned, the Little Booster brought forth O'Malley's envelop addressed to Mr. Dyckman Wynkoop, 13½ Washington Square.

"I thought I might as well hand it to you now, seein' I'm around your way."

NEXT month Wallace Irwin begins a new series of three remarkable stories, entitled "Thrown to the Lions." The series deals with the adventures and experiences of a young girl who tries to support herself honestly in New York. The theme is handled with a sincerity, a sympathy, and a dramatic power that puts these stories in a category by themselves. No one but a humorist could have written "Thrown to the Lions." No one but a humorist ever writes with such a keen realization of the tragic and terrible issues of life.

"Thrown to the Lions" begins in the November McCLURE'S. Don't fail to read the opening story of the series.

SOME GENTLEMEN IN CLOTHESPINS

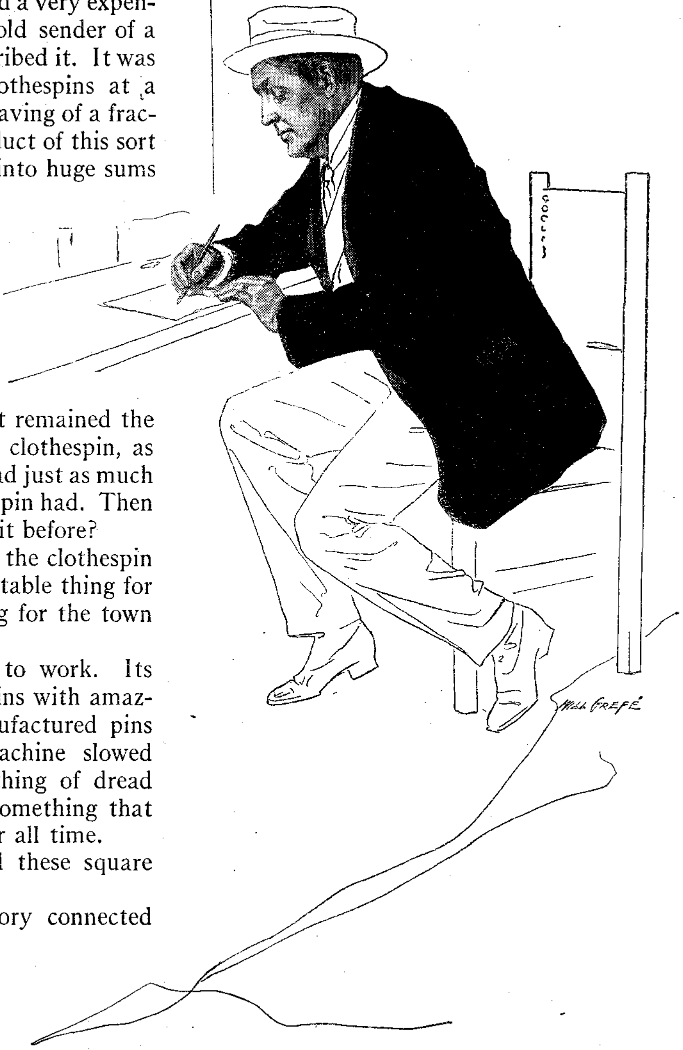
BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GREFÉ

ONE day in the town of Kane, Pennsylvania, a clothespin manufacturer named David Howells decided to modernize the clothespin. Now, the clothespin was about the only thing on earth that had never been improved. It was the same knob-headed, two-legged affair that it had been twenty years before. Styles had changed in everything except clothespins, and to Mr. Howells the psychological moment seemed at hand to introduce a new fashion.

There was no man living who knew more about clothespins than Mr. Howells; nor was there a town that had made more clothespins than Kane. At that time Kane — which is situated in McKean County in the northwestern part of the State — was probably the clothespin center of the universe. Mr. Howells himself was making thirty-four miles of product every day — thirty-four miles of clothespins, end to end! He had been doing that for years, and other clothespin manufacturers in Kane were making additional miles; but every pin among them was identically like the product that had been made a generation before, with hand lathes, up in Maine and New Hampshire. The world was progressing, but there was no get-up-and-get to clothespins.

So Mr. Howells prepared to take the back yards of the world by storm. He announced a revolutionary change of fashion — a square clothespin!



"UNDER *pretext of getting some cigars, he went downstairs and sent a telegram*"

PATENTS were taken out and a very expensive machine built —"an old sender of a machine," as a man at Kane described it. It was designed to shell out square clothespins at a prodigious rate and at a money-saving of a fraction of a mill per pin. In a product of this sort even the smallest fractions run into huge sums quickly. And apparently, from a manufacturing standpoint, there were decided advantages in this squaring of the historic round clothespin. The process of turning was done away with, and the whole procedure quickened; yet the efficiency of the product remained the same — so it seemed. A square clothespin, as demonstrated by experiments, had just as much affinity for a wet sheet as a round pin had. Then why hadn't anybody thought of it before?

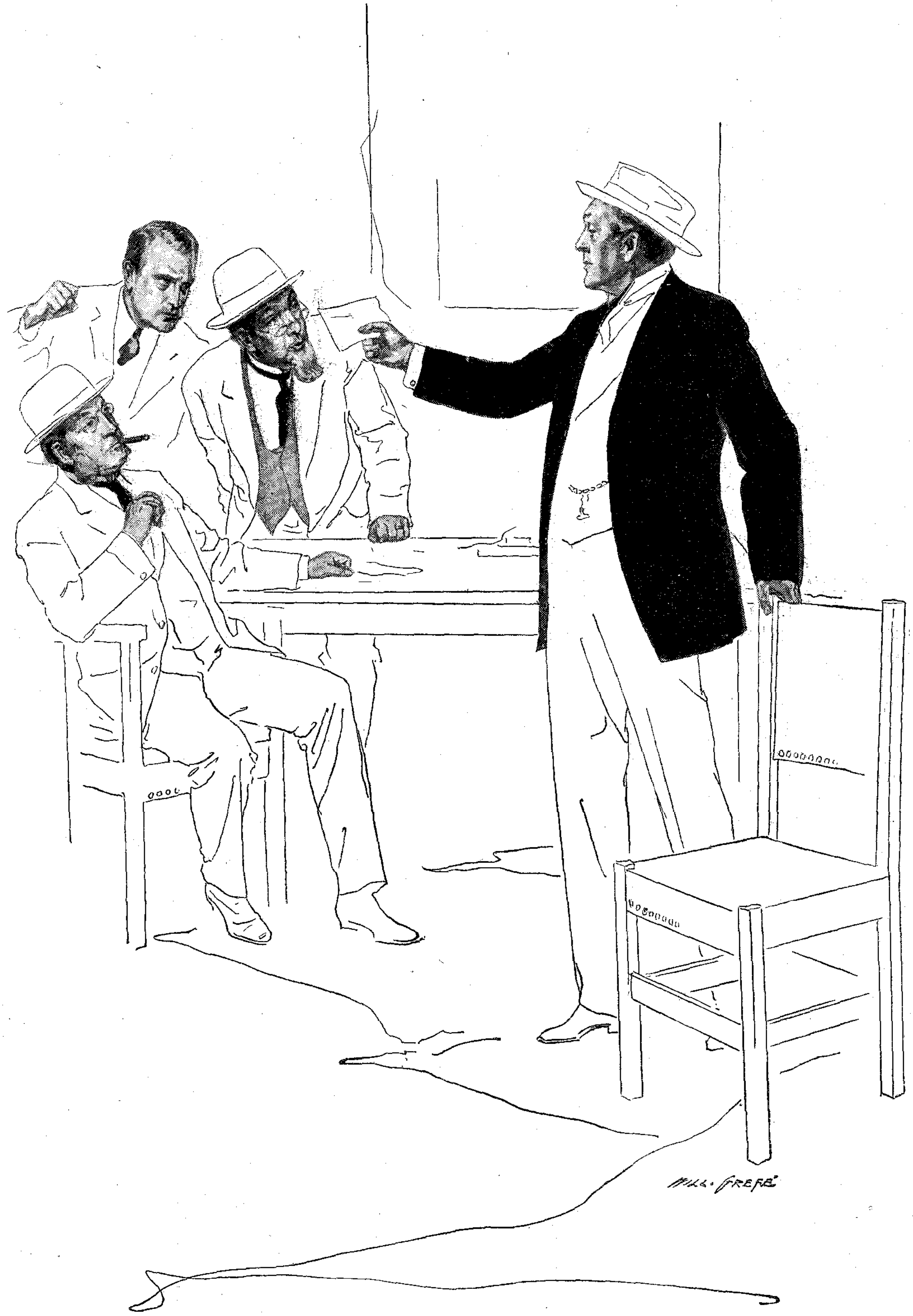
It looked like a clean cinch on the clothespin market. It looked like a comfortable thing for David Howells and a bully thing for the town of Kane.

Well, the big machine went to work. Its teeth chipped off the square pins with amazing greed, and the pile of manufactured pins grew and grew. Then the machine slowed down; then it stopped. Something of dread import had been discovered — something that doomed the square clothespin for all time.

The housewives couldn't hold these square clothespins in their mouths!

There is many a bit of history connected with clothespins that has never been told; and this is one of them. Every attempt to improve the clothespin has been a complete and humiliating failure. Apparently, this meek and lowly article of the back yard and laundry is perfection itself. It is one of the few items of commerce that resents even the slightest effort to change it. Any manufacturer who tampers with the clothespin gets his fingers burned. The women of the universe will have no substitute. Of course, there is a very limited output of spring-and-wire clothespins, but they are used for special purposes, not for the homely, every-day wash of the multitude.

So David Howells of Kane sold his big machine for junk and charged off the loss. He is a cheerful man by temperament, and after the first disappointment he made light of the affair. And if he couldn't get the women of the world to buy square clothespins, he could at least sell them millions and billions of the good old round ones. Once he realized his folly in attempting to experiment with women's mouths, he gave his unbroken attention to the orthodox product — and made things hum as they had never hummed before in Kane.



"'GENTLEMEN,' he said, 'since this order comes to me before we have finished our work, I think I should be allowed to sell this lot of clothespins'"

KANE isn't a clothespin town any more, for Mr. Howells' hungry and insatiable machines devoured all the beech trees available for miles around. Beech at that time was considered the only clothespin wood. He might have used maple, ash, birch, hickory — almost any hard wood; but the hills around his town were ultimately depleted of every sort of wood by other industries; so that to-day his clothespin plant at Kushequa — a few miles out of Kane — stands idle, while its owner is looking for a new location.

Nevertheless, Mr. Howells and the town of Kane are writ indelibly in clothespin history. Nobody has ever put this history in print, but it holds some stunts as lively as any ever pulled off by the Standard Oil Company or United States Steel. It has been a seething little world of its own, utterly unknown to the public, but full of exciting episodes — and worse! It has been full of war and blood and venom.

The public, for instance, never heard of the great clothespin corner of 1900. The word "great" must be used relatively, of course, for eight or ten mills produced all the clothespins of the land. To-day the number of mills is only seven. But it was a complete industry by itself, holding in its hands a vast power over the households — at least, the laundries — of this and other countries. Consider for a moment the distress and helplessness of the women-folk, were they to discover, some Monday morning, that every clothespin had vanished from the horizon!

Well, that was about what certain men figured on when they planned the corner. They planned to make the world so hungry for clothespins that it would pay the price to get them.

But, before going into the story of the corner, let us glance for just a minute at the clothespin industry itself — an industry unique in many ways.

CLOTHESPINS, for instance, sell themselves, so far as the consumer is concerned. All the spectacularism — and there is plenty of it, even to-day — is in the wholesale end. Every household must have its clothespins, rich and poor alike. No retail salesmanship is needed to dispose of the whole product of the nation. The market is automatic and perpetual, and will continue to be so, with ever-increasing demands, as long as the supply holds out.

A handful of men handle all the clothespin product of the country. Charles R. Wilson of New York is probably the clothespin specialist of the world. He knows more about clothespin markets than any living man, and perhaps the great bulk of the output passes through his hands, as manufacturers' agent and exporter. For twenty years he has lived with clothespins.

The United States produces about 1,250,000 boxes of clothespins a year, and there are 720 pins in a box. You will see, therefore, that the total number of clothespins is nine hundred million. Of these a considerable fraction goes abroad. Most of the product — in America at least — is absolutely wasted. A clothespin, if properly cared for, is good for a man's lifetime; but millions of clothespins every year are left on the ground to rot — or used for kindling-wood.

THE clothespin corner didn't look like a difficult proposition to the jobbing house that undertook it. You have seen the absolute dependence of the women-folk on clothespins — they simply have to have them! Without clothespins — well, Monday would be a blue day indeed! And certainly to corner clothespins would be a simple proposition compared with cornering wheat or corn or mess pork. Properly managed, it would be dead easy! And once cornered — ha! Every back yard in the nation, and most of the back yards across the seas, could be forced to pay a tax just about as big as the jobbing house chose to make it!

While clothespins were rigidly a staple and a vital necessity, they had no uniform retail price. The retail price was anything the individual dealer chose to make it. For instance, if Mrs. O'Raferty in Kane went to a corner grocery to replenish her supply, she got perhaps two dozen for ten cents; maybe she grumbled a little, but she had to have the clothespins, so she took them and paid her money.

But over in another part of Kane lived Mrs. O'Flanagan. She, too, needed clothespins that Monday morning; so she went to another corner grocery and got four dozen for ten cents.

All over the land there existed this amazing disparity in retail prices. In sugar, this would never have worked for an instant. Mrs. O'Raferty knew the market price; so did Mrs. O'Flanagan; they knew the price of soap and of flour, and any dealer who tried to flim-flam them would have lost their trade right off the bat.

But clothespins! Ah, what a chance!

Yes, it looked good. No retail price on clothespins, no market quotations, no publicity, no public interest in the matter! Outside of Kane and the few other towns that made this product, nobody even knew where clothespins came from, and didn't care.

So the field was clear. The jobbing house in question made contracts, to run five years, with all of the eight or ten manufacturers in the country, at a set price. At this price the jobbing house was to take the entire clothespin product of the United States for this term of years. This deal was put through about February, 1900.

THE manufacturers themselves were not in on the corner. Some of them did not even know about the plans. All they were interested in was the sale of their product at a good price — and when a concern can contract for all its output for five years it is usually regarded as good business to do so.

The wholesale price of clothespins jumped almost immediately from somewhere around forty cents a box to fifty-five or sixty cents. The corner was on, sure enough. There was a rich back-yard harvest looming up, and the best of it was that the people who would pay the ultimate money had no inkling of any corner. They would go on buying clothespins without even knowing that the price had gone up. The great bulk of the consumers would buy ten or twenty cents' worth of clothespins, and never take the trouble to count them at all.

But the plans hadn't been well laid — the financial plans especially. If they had been, probably the wholesale prices of clothespins would have gone up quickly to a dollar a box higher, and without a ripple among the people. But the trouble was that the jobbing house lacked the capital to swing the deal. A corner, even in clothespins, takes lots of money.

The contracts were abrogated within a few months, and the five-year corner collapsed. The mills went to fighting each other again, and prices dropped — wholesale prices, anyway. The consumer never even heard of the corner, and this is the first time the story ever got into print.

AWAY back before this — back before the days of anti-trust laws — there was a most curious Gentlemen's Agreement in clothespins. It was a full-fledged Gentlemen's Agreement, too, and it actually went by that name among the very few who knew anything about it.

The gentlemen who formed this agreement represented most of the clothespin mills in the country, and they had a habit of going down to New York, as gentlemen in such agreements always do, for their love-feasts and readjustments. At such times they would renew their fealty to the agreement; then they would divide up the country into zones and assign each mill its quota of markets. For instance, a line would be drawn north and south through Buffalo, and the mills assigned to the eastern territory would be expected to stay on their own side of the fence.

Did they stay there? Not so far as anybody ever discovered. Most of them made a quick spurt for the forbidden fence; but they tried to get over in the dark and not be caught at it. The clothespin history of those days would make fine detective stories.

During one meeting of the Gentlemen's Agreement one of the gentlemen got wind accidentally of a five-car prospective order in a city that had just been taken out of his selling territory by the agreement. Under pretext of getting some cigars, he went downstairs to the hotel telegraph office and sent this message — or something very like it:

> If you want five cars of clothespins at such-and-such a price, wire me quick Blank Hotel, New York.

Of course the telegram was addressed to the jobbing house in the prohibited city, and the price was quoted low.

The gentleman went back upstairs to resume his part in the revamping of the Gentlemen's Agreement, and pretty soon a telegram was handed in to him by a hotel page:

> Will buy five cars clothespins at such-and-such a price if shipped at once.

The gentleman exhibited the message to his fellow love-feasters. He was very frank.

"Gentlemen," he said, "since this order comes to me before we have finished our work here in New York, I think I should be allowed to sell this lot of clothespins. We'll just date the agreement ahead a trifle, for certainly it wouldn't be right to take this order away from me when I have it right here in my hands."

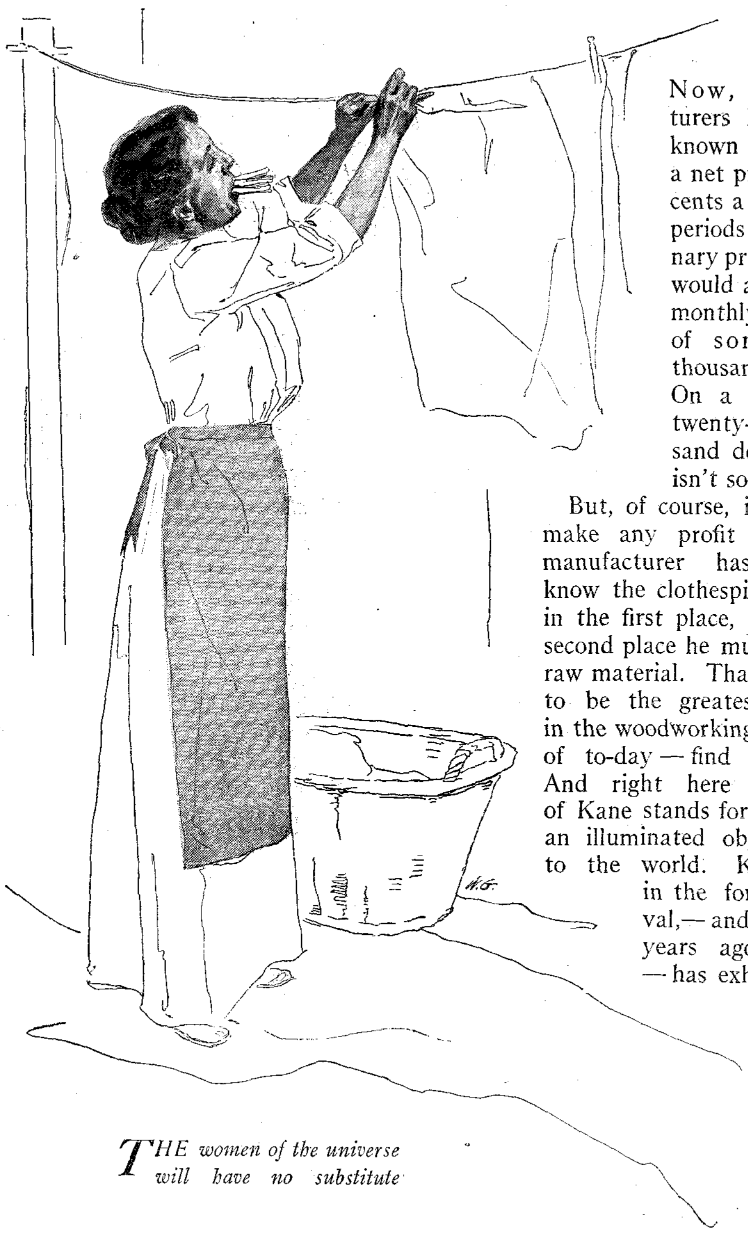
Of course there was a roar from the mill that was really entitled to the order under the agreement; but the gentleman in question sold the five car-loads of clothespins nevertheless.

IT was by his fighting qualities that David Howells first put Kane on the clothespin map. Howells was a fighter, if there ever was one, and the clothespin wars into which he plunged made history quite the reverse of the price-fixing and market-regulating episodes just related. If he found it necessary, in order to beat out those fellows, he slashed his prices in a way that seemed utterly ruinous. Howells had a habit of coming back quick as a flash with a lower price whenever he learned that some other manufacturer was knifing him. It is said that clothespins sold as low as twenty-eight cents a box during one such fight — twenty-eight cents for sixty dozen pins!

It was David Howells' ability to make low prices and yet survive that made him the leading figure in the clothespin world; and this ability was due largely to keen business management and mechanical genius at the mill.

It is said of David Howells that his mills could race with anything going in the line of a mill, and beat it out fair and clean. If another mill of the same number of lathes and slotters could turn out five hundred boxes of clothespins a day, a Howells mill could invariably turn out from five hundred and fifty to six hundred boxes; and if the other mill got up to six hundred boxes, Howells was always found to be fifty or a hundred boxes in the lead. Then one of his men invented a "speeder," and shoved production along still faster. Thus some of the fiercest battles in commerce were fought in clothespins, with the town of Kane as the pivot.

David Howells still lives in Kane, though the active centers of the industry have shifted. For two or three years he has been out of clothespins; but he is going back. He still has his clothespin machinery, and he still feels the call of the lathe and slotter



THE women of the universe will have no substitute

IT costs about twenty-five thousand dollars to get into the clothespin industry with a mill of reasonable size — say five sets of machines, each set comprising a lathe and a slotter. Such a mill can turn out from five hundred to six hundred boxes of pins a day. That means about ten carloads a month. Now, manufacturers have been known to average a net profit of ten cents a box during periods of ordinary prices. That would aggregate a monthly net profit of some fifteen thousand dollars. On a capital of twenty-five thousand dollars, that isn't so bad.

But, of course, in order to make any profit at all, a manufacturer has got to know the clothespin business, in the first place, and in the second place he must find his raw material. That is getting to be the greatest problem in the woodworking industries of to-day — find the wood! And right here the town of Kane stands forth again as an illuminated object lesson to the world. Kane, once in the forest primeval, — and only a few years ago at that, — has exhausted the bountiful treasure nature gave her. With such reckless abandon has she used up her share of raw wood that she stands denuded to-day, and most of her wood industries have deserted her, just as David Howells is doing. Had there been even a reasonable conservation of the raw material and some attention to forestry, the clothespin mills of Kane might have continued to run for many years to come, perhaps indefinitely.

MEMORIES OF A DOCTOR

White Iris

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

I AM a practising doctor in the second greatest city of the world. Millions of men's faces have passed before my eyes, thousands of men's bodies underneath my hands. In a way, I suppose, I am a specialist in human life. All doctors must be that, of course. Lives, not less than bodies, lie stripped for us to touch and examine; birth and death are ours to handle and direct. And here in the city we watch the thing in mass. Beneath our eyes, the great main human impulses and desires sweep to and fro the multitudes of men, like seaweed in a tide-way.

I have wondered very often whether I possess the power to describe at all the things my eyes have seen. Take love, passion, sex — whatever you may call that restless force which drives along the affairs of plants and beasts and men. Could I show that force in human beings, as we doctors see it — as it really does exist?

Not this fictional physiology. God preserve us! Not that futile current fiction — those tales of the loves that never were — amorous excesses of marionettes, formless as unborn children's dreams, sexless as the typewriters that beget them. No; simply one of the ten thousand stories of the loves that really are, that we doctors see. For curiosity's sake, if for nothing more, I am going to try and tell, from my own memory, a tale of love in cities — the story, as it actually happened, of the love theories and romance of a brachycephal.

MY brachycephal was an almost perfect type — yellow-haired, white-toothed, entirely irresponsible, a perfect laughing animal. Dapper, fond of clothes — preferably light gray; elaborately caned and shod. Daytimes he chattered in a Wall Street office. Nights he dallied down the hothouse, primrose path of Broadway. The first fresh pleasant pink of the young epicure lay upon his face. I liked him; everybody did. It was his perfectly natural instinct to please himself by pleasing others.

His name was Townsend — Bobs Townsend. I had known him all his life — brought him into the world, in fact. He often dropped into my office — socially. Eventually — as everybody does in doctors' offices — he came around to the discussion of the great illusion of sex; gave his own version of it — a very modern one, of course. He was a frank creature; what went into his eye came out easily and quickly from his mouth.

I remember him especially as he sat indolently, one day, in an easy chair, gazing with a practised eye upon the city street — watching the tangled traffic, following an especially successful figure of a woman springing lightly down the sidewalk.

"Wonderful," he said thoughtfully, "all these women you see in the city."

I didn't interrupt him; he went on thinking aloud.

"Millions of them — all different, but all of them in a few big general classes. Curious how you can spot them."

He spoke of one or two of them: a spare dark-gowned woman leaving an automobile; two tall painted creatures, with strong white teeth and crimson lips, nipping by, swinging their hips in their scant skirts.

"Women are specializing more and more, aren't they?"

"Specializing?" I said.

"Why, you know. It's just like men, isn't it? Women are specializing in the cities, because they have to. There are the women who are meant for mothers, nothing else; there are the women who are bred for wives; and then, of course, the others."

"Predestination," I said; "all predestined for matrimony or destruction."

"Nothing so bad as that. Specialization by modern society. Is that right, Herbert Spencer? Just like men — why not?"

"A noble thought," I said.

"No thought at all; just eyesight. There they are going by. You see them. They advertise by their clothes, their walk, just what the city bred them for, and what they propose to be. Don't talk pretty, pretty, Marcus Aurelius; it's just as plain to you as to me."

He threw away his tailor-made cigarette.

"Some day I must marry, Charles Darwin," (that was another name he favored me with). "What shall I marry, as a matter of course?"

I said I had never given that matter the attention it deserved.

"You know as well as I do, I'll marry a girl of my own kind, bred for marriage.

"Does any man really believe to-day, Thomas Huxley," he went on, "in the old standard story-book theory,— the Romeo and Juliet business,— this mad, wild passion thing? You don't, do you? Just think of it for a minute. Because a woman attracts you in that way, is that any reason why you should choose her to live with all your life? Well enough for Dagoes and Hungarians and West Coast Africans. The race must go on, I suppose. But we have got beyond that, haven't we?"

I said it was very likely.

"We have; we have specialized — that's the reason. When I marry, I can marry a lady — a woman bred to be the wife of a civilized man."

"That's well enough," I said. "It's the other end of your theory that might be questioned."

"Oh, don't blow up and get cloudy, Charles," he said. "I didn't create society, I merely discovered it. I am no different from other men at heart. I talk, that's all."

So, finally, he married a dolichocephal — a long, white, gray-eyed girl, grown under cover; a silent, sensitive mouth; and a name — it was Adèle — faintly redolent of the insipid romance of the seventies. I knew her too, it happened — had brought her into the world. She was an only child, with a mother early dead, who had lived a lonely childhood with her father — a fussy old dolichocephal with side-whiskers. He had a small fortune from a family tea-importing house in the old downtown shipping district of New York, and had retired to devote himself to his bronchitis and the pressing duties of a genealogist and local historian. You know the kind; you see them in the reference libraries — the one unfailing line of customers of those invaluable institutions. Old family, of course, living in one of those old painted brick houses in a dreary side street off lower Fifth Avenue. She had money — more than Townsend had, I believe.

They had been married about three years when I was disturbed one morning at breakfast by a telephone call. The voice of a woman asked:

"Is Mr. Townsend very ill?"

I knew nothing of it and said so.

That struck me as queer in itself. It was a voice I had never heard before; not a particularly agreeable voice — a clear, hard soprano. But then I was scarcely back at the table when the telephone rang again, and another woman's voice was calling. It was Townsend's wife, speaking in the solemn, melancholy contralto of that type, and she was saying:

"I am worried about Robert, doctor. Won't you come over and see him? He is very feverish and unwell."

I finished my breakfast, and went down. It was an odd thing, of course, that first woman's question on the telephone. How could she know in advance? There was only one possible answer. My mind went back to Townsend's philosophy of women and their specialization.

My man had felt sick the night before, it seemed. Came in late, and went to bed without wakening his wife.

His wife, true to type,— hovering always back to anxiety, like a moth to its candle,— followed me downstairs. I reassured her; I thought then everything would turn out out all right.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said, with a deep sigh.

She had that sibilant, aspirate way of emphasis by which these long, reticent creatures express their emotions.

"I always worry so," she said.

"You do." I said.

She smiled. "Look at these, doctor," she said. "Aren't they lovely!" She was driven to unusual demonstrativeness, by the quick revulsion in her feelings.

They were white irises, tall, sickish-smelling, papery flowers, in two or three tall vases. She stood arranging a cluster of them with her long fingers.

"Yesterday was our anniversary," she said, flushing as if she had made some extraordinary confidence. Her sense of the privacy of marriage was abnormal.

I said I thought they were very pretty.

"I think they are beautiful," she said. "Dear always sends them to me on our anniversaries. They are my especial flower from him."

She always spoke of him as "Dear" — a characteristic, old-fashioned habit, an inheritance, probably, of that odd old house.

I glanced around the old room. They had changed the house very little. They don't, somehow, those old New Yorkers; it grows to be a kind of second skin to them. The room stood still rigid where the dead hand of the genealogist and ex-tea-importer had first lain upon it in the sixties. I caught something of what was passing in her mind. It was a melancholy, shady soil for the growth of a young girl: Chinese curios, crude-colored old New York prints; black-backed genealogies; the dull brown, motley bindings of senile treatises on local history. She had been much alone there. The genealogist had taken rather a long time dying.

The good little Brachycephal had changed all this, naturally. His mind gathered birthdays and anniversaries and special flowers, and stored them automatically in their proper bins. He had that gift of gifts for all women who are possessed by men — he remembered. No effort, no hypocrisy — he was born to make women happy.

I came away, not quite sure. Townsend had changed a little. That pleasing pink of the young epicure had been deepening for some time to that rawer, more unpleasant red you see in all of them as they age — around the edges of the eyelids, for example. Bad in disease always.

During my office hour the telephone rang again, and again that woman's high voice asking:

"Have you seen Mr. Townsend yet?"

I said I had, that I hoped everything was all right, but couldn't be sure until I had another look at him. Who was it talking? No answer; the receiver clicked up. "Persistent, anyhow," I said to myself.

Early in the afternoon I was at the house again. My man wasn't so well.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"I have felt better," he said, shifting his shoulders on the bed, "but I am better than I was last night, anyway. I certainly was all in last night."

"There's some woman," I said, "telephoning to find out about you." (His wife had left the room.)

"Oh," he said. "The office, probably." He spoke with too elaborate ease.

"I thought you'd like to know," I said.

He changed the subject. "Well, what about me now?"

"I don't like you," I said; "I'm going to get you a nurse."

"All right! And — oh," he said, as I was going out, "by the way, if she — if they call up again, don't give the idea that I am sick, will you? Just say that I'm all right."

So my conjecture held; we were back again at that specialization in women theory.

I told his wife, as a precaution, I would send him a nurse.

"Doctor," she said, "it isn't — there's nothing —" Then she held herself together. Her long fingers clenched into my arm as she steadied.

"Excuse me, doctor," she said; "he's all I ever had, you know."

She stood beside the genealogist's old armchair; his old, ugly green-shaded reading-lamp was on the table. Behind her the white irises, a little faded, showed pale against the dark wall. I knew.

"What do you think it is?" she asked.

"I am afraid of pneumonia."

I must say, I prefer the kind that goes silent under strain. Noise adds a touch of imbecility to fear and death they don't deserve.

"I see," she said.

She took my directions quietly and intelligently. Only, when I left her, I felt her cold, thin fingers lingering in mine, a half-second's involuntary appeal.

"Don't worry," I said.

"I won't," she answered.

From that time on we wasted but few words between us.

At a quarter to five she telephoned: "You would better come again."

I went down. The patient was flushed and restless, and breathing more rapidly. He lay staring at the door. As I came in, he rose up suddenly on his elbow.

"Do something for me," he said sharply.

"What?"

"Run downstairs and call 'Pine 2001.' Quick, before they close! Make them hold the line then, and come back here. I'll tell you what I want."

I went down; it was quite five o'clock. They rang and rang. No answer. I went back at last and told him.

"Closed for the night," he said. "Well, all right; let it go at that."

He didn't tell me what it was I was calling — not then. But I knew. It was the old Cheltenham Safe Deposit Company. I saw, when I looked him over, that things were going badly. It was pneumonia, all right, feeding fast on its favorite food — that soft pink flesh of the epicure. His wife asked if I would stay with him."

"I will, if you will lie down," I said.

He was still strong enough, apparently, but restless and breathing hard. I was there an hour, and thinking of going away when —

"A woman wants to speak with you on the telephone, doctor," said Mrs. Townsend. She had evidently been sitting downstairs worrying, instead of going to bed.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"I don't know. She wouldn't give her name."

I stepped down. It was the same woman; they had evidently told her at my office where I was. What was it — why was I there — was it critical? She was sharply excited.

"Who are you?" I asked again.

"Oh, an acquaintance — a friend — never mind who I am! Tell me, please. He would want me to know. Ask him; he'll tell you."

"I'll say this much: he's sick — how sick I don't know. But he's got pneumonia. That's all. You needn't call me up again; if you do, you won't get me. Good night."

There was no answer, not a sound. I hung up my receiver and left. After all, I couldn't help half admiring the woman's audacity.

"Who was it?" asked Townsend.

"It was that same woman," I said.

He whistled softly; and lay still a moment.

"I want to talk with you, Charles Darwin," he said at last.

I sent away the nurse.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "I'm in trouble."

"This woman," I said.

"Yep," he answered absently, his eyes on the further corner of the ceiling. "You win."

"What is it?" I asked.

He sat up, and looked me sharply in the eye.

"She's got the key to my safe-deposit box," he said.

"I don't understand," I said.

"No, I know you don't. Listen — I'll tell you. The way it happened was this: I was there one night, and she was worrying about some jewelry I had given her. There had been a lot of flat burglaries around there. There were some securities she had, too — some I had given her, some others. 'Put them in my safe-deposit box,' I said, in a wild burst of intelligence — not all my own, partly supper. Certainly she put them there. Certainly I had to give her a second key and arrange for her to get into the place as my sister! And certainly that old fud, that old Bond Worm that inhabits the vaults of the Cheltenham — you know him — gave her his usual formula that he gives the women. You know — about coming in and grabbing up the securities after a man dies — right off, before the bank learns about his death. You remember — so as to keep it from being tied up forever in the Surrogate Court."

"Just say nothing; take everything and go?"

"That's right; grab it and run."

"Well, he told her all of that. We laughed at it afterward. I don't believe she needed much instruction, though; she's a wise child. But, anyhow, she's got that in her head; I know that much."

"And then?" I said.

"Well, what could I do? I couldn't let her think I wanted to back out, could I? My move was to get out and let her have that box and get another. And then, no other box was empty! I've been waiting for those fools two weeks, now — a month; and nothing empty yet. Oh, it's a grand performance!"

He sat up.

"Lie down again," I told him.

"Everything we own is there," he said; "not mine only — Adèle's — everything."

"Adèle's," I repeated stupidly.

"But that's not all," he said. "It might have been stocks, or deeds, or mortgages. No, not me; it is just all bonds — unregistered bonds!"

"You mean ——"

"I mean, whoever gets them has them! Bonds belong to their holder. I haven't even a list of their numbers. If I have, it's down there in that box. Oh, I've done a thorough job — believe me!"

"You seem to have," I remarked.

"But cheer up, Herbert Spencer," he said; "confine your sadness. There's nothing happened yet. Honestly, there's nothing to be worried over. I wouldn't have told you at all if it weren't for this telephoning. She has lost her nerve. She's been panic-stricken ever since I was taken sick there last night."

"She's got the key," I suggested.

"That's all right; she won't use it. She wouldn't rob me. You needn't smile — she wouldn't. I know that kind as if I'd made them! They are good fellows, in their way. She'd no more rob me than you would. But, lying here this afternoon, the thought came to me — supposing something should happen to me; supposing it should? It's got me going."

"Well, what would she do?"

"In fifteen minutes she would have her hands in that box up to her elbows. Can't you see — can't you understand? Income — that's all those women know — income, spending money! So long as they see where it's coming from, warmth and purring and kittenish tricks. The minute there's any doubt, they're on their feet, ready, all set to jump. The minute I was dead — huh!" He laughed. "Her income's gone, isn't it? I can see her scampering down there now. And when she got her hands in that box — good-by! I'd hate to take chances on what she'd leave!"

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"I suppose I'm all right. But I'm tired of lying here, wondering what might happen. Adèle has a key to the box. I want you and her to go down in the morning and empty it. Tell her it's business."

He gave me a general idea of how the stuff lay in the box; the other woman's stuff was in a compartment by itself.

"I'll go," I said. "Is that all?"

"Yes," he said cheerfully, "thank you very much. And now I'm going to sleep."

He had passed it from his own mind to mine, freely and easily; and so good-by to it.

Well, he died that night. I didn't expect it, I admit. But the ways of pneumonia with these rosy persons are abrupt.

But the thing most in my mind was the wife. These poor dolichocephals, staring dry-eyed at death. The event itself is less depressing. I called her when the turn came, and told her. She stood a moment at the threshold, forcing control of herself. Then she came in quietly, and sat there to the end of it, at the edge of the bed — patting his hand with her long fingers, leaning over him, calling her "Dear, Dear" softly, and smiling every time he unclosed his eyes and looked at her. He smiled back, of course — puzzled, tired, like a child. And so, smiling, my laughing animal sighed lightly and passed on his way out of a pleasing world.

"You — all the best — in me —" was the last thing he said. A kind of final apology, I suppose. True, too; all that was best she had.

The last smiling was over, the light died out of both their eyes, and that was the end of my perfect brachycephal. True for him. He didn't worry — he left that for us. For me that infernal snarl in his affairs; for his wife sentence for life back in that dismal family cave of the dolichocephals at best. At worst, Heaven knew what.

Confound these silent, dry-eyed women! Artistically you may approve; physically it is all wrong. The safety-valve is closed. The human being is a noisy, howling animal by nature; and wailing is as necessary a physical action as digestion.

This woman I had on my hands sat for a moment, patting the man's cheeks, calling out her stiff, archaic endearments. When I spoke to her, she came out easily enough, and went downstairs with me. She walked mechanically; her eyes were far away. But no demonstration. We went into the living-room together.

"We must have a great many white irises," she said; "nothing but white irises."

She stepped across the room and touched the badly faded flowers in the tallest vase.

"Doctor," she said, in her sibilant, hushed, voice, "wasn't he wonderful to me? Always remembering, always thinking of me! There aren't many men in the world like that, are there?"

I truthfully said there weren't.

"I haven't had many — not so many — people in my life as — others," she said absently, looking away from me. "No sisters, and my mother — you know! But I had him. I can't forget that, can I? He was mine, always. I shall always have that to remember."

I thought then she might give way. She was on the well-marked pathway to hysteria now — caught up by that woman's passion for sole possession that runs mad in the house of death. But nothing, no demonstration. Unnatural — very bad for her physically, but fortunate for me in what I had to do.

I could ask her at once if she would go with me in the morning to the safe-deposit vault.

"Anything, of course," she answered absently.

I explained to her it was something that he had wished — a business matter. "We must leave," I said, "to be there promptly when the bank opens at nine o'clock."

She made no question, at all. So I left, very much relieved. I saw no way that the other woman could have of learning of the death.

When I came again in the morning, the house was sick with funeral flowers — irises, of course, all irises. Outside, the old family horses, highly polished, old raw-boned wrecks, waited, hitched to an antique coupé. She was late. "Never mind," I assured myself. "The other woman knows nothing."

The ancient horses racked south against the north running flood of the city's morning traffic. The woman beside me sat silent. Occasionally a little stiffening of the body; occasionally a clenching of the gloved hands.

"Doctor," she said, after a silence, "a strange thing happened last night — a telephone call. Some one — a woman — called and asked me about Dear."

"Yes?" I said, and caught my breath.

"I answered it."

"How — what?" I asked inanely.

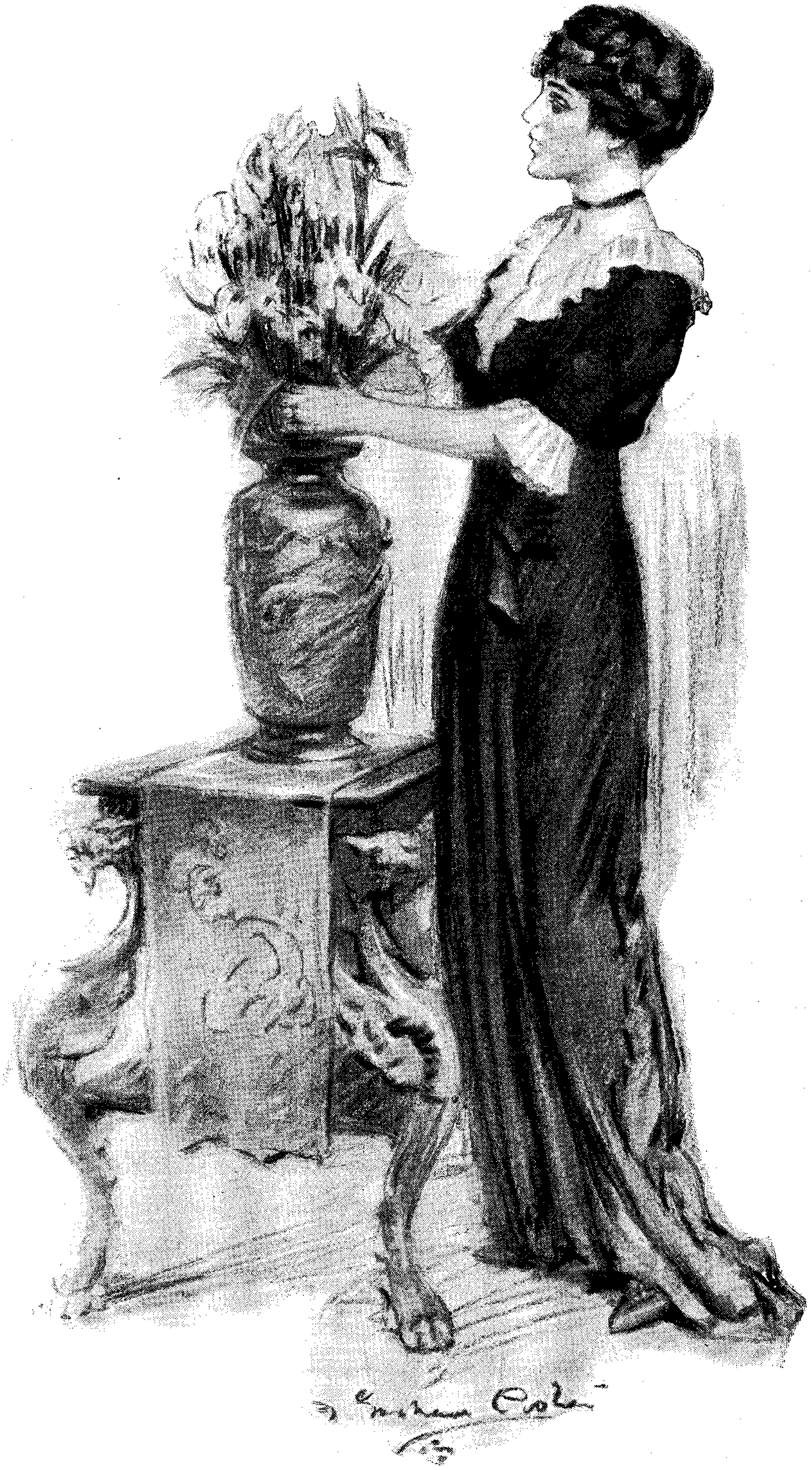
"I told her. Wasn't it strange?" she said. "I cannot understand who it could have been."

I thought at least some question might follow. Not at all. The woman was impervious; in the land she lived in, no suspicion grew — simply strange, impossible ideals. The great illusion walled her entirely in from the lights and shadows of ordinary life. And there I was tongue-tied, poking toward our destination, behind those moribund horses — late, and every moment growing later.

We arrived at last before the dull gray granite entrance of the bank; climbed up the steps; passed back into the stale air of the steel-lined cage of the safe-deposit vault. Its guardian, the "Bond Worm" — one of those puffy, candle-colored creatures that grow under electric light — advanced to meet us.

"A strange coincidence, indeed, Mrs. Townsend — or a family meeting, no doubt. Your husband's sister is already here."

I watched her as the blow descended. Nothing happened. The kindness somehow died out of her eyes, and the dreams. In their place a kind of terror came. She shrank with one hand



"THE DOLICHOCEPHAL"

on the gray steel wall, then turned, with frightened questioning in her eyes, toward me.

"I will send my boy to notify her," the "Bond Worm" was saying.

She straightened, bowed stiffly, and turned to me again.

"I think," I said, "that I will see her first."

They showed us into another room, another dark, windowless hole. Around the walls stood the little glass-doored booths where the customers clip their coupons.

We sat down in the ghostly waiting-room while the boy went on into a lighted booth. There was silence for a moment; then my voice of the telephone, sharp and strained.

"Yes; all right — yes, tell them to come in."

She stood at the back of the booth, a package held against her breast, her scared blue eyes upon me — a finished product of the specialization of cities: one of those strange little mechanical dolls that men set upon their feet to toddle down the restaurant aisles before them.

"What does this mean?" I said.

"It's mine," she said, clutching her package.

I looked at it, and at the box. It seemed to me like a good share of all the box had held. I told her she must put it down.

"It's mine — it's my property"; she repeated excitedly.

The smiles, the dimples, the blandishments of the man's plaything were gone — wiped clean from her face. A spot of color settled in the center of her cheeks; tiny drops of perspiration on her lips; her little mouth looked strained, and gathered, and old.

"Everything he had," I said, "was in that box."

I kept my voice down;

Sharp and frightened, her voice came back: "You lie — you lie! What's there was nothing to Bobs Townsend. He was a millionaire — he spent money like water all the time. You lie — you know you lie!"

Her voice began echoing uncomfortably through that still steel catacomb.

"Besides,"— she checked herself and looked me in the eye, desperate now, a squirrel at bay,—"what difference does that make to you? I am here; I've got my own key, and I am taking my own property. I am going now; get out of my way!"

"Put it down," I said, "and leave it; we will see that you get your property when the estate is settled up."

"Get out of my way," she repeated.

"I wouldn't want to arrest you," I suggested.

My clumsy hand had touched and let loose the hidden springs of hysteria. Her sharp soprano voice rang out, common and flat through the thin veneer of her acquired accomplishments.

"Arrest me — go on, arrest me! I'd like to see you arresting me! He'd leave me only this, would he, and than you'd take it away!"

Her voice filled that painful stillness.

"Arrest me — arrest me! That's the only way you will get it. Arrest me — go ahead. Get into the publicity game! I'll get you headlines; I'll give you advertising! I'll smear you and I'll smear him from Broadway to Frisco, so help me God! We'll see! Arrest me! Arrest me! Arrest me!"

I stood helpless before the flood my heavy hand had precipitated.

"Doctor, doctor!" said a quiet voice behind me.

The woman stopped her noise.

"She must put that down," I said, "and go, or take the consequences."

"You are mistaken, doctor," said the voice of Adèle Townsend behind me. "She is going now." She talked to me, but her eyes were fixed on the other woman.

"Have you taken what you say is yours?" she asked her, with cold politeness.

The woman nodded.

"Then go, please."

I stood in the door of the booth. "Please step aside," the voice behind me said.

"Nothing of the sort," I answered. "Everything you own is there."

"Step aside."

"Are you crazy?" I asked. "Do you understand what I said?"

"I understand," she said. "Please step aside."

I hesitated.

"Doctor," she said peremptorily, "this is my affair."

I stepped aside. The woman left the booth.

The guardian of the place had come in.

"Is there anything, anything whatever, in which I could assist you?" he asked solicitously, his eyes and ears wide open.

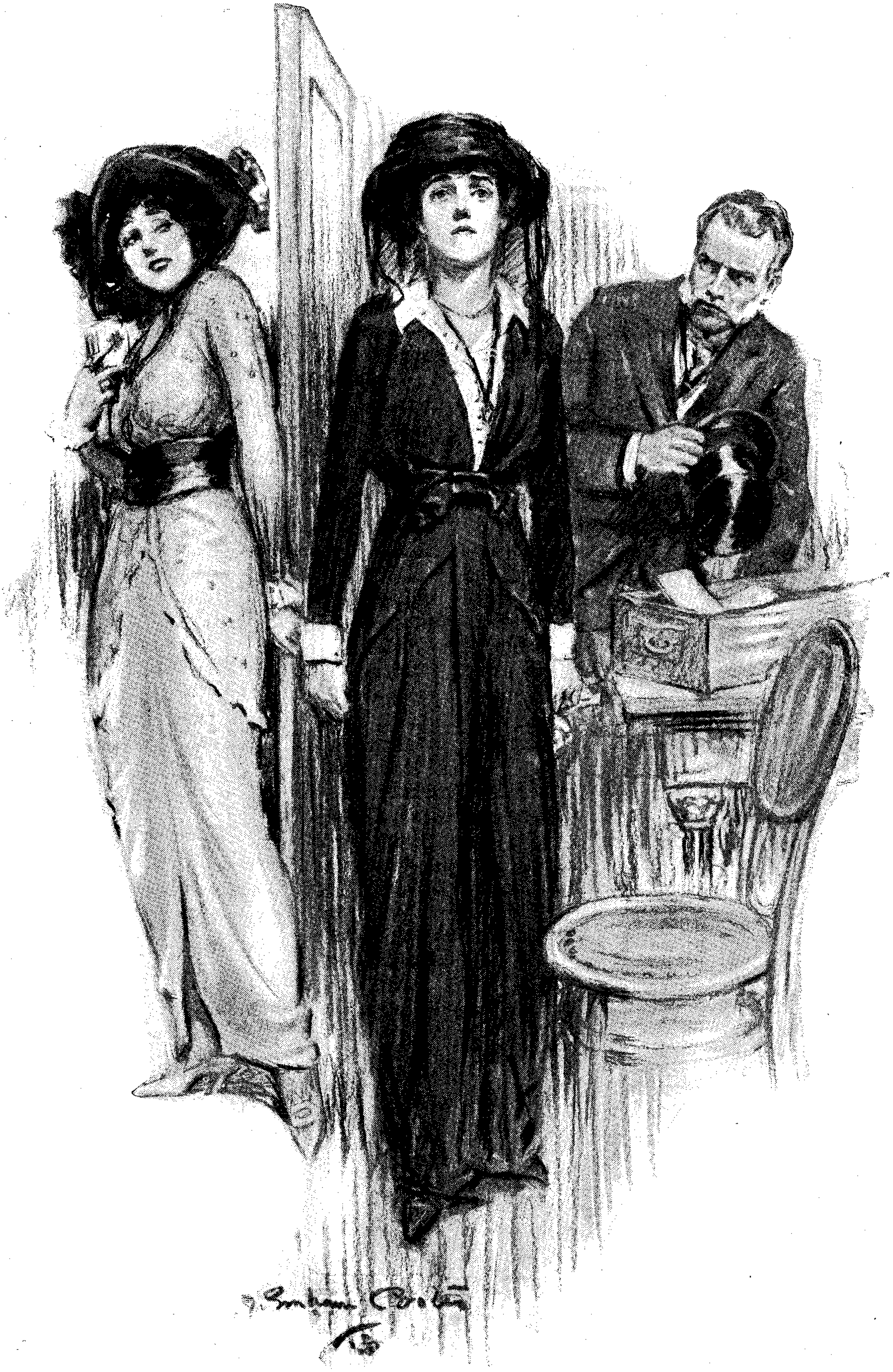
"Nothing," I said. He went out again.

Affairs were taking on a different color to the woman who had left the booth. A dimple reappeared. She patted at the edge of her hat, and started out.

"Adèle," I said, for the last time.

She shook her head.

The other woman began to feel the ground grow firm again beneath her feet. She was going out, free — with her package. At the door of the waiting-room she turned, with a bitterness the women of her class keep always burning in their eyes for the others — for the wives.



"AT THE DOOR OF THE WAITING-ROOM SHE TURNED, WITH A BITTERNESS THE WOMEN OF HER CLASS KEEP ALWAYS BURNING IN THEIR EYES FOR THE OTHERS — FOR THE WIVES. 'GOOD-BY, *SISTER*,' SHE EXCLAIMED"

"Good-by, *sister*," she exclaimed, and passed forever out of sight — diaphanous waist, slashed skirt, all the latest accessories and accentuations of sex, all the paraphernalia of her special class.

The long, white-faced woman stood looking at her as she crossed the other room, quiet, wondering, puzzled, like some strayed human creature looking over the horizon at the creatures of another world.

And I, involuntarily, stepped into the booth. The woman had not taken everything — there were securities left; but she had taken a good deal.

"Doctor," called the faint voice from the dim waiting-room, "I must go home."

I was a cheap fool to have forgotten her. She was sitting in one of the black chairs, clearly very faint and weak. I hurriedly emptied the box, tied up its contents, took them, and put it back.

We passed through the outer room.

An old fat woman, in a black gown and purple hat, was telling the "Bond Worm," with the authority of undisputed ignorance, with what alarm she saw this country rocking on its foundations from the encroachments of the laboring class: they were taking everything, they were driving the better classes from this country!

And soon we were down—out of the dull gray entrance to the bank, behind the gaunt old horses, going home.

Townsend's widow stared out her window, resting her face on her long hand. I ventured to remonstrate with her once again.

"Doctor," she said, turning wearily as if to answer the questioning of a foolish child, "could I hold myself so cheap as that? Do you really think that there is any price I would not pay to save — Dear?" I think she tried to say again, and failed —"my husband's reputation?"

She lapsed into her thoughts again, and I into mine. To save the reputation of Bobs Townsend — with women! God help us! What more was there to say?

We came back to the old painted brick house of the genealogist. I walked with her up the steps to the doorway, handed her her package. She turned.

"Doctor," she said, "are all men like — like that?"

I don't remember what I answered.

The door was opened, and she went in. Out of the dim hallway came the faint, weedy, sickish smell of white iris.

I *don't* know how much she had left — not exactly. But I know all I need to. It is no secret that Townsend left debts — that kind always does; nor that his widow lived in a much smaller way after he was dead.

Then I learned incidentally that she had placed a big mortgage on the house.

"It's certainly funny," said the lawyer who was telling me, "what investments you find in the safe-deposit boxes of these old New York estates when you come to open them up. Cats and dogs! Heavens, you have no idea."

All this I heard from outside. It was six months before I saw Mrs. Townsend again myself. But one morning she called me over.

She answered the door-bell herself; apparently there were no servants in the house.

"I wanted your advice," she said. She was thin; her face was set and much older.

I went into the old living-room and sat down. There was a man coming down the stairway — with his hat on, smoking a rather poor cigar. A "roomer," undoubtedly.

"Several times recently," said Townsend's widow, "I have received these."

She handed me a small packet of letters.

I opened the first one. It contained nothing but a fifty-dollar bill.

"Who — don't you know who ——"

"Please open them all," she said.

I opened one after another. There were nine of them, all addressed in a woman's irregular hand, several of them on the stationery of some hotel — the kind with the flamboyant restaurants. And all of them (I saw later) were postmarked at some late hour of the night.

Every one of the things contained money — large bills; but only one of them writing — a blotted, downhill scrawl across the middle of a dainty note-paper: "*For sister.*" It had certainly been written by a person who had been drinking.

I laid the money out. There was five hundred and sixty dollars in all — four one hundred dollar bills; the others fifties and twenties. The little pile smelled strongly of perfume.

"I thought at first I would destroy them," said Mrs. Townsend. "Then, naturally, I thought of you, doctor. Can't you take them for some deserving cause? There is so much suffering in the city."

So I finally took the perfumed bills with me. I have them yet — laid aside.

There are so many women in a city like New York who dwindle, dwindle, dwindle out of sight — money gone, family gone — until finally they seem to drop into the earth entirely.

I am still holding the money. Twice since, Townsend's widow has sent me bills which I have added to it. She'll never be able to keep that house.

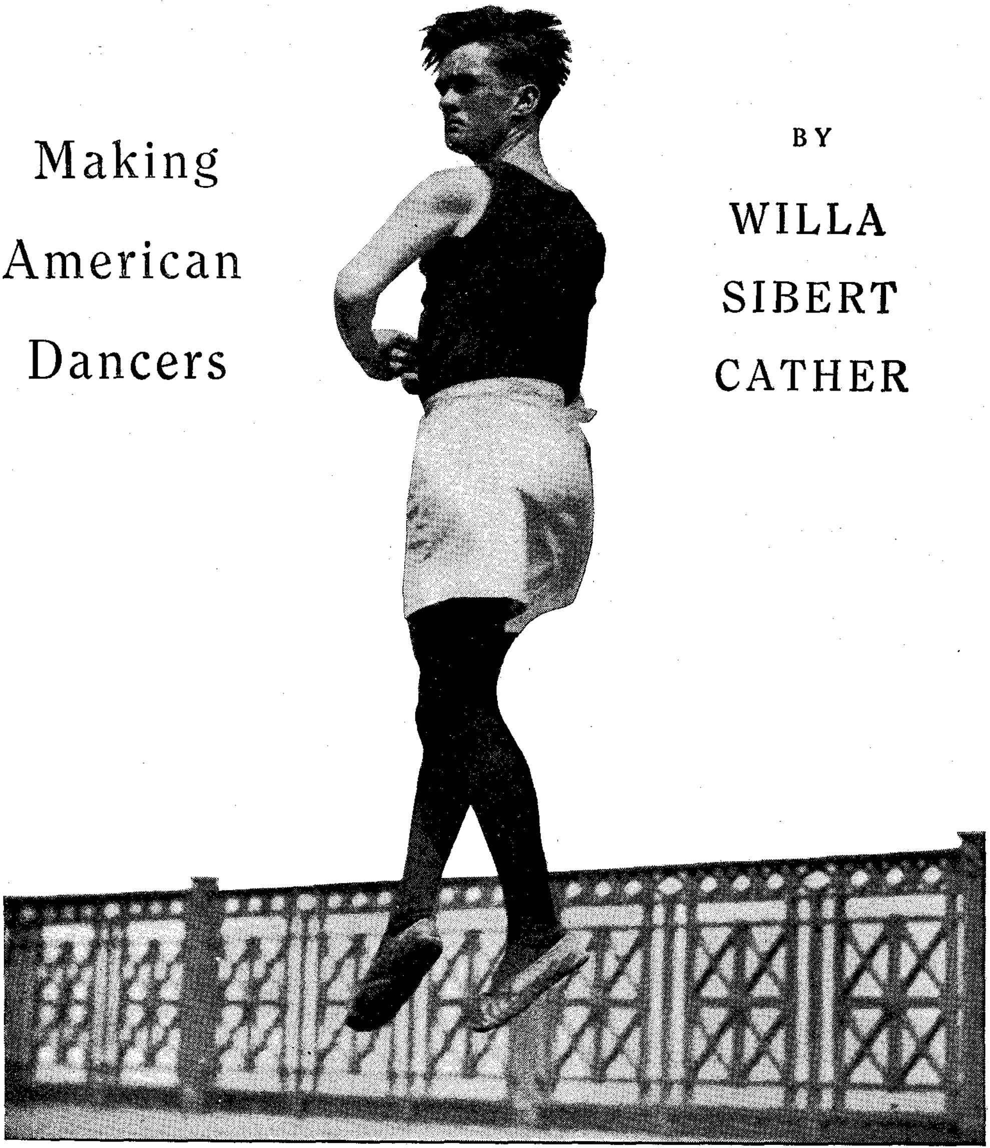
THE NEXT STORY OF THIS SERIES, **"HAPPY DAYS,"** *WILL APPEAR IN NOVEMBER*

TRAINING FOR THE BALLET

Making American Dancers

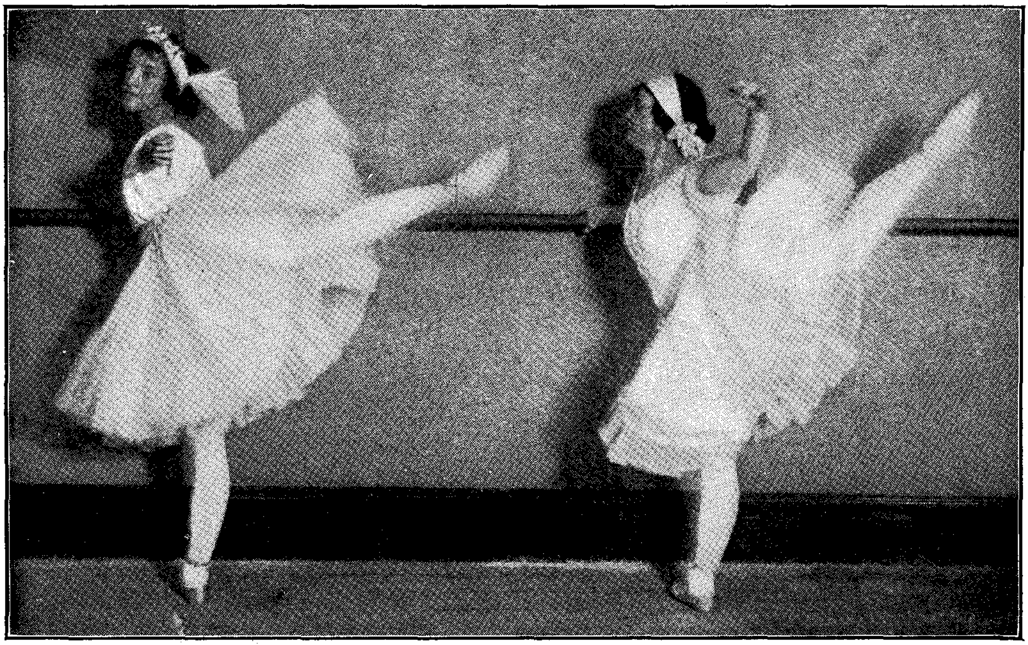
BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER



McAULIFFE doing a double turn in the air

UNQUESTIONABLY the success of the Russian dancers in this country revived an interest here in dancing as a form of artistic expression. Stage dancing, outside of the opera, has persisted, in America, only in its more vulgar forms: skirt-dancing, high kicking, and the so-called "eccentric" dancing, which is often another name for bad dancing, just as "eccentric" singing might be a euphemism for uncultivated singing. Dancing as a social convention has, of course, nothing to do with dancing as a form of art, and the insipid dancing done in musical comedies has even less. The tendencies of modern music and the supremacy of Wagnerian opera have been an important influence in the decline of the ballet. But, if one watches the street children of New York on



PRACTICE at the bar.—The bar is the foundation of classic dancing. All the beautiful and intricate figures executed in the ballet are prepared for by this bar-practice, which the dancer must go through for several hours every day of her life

any corner where a street piano is playing, one discovers that the *raison d'être* of dancing as an art still exists; that the original source of it — the creature's enjoyment of its own vitality expressing itself in movement of the body — is still there. And this sense of life, this desire to escape from sordid things and to be a part of the beauty of rhythm, to give vent to some inner experience of delight — or sadness — is, of course, the eternal well-spring of the dance — of folk-dances, of the dance as an art. The great dancer is made, like any other artist, of two things: of a universal human impulse, and a very special and individual experience of it. That this very special experience creates ambition, devotion, very special skill, goes without saying. That is true in any art.

IN America we have had no dancers because we have had no schools, and no public that knew good dancing from bad. America has long been the paradise of poor teachers. A man who can do nothing else in the world can teach pretty much anything — and make a living by it — in America. But in nothing has the instruction been poorer than in dancing. Until Dippel and Gatti-Casazza went into the management at the Metropolitan Opera House, not only the *premières* but the entire *corps de ballet* were brought over from Europe every year, and this notwithstanding the fact that New York was full of poor girls of every nationality, who were working in sweat-shops and department stores for six dollars a week, while the ballet pays eighteen and twenty.

Four years ago, Herr Dippel and Signor Gatti-Casazza organized the Metropolitan School of Ballet Dancing, to train dancers for the Metropolitan Opera House. The school is under the same business management as the Opera, and until this year the instructor has been Mme. Cavalazzi, the once famous ballerina. Last season there were fifty girls in the school, and this winter the classes will be considerably larger. The instruction in the school is free, with the condition that each girl sign a contract to serve in the Metropolitan ballet for the last three years of her training. The full course is four years. Any girl who desires can make arrangements for individual drill and instruction outside of the regular classes.

After a girl has had one year of instruction, she enters the Metropolitan ballet at $15 a week. The second year she is in the ballet she gets $18 a week, and the third year $20 a week. This winter there will be twenty-four American girls in the Metropolitan ballet, and next winter, 1914–1915, there will be a full American ballet, for the first time in the history of opera in this country. This winter, also, the *première danseuse* at the Metropolitan Opera House will be an American girl, Miss Eva Swain, who graduated from the Metropolitan Ballet School in the spring. Miss Swain is typical of the good material that this new school is working into the ballet. Her father is a prosperous New York business man, and his daughter has entered this career with no other instigation than her talent and her love of dancing.

MME. PAULINE VERHOEVEN, the new instructor who succeeds Mme. Cavalazzi, and who took charge of the Metropolitan Ballet School the first of September, says: "When I went to visit the school under Mme. Cavalazzi last spring, I was delighted to find what class of girls were doing the work; intelligent, well-mannered, pretty. Years ago, when I danced as *première* at the Metropolitan under Mr. Grau's management, all the girls in the ballet were brought from abroad. They had been secured by agents who took whatever they could get, and they were often by no means girls or dancers of the best type. There was little here to attract a girl who had made a good place for herself in her own country. There was no ballet school here then, but there were American girls who were anxious to learn, and I took a few private pupils. From my first experience in teaching them, I saw that American girls had a peculiar aptitude for dancing. In the first place they are strong, and that is a great point. After the first year the work is hard, and the girl must be strong. She must be on the floor for at least two hours every day, and she is working all of that time, using not only her muscles but her mind and her will. After the easy exercises of the first year, there is no mere going through the drill; it is a continual struggle to improve, to get the mastery of one's body little by little. The American girls have, on the whole, better figures than the girls I have seen and worked with in classes abroad. But their chief advantage is that they are not afraid. They have more confidence than French or Italian girls. They suffer no chagrin from making mistakes; they are always ready to try."

Anna Pavlova visited the classes at the Metropolitan Ballet School several years ago, and said afterward that American girls ought to make good dancers "because they are quick and confident, and because, in general, the people here are better nourished than those at home, and the girls have more chance of being strong." There is material to reflect upon in that sentence, as well as suggestions of personal history.

AT the Scala Ballet School, in Milan, the course is nine years, and at the Imperial Ballet School in St. Petersburg the course is even

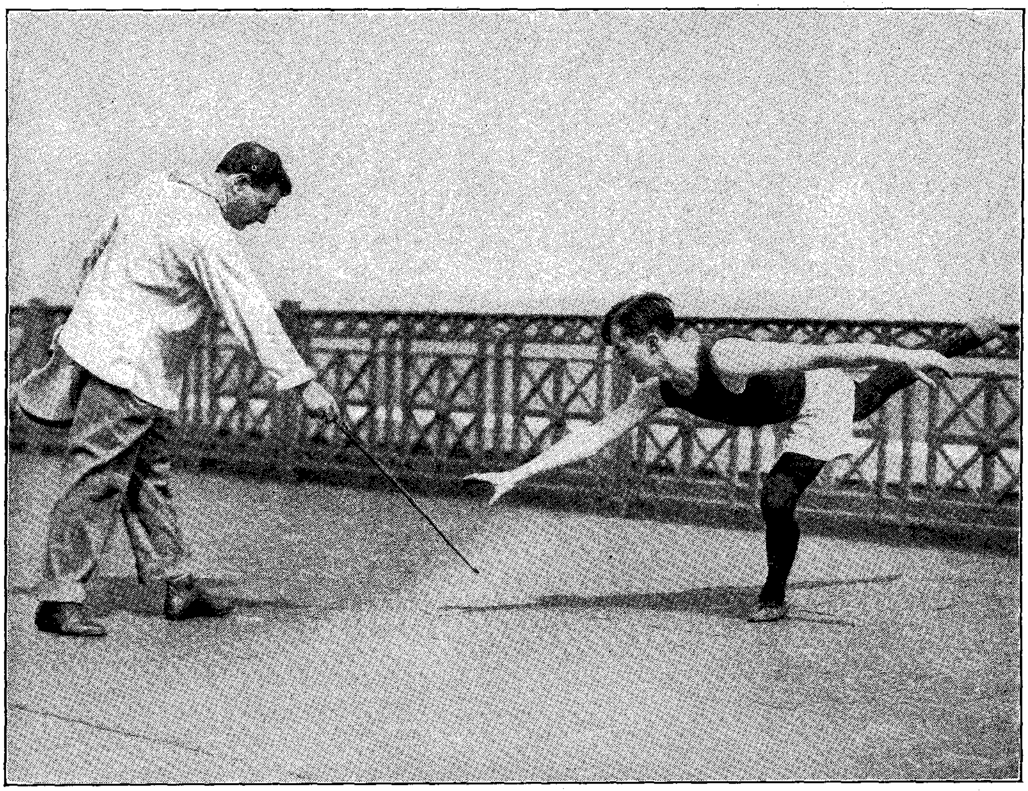
A rapid pirouette

longer. But there the pupils are taught music and languages, history and arithmetic, along with their dancing, and their course at the ballet school comprises their whole education. As every one knows, the Russian government, in order to maintain the excellence of its ballet, pensions the dancers after the retiring age, thirty-five. The Imperial Ballet has a boarding school for poor pupils, where forty-eight girls and thirty-four boys live. In addition to these, there are twenty-five girls and twenty boy pupils who are allowed to live at home. Only fifteen or eighteen new pupils are taken into the school every year, and there are always more than a hundred applicants, many of them children of dancers, stage-hands, and people employed about the theaters.

If a girl is going to make dancing her profession, she ought to begin the first exercises when she is nine years old. Small-boned girls are best adapted to the work — trim little girls who are naturally quick in their movements and mentally alert. In watching training classes one notices that the best dancers invariably have bright eyes.

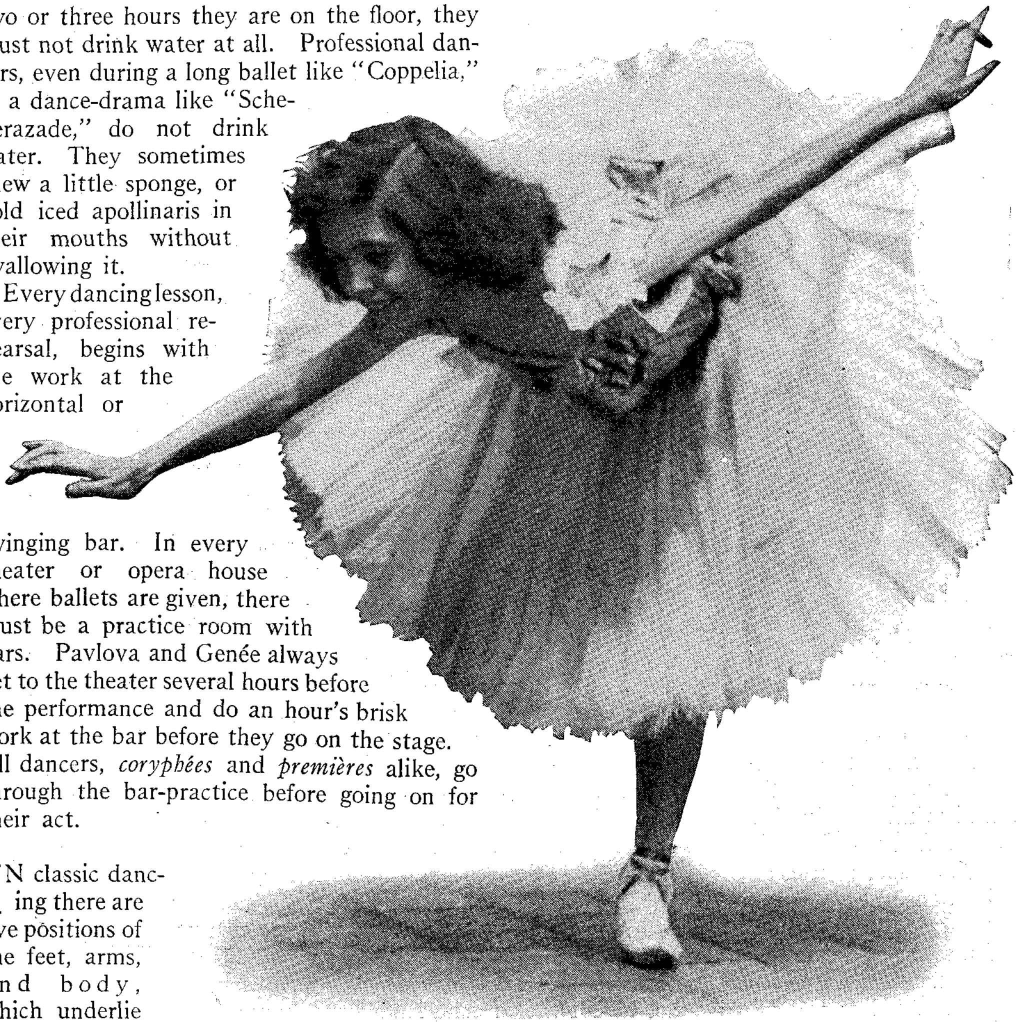
Small women are always best for the ballet. A tall girl looks awkward in the ballet, and her bones are always heavy and slab-like, a weight to carry and hard to manage. Dreamy and lethargic girls are unpromising subjects; the mental response, like the muscular, should be quick and spirited. The work is best done by girls who are quick to feel the demand of the teacher and the appeal of the dance itself, who are easily put on their mettle, and who delight to do their best with every fiber in them. Children who are temperamentally gay and joyous take to it as birds take to flying.

AFTER a year with the simple exercises, the girls begin serious work. They ought not to do much with general gymnasium work, as it loosens the joints too much and makes the legs and arms harder to control. Even experienced dancers have to be careful about the kinds of exercise they permit themselves. Genée says that all exercise, except walking and dancing, puts her in bad form. If the girls have their lesson in the afternoon, they must eat a very light lunch — the less the better. During the



BOY in fourth arabesque.—McAuliffe is crouching as low as he can on one leg, trying to touch his teacher's fiddle-bow. His back must form a straight line, parallel with the floor, and the weight of his body must be so distributed that he lowers and raises himself on one leg without wabbling and without changing the straight line of his body two or three hours they are on the floor, they must not drink water at all. Professional dancers, even during a long ballet like "Coppelia," or a dance-drama like "Scheherazade," do not drink water. They sometimes chew a little sponge, or hold iced apollinaris in their mouths without swallowing it.

Every dancing lesson, every professional rehearsal, begins with the work at the horizontal or swinging bar. In every theater or opera house where ballets are given, there must be a practice room with bars. Pavlova and Genée always get to the theater several hours before the performance and do an hour's brisk work at the bar before they go on the stage. All dancers, *coryphées* and *premières* alike, go through the bar-practice before going on for their act.



GIRL in fourth arabesque.—The figure can be taken either on the straight leg, as Miss Luhrs is doing it, or on the bent leg as McAuliffe does it, on the opposite page. The girl must be able to drop from the air into this position and hold it with absolute steadiness

IN classic dancing there are five positions of the feet, arms, and body, which underlie all dancing; and these are all learned at the bar. They are delightful to watch, but a description of them would be tedious. The principal bar exercises are the various *battements* and the *rond-de-jambe* on the floor. The *battements*—there are many kinds—are all true to their name and consist of various strokes or beats with the leg; throwing the leg out vigorously from the hip, with the ankle stretched so that the joint practically disappears and the whole leg looks as if it had but one bone from hip to toe, and as if that bone were a pliant willow wand. Every suggestion of the angle at the joints must be done away with.

This prepares her for the *entrechat*, the step in which the dancer springs into the air and touches her feet together, changing them back and forth with lightning strokes before she alights. The girls who are training for *premières* must learn to do the *entrechat* four times while they are in the air. Genée often does it six or seven times with perfect ease. This part of dancing, the very bones of technic, can only be acquired under twenty. After that age a dancer can never extend her *entrechat*, for instance. She can only keep up what she already has. A dancer may go on growing in the grace and poetry of her art, but her technical compass is defined at twenty.

THE bar exercise that is second in importance to the various *battements* is the *rond-de-jambe* on the floor, which prepares for the many beautiful kinds of *rond-de-jambe* in the air, those beautiful circles and semicircles which the dancer describes about her own body with her leg. This movement is practised at the bar by simply keeping the toe of the moving foot on the floor and swinging it back and forth in wide circles.

Not only do Pavlova and Genée and every other dancer practise at the bar before they go on the stage, but they practise exactly the exercises just described. The exercises a dancer does when she is a little girl are the exercises she must keep up until the end of her career. Genée says that if she goes without practice for a week, during a vacation or while she is at sea, it takes her three weeks to get back, and that, when she begins work again, her muscles are so sore that she dreads a vacation. Anna Pavlova keeps up the same indefatigable practice for two or three hours every day. Sometimes, in America, when they are doing short engagements on the road, they use the steam radiator; and they acquiesce in the opinion that this is the only useful end the steam radiator has ever been known to serve.

The most difficult thing the girls have to learn, of course, is toe-dancing. For this, too, they are prepared at the bar. The strength for the toe-work comes from the knee and the instep, but chiefly from the knee. If a girl can make her knee absolutely straight and tense, the instep will usually take care of itself. One often sees newspaper articles about the wonders of a ballet dancer's shoe; how the toe is made of plaster-of-Paris, with a steel support, etc. But a European ballerina only laughs at such a story, takes off her shoe and hands it to you. It is made of kid as soft as glove-kid, except the toe, which is boxed by leather, not nearly so stiff as the heel counter of an ordinary shoe. The toe-dancer needs no support but her own five toes, for it must be remembered that she does not stand on the big toe alone, but evenly on the five.

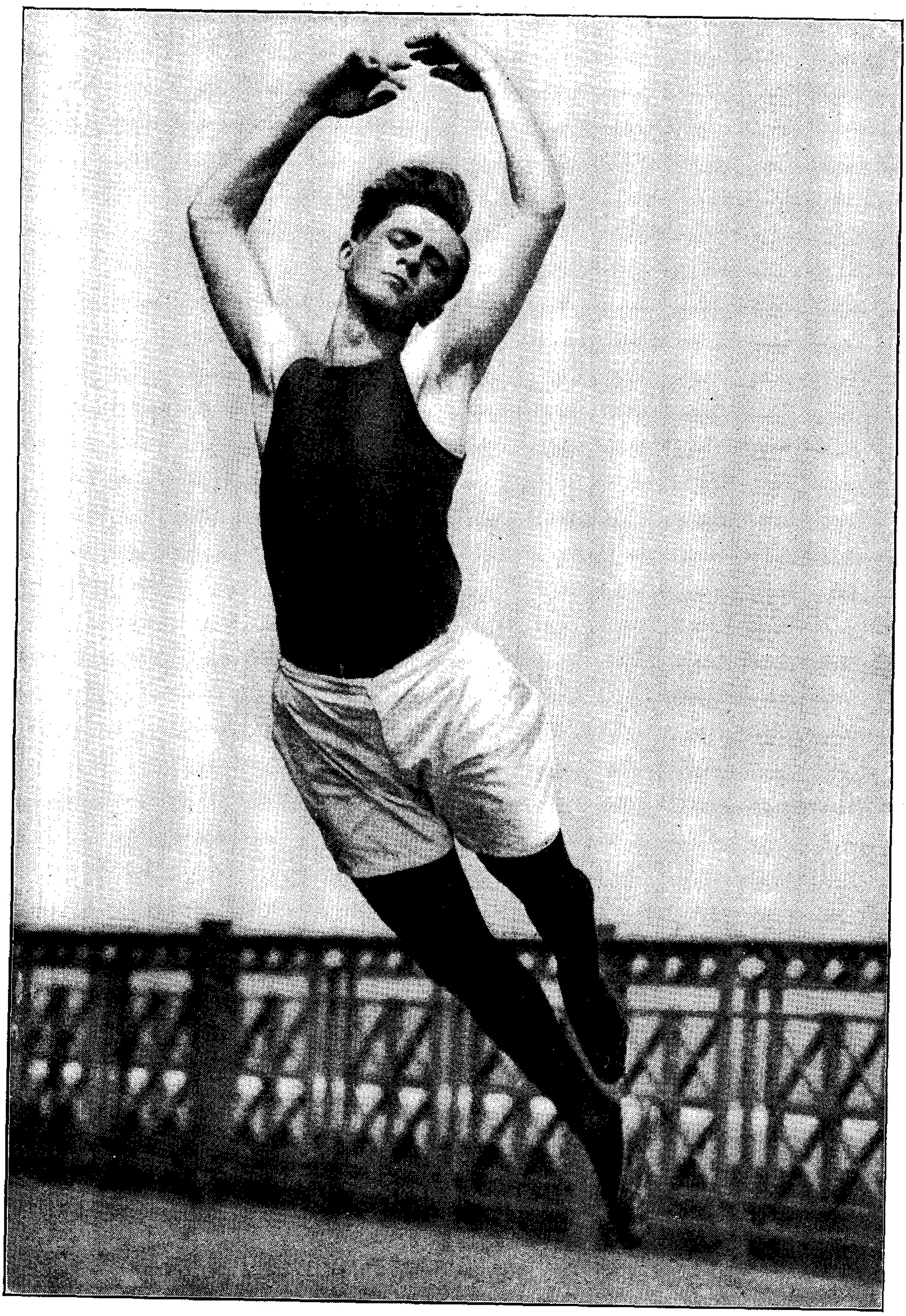
THERE is an easy kind of toe-dancing, a "fake" performance which we often see generously applauded in musical comedy, in which the dancer stands on her toes *instep toward the front*. This is not toe-dancing at all, in the proper sense, but a clumsy counterfeit which requires no skill. Any child can be taught to do it in a few months. The only correct position for toe-dancing is with the *soles of the feet facing each other*. In this position the dancer must be able to walk lightly on her toes to the front of the stage, to pirouette on both toes or on one, to fouette with one leg in the air while she stands on the toe of the other foot, and to do countless other beautiful and graceful things.

It requires long practice to drop from elevation to the toe-tips surely and steadily; and without absolute steadiness a dancer can have no finish. Students during their training can do many of the things, after a fashion, that the most finished dancers do on the stage. The difference is that the students do them waveringly, uncertainly; the ballerina with the sureness and authority with which an accomplished pianist plays his scales.

AT the Century Opera, Signor Luigi Albertieri is training two very talented pupils for *premières*. Signor Albertieri was for fourteen years ballet-master at the Metropolitan Opera House. He was in his youth a famous dancer in Europe and was a pupil of Cecchetti's afterward the teacher of Pavlova and Nijinski. Signor Albertieri is a remarkable teacher and his training-work this summer was particularly interesting because one of his two advanced pupils was a boy, Edmund McAuliffe, who will be the first American male *premier*. He has passed his examinations for the High School, but dancing takes so much of his time that he now works at languages with a tutor and studies the piano. McAuliffe's mother studied for the ballet for years, and only the prejudices of her family kept her off the professional stage. The boy loved dancing from the time he could walk, and his mother taught him until he went into Signor Albertieri's class two years ago.

Signor Albertieri's other talented pupil is Genevieve Luhrs, an American girl of thirteen, who was one of the cleverest pupils of Mme. Cavalazzi's school. She is properly built for a dancer; small, light, wiry, with long, straight legs. They both have the faculty of understanding what the instructor means almost before he speaks, and possess the sense of rhythm which must be born in a dancer, and which can never be acquired. Signor Albertieri says: "The legs I can fix, the arms I can fix; but the ear? No, I can not fix. If they have not that, legs and arms are no good."

THE boy and girl need different training and differ in their points of excellence. The boy, for instance, can not kick so high or so gracefully as the girl. A boy's hip-bones are longer and his hip-joint less elastic. The boy never practises toe-work, which in a male dancer would be effeminate. His great point must be his elevation, the distance which he is able to rise in the air, the lightness with which he rises, and the number of things he can do with his feet while he is in the air. While a girl *première* can do the *entrechat* (change of feet) only four or five times in the air, a man must spring high enough and manage his feet quickly enough to do it six



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MME. CAVALAZZI and pupil.—Mme. Cavalazzi was a famous ballerina in her youth. She has been for four years in charge of the Metropolitan School of Ballet Dancing in New York, and has just retired. She used sometimes to rouse a careless pupil smartly with her big stick

or eight times before he reaches the floor. Nijinski can do the *entrechat* ten times with the greatest assurance, and it is said that he has even done it twelve.

A boy must be able to spring into the air and turn his body round and round as if he were on a pivot. Suspended in the air he must make two, three, four revolutions before he alights. The first picture accompanying this article shows McAuliffe in the second turn in mid-air. The spring is made from the half-foot, by the strong muscles of the knee, toes, and ankle; by catching his breath hard the boy helps his body in the lift. The turns in the air are done by the muscles of the arms and shoulders, which must whirl the whole body around like a coil-spring released.

WITH both the boy and girl balance is an important consideration. The dancer must be able, while standing on the toe or the half-toe of one foot, to execute rapid and difficult figures in the air with the body, the arms, and the other leg, and to be as firm as a rock on this slight support. This can be done only by skilfully distributing the weight of the body. Here a strong back is an important factor, and the muscles of the waist come into play. If the right leg is in the air, the body must bend from the waist toward the lifted leg, away from the left leg which is serving as the support; the right arm, too, is usually stretched parallel with the lifted leg. Balance is well illustrated in the *arabesques*. These *arabesques* are in the air, or on one foot with the body in the air, and are often used to end a figure. There are four *arabesques* in all, but they can be taken in different ways. On page 88 there is a photograph of McAuliffe in the fourth *arabesque*, crouching as low as he can on one leg; the difficulty here is that he must keep his body on a straight line, parallel with the floor. The bending is done with the muscles of the knee and ankle, and it is exceedingly difficult to distribute the weight of his body so that he shall have no appearance of unsteadiness. The slightest wabble or jerkiness spoils the *arabesque* entirely. The postures must be taken lightly and easily, or not at all. The trend of the boy's training is to enable him to do things easily and gracefully in the air, and the trend of the girl's is to make her especially proficient in toe-work.

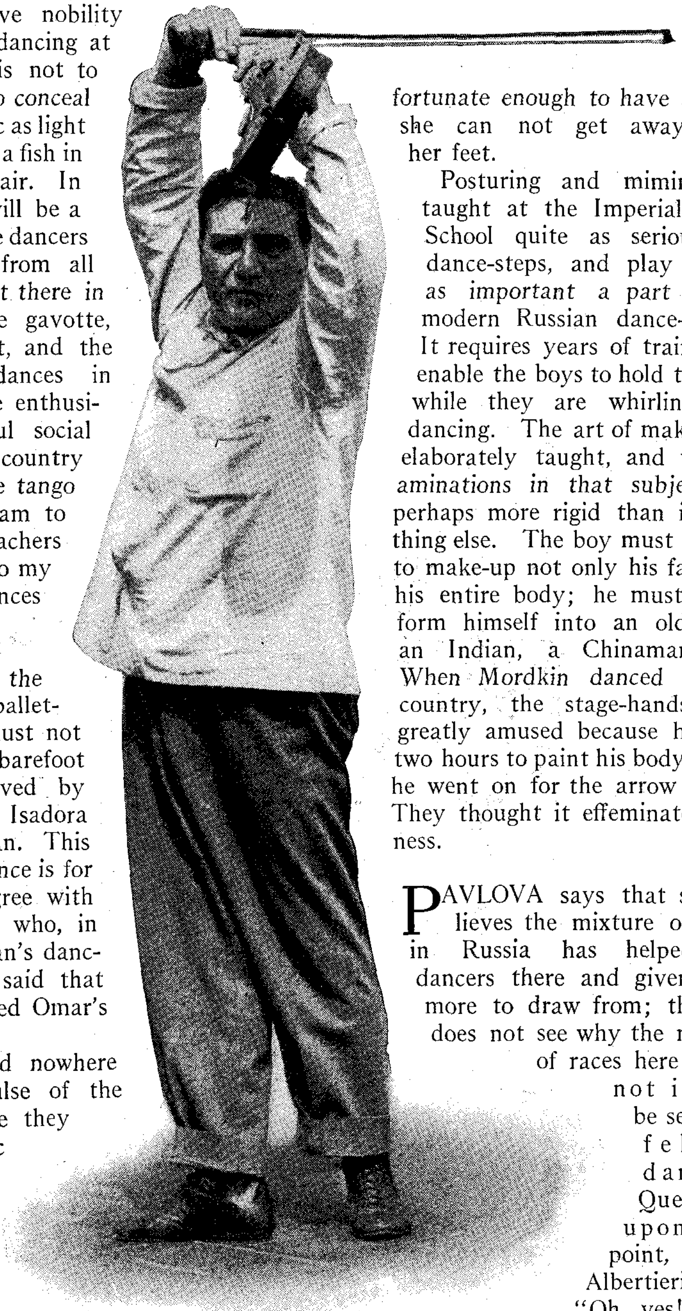
AMERICAN appreciation of dancing has been largely spoiled by the vulgar acrobatic dancing in musical comedies and vaudeville, where the poor girl struggles to make effects without skill or knowledge, always shaking her leg loosely from the hip instead of extending it gracefully. The leg and foot should be graceful, easy, elegant in every movement and posture. The heel and the sole of the foot should be in, toward the dancer's skirt, and to the audience her leg should present one line from knee to toe, without angles. The kick should never lift the foot much above the hip. In the classic dance there is scarcely a "kick" at all; it is an upward stroke of the leg, rather, done altogether from the hip, a graceful placing of the foot in the air. The high-kicking which has disgraced our stage for so long has nothing to do with the ballet. It came from the cabarets of Paris, from the *can-can.* But there it is not called dancing; it is called kicking.

Mme. Pauline Verhoeven, the new director of the Metropolitan School of Ballet Dancing, says on this point, "High-kicking is not only ugly and disgusting in itself, but it is absolutely disastrous to the dancer. She soon becomes so loose at the hip-joint that she can no longer

A REFRACTORY knee — Signor Albertieri working with one of his pupils. The knee-joint must be straight and firm, as the dancer gets from the knee her chief strength in toe-dancing control her own motions properly. She injures her joints and muscles for good dancing, to do something which requires no skill at all. In dancing a girl can not do a figure at all until she can do it beautifully and gracefully. In Europe we call classic dancing 'noble dancing.' It must have nobility of out line, or it is not dancing at all. The dancer's art is not to exhibit difficulties, but to conceal them, to make her technic as light and sure as the motion of a fish in the water or a bird in the air. In Paris this winter there will be a movement, started by the dancers and dancing teachers from all over the world who met there in August, to reinstate the gavotte, the minuet, the bergeret, and the pastorale as social dances in France. I only hope the enthusiasm for those beautiful social dances will reach this country and will rout forever the tango and the turkey-trot. I am to have a class for dancing teachers this winter, and I shall do my best to make these dances popular."

CLASSIC dancing, in the sense in which the ballet-masters use the term, must not be confounded with the barefoot "classic" dancing evolved by two American women, Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan. This kind of interpretative dance is for those who like it. I agree with the New York reporter who, in summing up Miss Duncan's dancing of "The Rubaiyat," said that on the whole he preferred Omar's lines to Miss Duncan's.

It is from Russia and nowhere else that the new impulse of the dance has come. There they have taken the classic ballet, mastered it, respected it, given it a new poetry and a new fire. Pavlova always declares that the basic principles of the dance are eternally the same; that only when the dancer has mastered the technic of the classic dance, as taught in the great ballet schools, can she trust herself to "interpret." With her technic perfectly assured, then she may give herself over to imaginative and poetic dancing. But only through that technic can she execute her ideas beautifully or adequately. Even when a dancer is fortunate enough to have a head, she can not get away from her feet.



ALBERTIERI *encouraging a pupil.—In the rapid exercises in mid-air, and in difficult figures executed on the toe, the enthusiasm of the teacher is of great help to the pupil*

Posturing and miming are taught at the Imperial Ballet School quite as seriously as dance-steps, and play almost as important a part in the modern Russian dance-drama. It requires years of training to enable the boys to hold the girls while they are whirling and dancing. The art of make-up is elaborately taught, and the examinations in that subject are perhaps more rigid than in anything else. The boy must be able to make-up not only his face but his entire body; he must transform himself into an old man, an Indian, a Chinaman, etc. When Mordkin danced in this country, the stage-hands were greatly amused because he took two hours to paint his body before he went on for the arrow dance. They thought it effeminate business.

PAVLOVA says that she believes the mixture of races in Russia has helped the dancers there and given them more to draw from; that she does not see why the mixture of races here should not in time be seen and felt in dancing. Questioned upon this point, Signor Albertieri said: "Oh, yes! You see a ballet class in Italy, all the girls alike; in France, another kind but all alike. Here you see always variety; red hair with brown eyes, red hair with blue eyes; black hair with fair skin, yellow hair with olive skin. The girls are much prettier and more individual. And they are all right for the legs and quick to learn. But the arms are something terrible! I don't know why it is they can not learn to be alive and graceful with the arms. Their arms mean nothing to them; they are like the arms of a dead woman. Maybe it is that people use their arms more in other countries, and here they are taught to keep them still. You see two washerwomen talking in Italy, and they use their arms all the time, gracefully, very much alive, to express things. Here the arms are like wood. But to dance you must be alive not only in the legs, in the arms also. I think so!"

The artificial smile that so many dancers wear on the stage is a result of bad training. If the dancer was meant for her work, if she has had the proper practice and enough of it, there need be nothing forced about her smile. She can have herself much more surely in hand than a singer or pianist, and need not be nervous before her audience. Her effort should all have been put forth at another time and place. Unless she can easily do her best, she is not a good dancer. It is only the poor untaught acrobatic dancers of our vaudeville stage who struggle and strain. The real dancer's practice is beautiful to see, light and rapid, and characterized by a most satisfying elegance. When Taglioni went to London for the first time, her father, who was her teacher, had a wooden platform erected in their lodgings for the girl to practise upon. The gentleman who occupied the rooms below sent up word that the young dancer was on no account to modify her practice through fear of disturbing him. "Tell the gentleman," exclaimed the indignant father, "that I, her father, have never heard my daughter's step!"

THE real dancer's practice is beautiful to see, light and rapid, and characterized by a most satisfying elegance

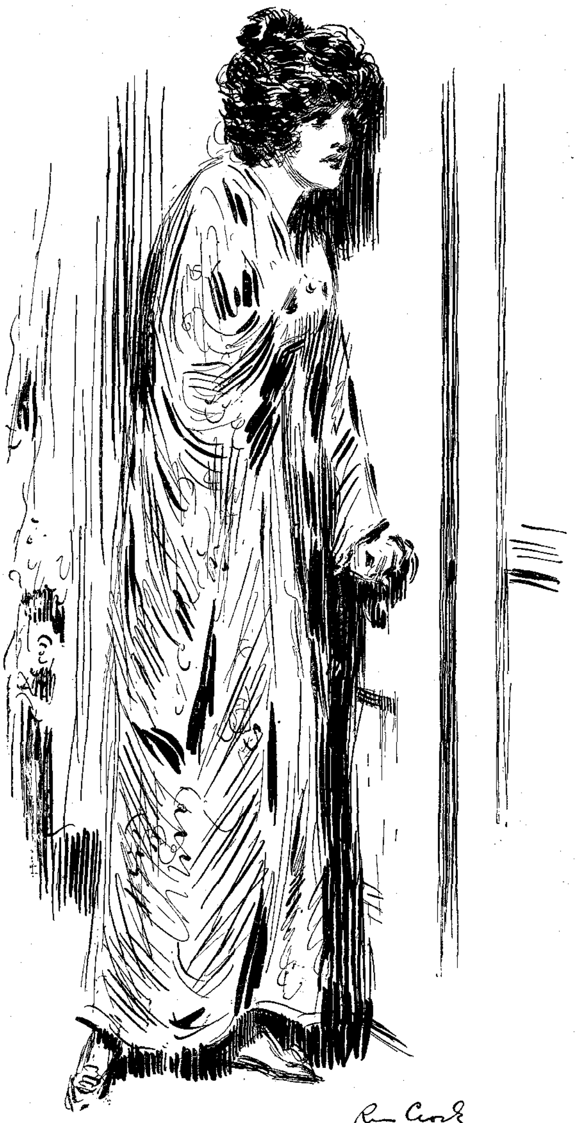
THE AU DELA OF MR. BAZAK

The Last Adventure of Miss Austin

BY

SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
R. M. CROSBY



"HE WAS QUIETLY TRYING HER DOOR-KNOB"

"I SHALL probably never marry," said Miss Austin. And she said it rather sadly. Henry Carpenter, in the next steamer-chair, continued to gaze soberly out over the calm surface of the China Sea.

"Then," he replied, a few moments later, "I shall leave the ship at Hongkong."

"Oh!" The soft exclamation escaped the girl. "But that will be to-morrow!"

He nodded. "To-morrow. I had to come this far. I had to ask the question. You have been honest with me. And you know your own mind."

The girl bit her lip. If there was one thing above all others in the world that she did not know, it was her own mind. Unexpected complexities lay in that quarter.

"I like you — bushels," she murmured.

He nodded again. "I know you do. But it would have to be more than that."

Tears came to her eyes. Which was absurd enough. She had come to be fond of this man. He was steady. You could count on him. Why couldn't she feel that wonderful impulse toward him that people call love? It would be so simple then. He was considerate, gentle, intelligent; he would make a wonderful companion. But there was no magic between them.

She found herself wishing wildly that this man would be more determined and vehement. Why didn't he *make* her marry him! He would be an ideal husband for such as she. But there was a touch of bitterness in this thought. She became conscious that she was biting her lip again, and puckering her brows; and further conscious that he was looking at her with a gentle gravity. So she made an effort to bring her racing mind under control.

"I don't want you to leave the ship at Hongkong," she said, under her breath.

"I'm sorry," said he. "I'd like to be your friend. But I've gone too far. I couldn't go on giving you just a little of my life. I must give you everything now — or nothing."

It was rather wonderful that this man should want her as much as that. She didn't deserve it. And he put it so simply, and with such reserve.

"I don't know what to say," she broke out. "I seem to have lost the power to think. You see, when it comes right down to the thought that you're going, and I'm not to see you any more or have you to depend on — well, I just don't want you to go! I seem to need you. Maybe I do love you. How can I say? Oh, why do these questions have to come up! Why do we have to be torn and disturbed this way! I used to enjoy everything. Now I don't enjoy anything. And I didn't want this. I only wanted to be let alone."

"That," said he, with a slow shake of his head, "is probably the one thing we can never hope for."

"Listen," she said, a little later. "I'm not going to let you go at Hongkong. If you'll only come on as far as Singapore, I'll promise to make up my mind. There — there's nothing to prevent it."

"There's nobody else?"

She shook her head emphatically. "Nobody else. I'm free enough. Please come to Singapore."

Over his lean face flitted an odd, momentary smile. It was what would perhaps be called a wry smile. What a child she was, after all! And what on earth were you to do with her! There wasn't anywhere in her adorable little head a glimmer of light as to what it means to a responsible business man to drop everything and disappear for a fortnight.

"All right," he replied simply. "I'll go on to Singapore."

Accordingly, he sought the purser and confirmed his own surmise that from Hongkong on the ship would be packed full; but there was always a place, it appeared, on the couches in the smoking-room. At Hongkong, on the following day, he sent off forty-eight dollars' worth of cablegrams — all of a business nature. And he purchased the necessary quantity of clothing for tropical wear. With none of which details did it occur to him to acquaint Miss Austin.

And then, at Hongkong, among the many new passengers, appeared a slender young man with fine, wavy, black hair, large dark eyes, a slight mustache of the quality described as "silky," and a manner that, if tending toward indolence, was gracious and charming, even fascinating. His name, as it appeared on the dining-chart at the foot of the grand stairway, was A. Bazak. He was a Turk, it seemed, the son of a wealthy old family in Constantinople. He had been educated at Cambridge and Paris — so Miss Austin was informed by Miss Parker of Nagasaki. And his English, indeed, when Miss Austin met him at tea that afternoon with the Parkers, was quite perfect — differing from the language of the British and American voyagers only in that it *was* quite perfect.

At the time of this meeting Hongkong was but two hours astern, Singapore four days ahead. Miss Parker, who introduced the two, could hardly fail to observe that the indolent good humor left the young man's eyes the moment they rested full on this slim girl.

An hour later, when Miss Parker found herself left to entertain her deaf mother *via* that lady's flexible black speaking-trumpet, while Miss Austin wandered up to the boat-deck with the Turk, a curious, fluttering worry crept into her mind. For Mr. Bazak was trim and pleasing in his white suit of the military cut, its upright collar buttoned in front with lumps of stamped Siamese silver. He looked at you with a gentle deference, if you were a woman; he sang French folk-songs charmingly; and his dancing, at the Yokohama Fleet Ball, had been divine.

Two hours later still, when they reappeared, it was clear enough that both were preoccupied. Miss Austin's pretty face was inscrutable; but her gaze would wander dreamily over the water while you were speaking, and her quick, slightly forced smile would fade with unexpected suddenness. Miss Parker watched and wondered. As she went down to dress for dinner, she felt uncomfortable. And she couldn't help knocking at Miss Austin's door and offering, with a shade of too much eagerness, to hook her up — eagerness that died out swiftly when she saw the girl.

For Miss Austin had put on a gown of dull blue chiffon cloth made over white silk, embroidered heavily in gold at the bottom of the narrow skirt and with a touch of gold at the shoulders. On her pretty little feet were gold satin slippers and silk stockings to match. Around her fluffy hair was a broad gold band. "Why," thought Miss Parker, with an inner gasp of dismay, "the child is a beauty — a raving, tearing beauty!"

Another who witnessed with a sinking of the heart the appearance in the dining-room of this beautiful creature was Mr. Henry Carpenter. But he said nothing, either then or the next day, until tea-time had come around again. Then he intercepted Miss Austin as she passed the smoking-room door.

She had been having tea on the boat-deck, alone with Mr. Bazak.

She had not looked directly at Mr. Carpenter for twenty-four hours. Now she suddenly realized that he was grave, and paler than usual — which confused her, and gave her a curious little wrench of feeling that might almost have been anger. But her face told nothing.

"I want very much to see you," he said, "to-day or to-night. May I?"

She hesitated, thinking swiftly. "After dinner," she said, with sudden decision. And then her tongue slipped its leash and added what was in her mind: "for a while."

He nodded in the slow, thoughtful way he had.

"We'll have coffee on deck," she went on quickly. "I'll meet you there." For a moment she stood looking beyond him with slightly puckered brows; and he knew she was planning just how she should arrange it with — somebody else. Then she gave him a bright little nod and hurried away.

"I will tell you," said Mr. Bazak, "what we shall do. We shall go forward into the bow. It is a beautiful place from which to observe."

It was two hours later. The blazing sun had dropped beyond the rim of a flat blazing sea, leaving a radiant glow in the sky.

"It is really time to dress for dinner," said Miss Austin, half to herself. "Do you think we ought?"

Then she looked up at him, and he smiled.

They went into the bow, passing the hatchway that was covered with sprawling, half-clad steerage passengers, climbing the forecastle ladder, and making their way forward around donkey-engines and over heaps of chain. He found a seat for her against a coil of clean yellow rope, where she could lean back and dream.

The mild gold of the sky faded. The swift tropical night came on. Beneath them the water rolled away from the bow in creamy rhythmical rushes of foam. It was very still up there. There was none of the throbbing and roar of the engines; only a faint pulse underfoot. Edith glanced back, and discovered that they were quite hidden from the promenade-deck.

Mr. Bazak sighed. She felt as well as heard this sigh, for there was very little room where they were sitting; and her eyes flitted around and up to his face, then down again and away.

"It would be nice," said he softly, "if it could be like this."

"It *is* like this," said she.

"But it will not last."

She was silent.

"See!" he exclaimed softly. "There is phosphorus now."

Together they leaned forward and watched the shine of the white water along the side.

"I am wondering," said he, "if there is not a side of each of us that belongs east of Suez."

"I wonder," she murmured.

"If it is not meant that we are to enjoy beauty, why did the Creator give us the craving for beauty? It is the finest thing in each of us. We crave freedom; and freedom is beauty. We crave — all this: to float through quiet seas, to think gentle thoughts; to have companionship with a woman from whom the eyes do not shrink. I make no secret — it is because you are beautiful that I am drawn to you."

He drew out his cigarette-case of Kioto damascene work on gold bronze. Absently he opened it and held it before her; then drew it away, saying, "I forget that you do not smoke."

The girl moved slightly, looking out with wide eyes into the night. Something in his manner had touched her pride — as if he *knew* she had never had a cigarette in her mouth. He made her feel young and inexperienced just in the way he withdrew them. He had made her feel like this all day — just a child, a beautiful but green little thing.

"Please," she said, "give me one."

He lighted it for her. It was not so difficult to smoke. She covertly watched the way he held his own cigarette between his first and second fingers, and imitated him to the life. Perhaps he had not detected her inexperience, after all.

"Of all your English writers, there is but one who perceives what we of the Orient feel — who hungers for beauty."

As he had surely read twenty times as far into English literature as she, she kept silent.

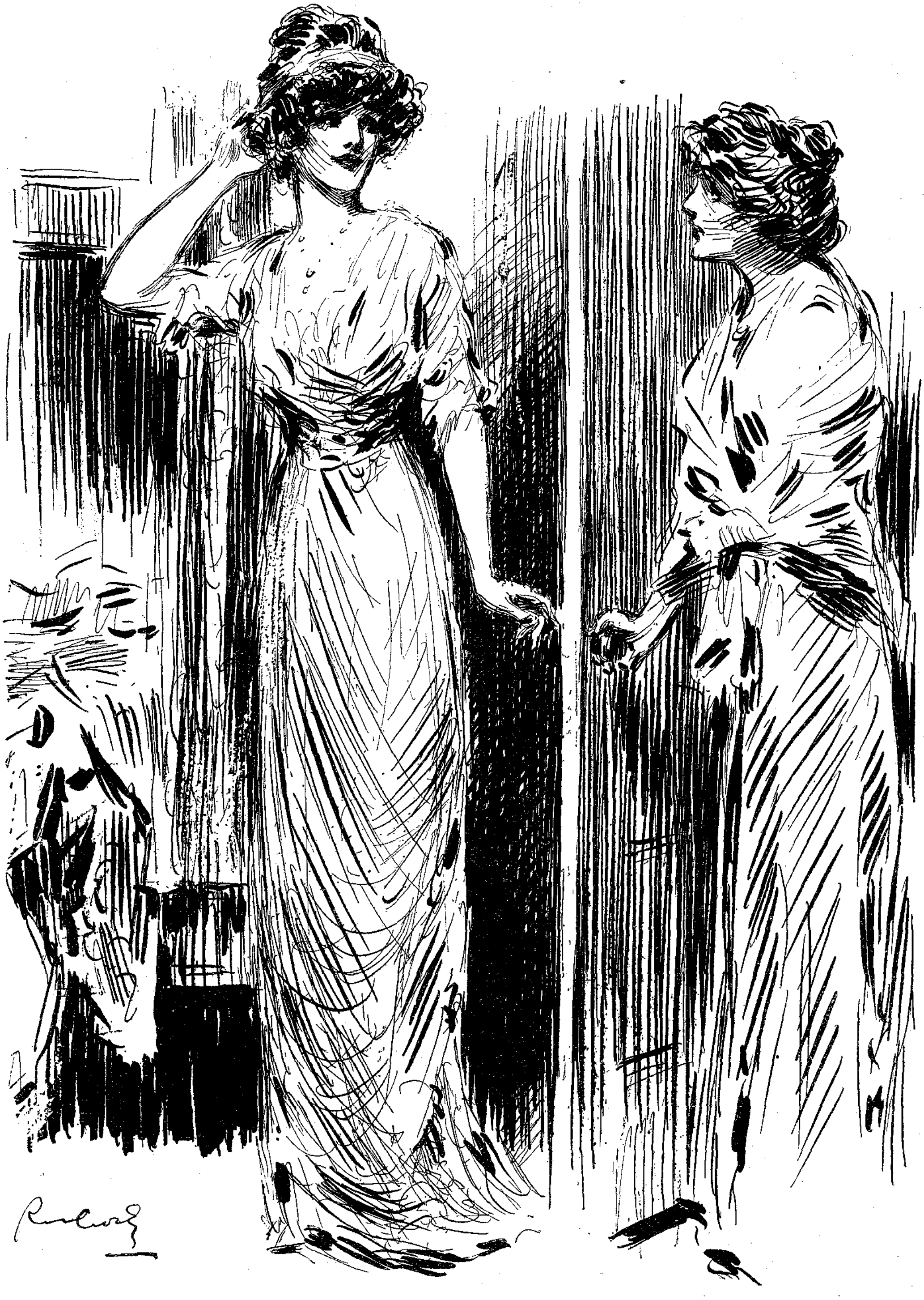
"It is George Moore, you know. He *feels* beauty. He turns from the horrors of life. He seeks the unattainable — the beyond — the *au dela*."

She shivered a little. "Life *is* pretty dreadful," she said.

"Yes. If we wish beauty, we must build it in our lives. And we must cling to whatever we find that is beautiful. It is not in the life about us — except at rare moments like this." He shifted his position and looked at her. "My great regret is that I can not see enough of you."

She smiled at this, but did not turn. "You see a good deal of me," she said.

"Yes, and it is wonderful to be with you. But that is not what I mean. I wish just to *see* you, to look at you with my eyes. By doing that, I build a clearer image of you in my thoughts. For you satisfy me. You are, to me, perfect beauty. It must not be a dead thing, you understand — not a picture, a building, a



"SHE COULDN'T HELP KNOCKING AT MISS AUSTIN'S DOOR AND OFFERING, WITH A SHADE OF TOO MUCH EAGERNESS, TO HOOK HER UP" statue, a rug. It must be a living thing. For me, it must be you. If I were never to see you again after this moment, I should be content, for I should have the picture of you, the sense of you, in my heart. And that is enough. That is the perfect experience. That is to attain the unattainable — to live in the *au dela*."

His voice was low, and tremulous with feeling. Crowded together as they were, she hardly realized that his arm was behind her head, his hand at her shoulder, lightly caressing her cheek and neck. She raised her cigarette and drew in a whiff of smoke. She wondered dreamily how you make smoke rings — even tried an ineffectual experiment or two. Of course, in a moment more she would have to go and dress for dinner. She would be a little late; but no one would know. It was nice of him to feel that way — that the memory of her would be enough. He was singing softly:

"*Jeune fillette,*
Profitez du temps;
La violette
Se cueille au printemps!"

He had her fingers now in his free hand, interlocking them with his own. Somewhere back on the dim structure of the ship a bell sounded, but she did not count the strokes. It seemed to her that she had heard that bell only a few moments earlier. And overhead, in the crow's-nest, the lookout called musically.

She must go now. She stirred; but he held her. Surely in a moment she must go. It wouldn't do to stay here this way. She laughed softly. He said something — in a low, breathless voice — something or other about the Southern Cross that hung in the sky, dead ahead. And she answered — she hardly knew what. It didn't matter. She really *must* go. If they both should be very late for dinner people might talk. . . . He was holding her closer. And new, reckless thoughts were stirring in her confused mind. This wouldn't do — it simply wouldn't. She tried to take his hands away; but he only laughed a little, and kissed her. He kept on kissing her, and whispering jerky little phrases; and there was wine in her veins.

Then suddenly she heard what it was that he was whispering. She knew then that he had been saying it, in different words, for some time. She had been letting him go on saying it and go on kissing her.

She stopped her struggles, and for a moment lay passive in his arms. She could not speak. She could not think. There was a coldness about her heart; it was spreading through her, and it seemed to carry a sort of despair with it. All the time his hands were on her, his face close to hers.

Then she sat up, tore his hands away, got somehow to her feet, and hurried off over the forecastle-deck. He let her start, looking at her in astonishment. Then he ran after her. She tripped over a cable and nearly fell. He caught her arm; but she shook him off. Still she could not say anything. He came down the ladder after her, and stopped her again, by the crowded hatch. But she looked at him in a way that checked him, and found her voice long enough to say, "Do you realize that we can be seen?" At this, he let her go, and himself climbed back to the forecastle-deck.

She hurried along the corridor below decks, turned off mechanically at the side passage in which was her little cabin, let herself in, locked the door, and dropped on the narrow seat opposite the berth. It seemed to her that she ought to dress quickly and slip into the dining-room. Then it occurred to her to look at her watch; and she was surprised to learn that it was twenty minutes after nine. Even at that, she ought to show herself, surely. But could she? She got up and looked at herself in the glass. Her face was burning. She pressed her hands to her fiery cheeks, and met squarely, bitterly, the gaze of the sad eyes that stared at her out of the mirror. And then, suddenly, she sank down again on the seat, and leaned back, and bit her lip, while the tears gathered in her eyes and slid down on her cheeks.

Henry Carpenter had been waiting for at least an hour, out there on deck. For the first time in her memory, she had broken a definite promise.

Then her mind wandered back, and tried to piece together the scene she had just been living through. How had it happened! What — *what* — could she possibly have said or done that gave that man even a fleeting illusion that he had a right to claim her! He was somewhere out there now — walking the deck, doubtless. What if he should come here? She could feel him out there in the night pressing toward her. She hated him. And she felt him. Here they were, the two of them, cooped up on this ship. There was no possible escaping him.

She couldn't make it right with Mr. Carpenter; but she could at least try. Never mind now what he might think. She slipped out of her dress; washed with a desperate thoroughness; and hurriedly did her hair, which was all about her ears.

Why, *why* hadn't she done just the simple, natural thing — dressed for dinner at the proper hour, and met Mr. Carpenter as she herself had suggested! Why hadn't she? It would have been so easy. And everything would have been different. All this trouble just because of an indecisive moment!

There was a soft tapping at the door.

She stood motionless, hair-brush in hand. Slowly the color left her face until it was white.

There was another soft tapping.

How on earth had he got there? In her absorption, she had heard no footsteps. But now she listened, tense, alert. From somewhere down the passage came voices. A man and a woman were approaching. What if they should see him! She could hear him whispering. He was quietly trying her door-knob. It would be dreadful for him to be found there. Perhaps, as an alternative, it would be better to let him in. She took one quick step toward the door; then the color came rushing back to her face, and she stopped short.

She could hear him stirring out there. Then he plunged into the stateroom opposite. She heard his few quick steps and the creaking of the door. It was a serious chance to take; but he *had* taken it. And now the couple had passed, chatting and laughing as they went, all unconscious of the drama that was taking place at their elbow.

Something had to be done about this drama. Decisions had to be made. It was no good trying to dress and get out on deck again — not with this crazy man after her. She deliberately placed the hair-brush in its pocket on the wall, and, going to the door, shot the bolt— loudly, so that he would hear it.

He did hear it, for after a moment he tiptoed away. She waited until the last sound of him had died out, and there was only the steady throbbing of the engines and the soft rush of the water beneath the porthole; then she undressed and slipped into her nightgown. She drew on her kimono over this. It was the kimono Rhoda Eavesby had liked, the little missionary of Shansi who loved beautiful things. Edith looked thoughtfully down at it, and herself fingered the Kioto embroidery as the devoted missionary had fingered it. The tears came again to her eyes; but this time they were not bitter tears.

For a time she stood there, quite motionless, a sad, white girl in a dainty kimono, swaying a little with the motion of the ship. Then, with an odd, impulsive gesture of both her hands, she sank to her knees and dropped her arms on the narrow seat and let her head fall on her arms.

The door-knob turned. A voice was whispering, in the passage. At first she did not hear it. Then, when it finally reached her consciousness that he was again at the door, she threw her head back, kneeling there, and thought intently. This business must stop. It must stop now. There must be no more temporizing with it. She rose, drawing the kimono around her slim body, unbolted the door, and turned the key. She would open it a few inches and let him see her face — let him see that she had not only got over her fear of him, but, what was still more to the point, that she was no longer afraid of herself.

But, before she realized quite what was taking place, he was in the room with her, the door was closed, and she was struggling in his arms. She felt cold now. It was sheer vulgarity, this physical struggle. She tried to tell him; but he was beyond listening, and she was weak and trembling.

It came to her suddenly that men don't listen to women, that they assume their "no" to mean "yes." And the thought was baffling. For what on earth can you do if they laugh at your wishes, and then employ their greater physical strength to enforce their own! Was the human race, after all, a race of brutes?

Then Miss Austin grew suddenly faint and limp, and slipped down between his arms to the floor.

There she lay, curled in a heap against the folding wash-stand. Her head had struck the wood with what seemed to him a loud noise — which distinctly frightened him. He stood erect and looked about — looked at the door and at the open grating above the door. It seemed to him that she had said something about the Parker woman coming in. He reached out and bolted the door, slowly and softly. Then, with troubled eyes, he looked down at her. She was pitifully white and still. He reached out again to the bolt, and for a moment fumbled with it. It might be possible to slip away and make a sudden appearance in some other part of the ship, thus establishing a partial alibi, in case of trouble.

She was not really hurt, of course. She would come to. But she might have a bad night, and need help; she might even have a few hours of delirium — and talk. And, since it is unpleasant even for the most experienced man of the world to find himself entangled with a woman who has neither the submission of weakness nor the discretion of experience, his dark eyes grew troubled.

Finally he drew a long breath, shrugged his shoulders, and lifted her, laying her on the berth. With deft, not ungentle hands he arranged her kimono, and threw a blanket over her. Then he let down the wash-bowl, very carefully and quietly, drew a little water, and bathed her forehead and temples.

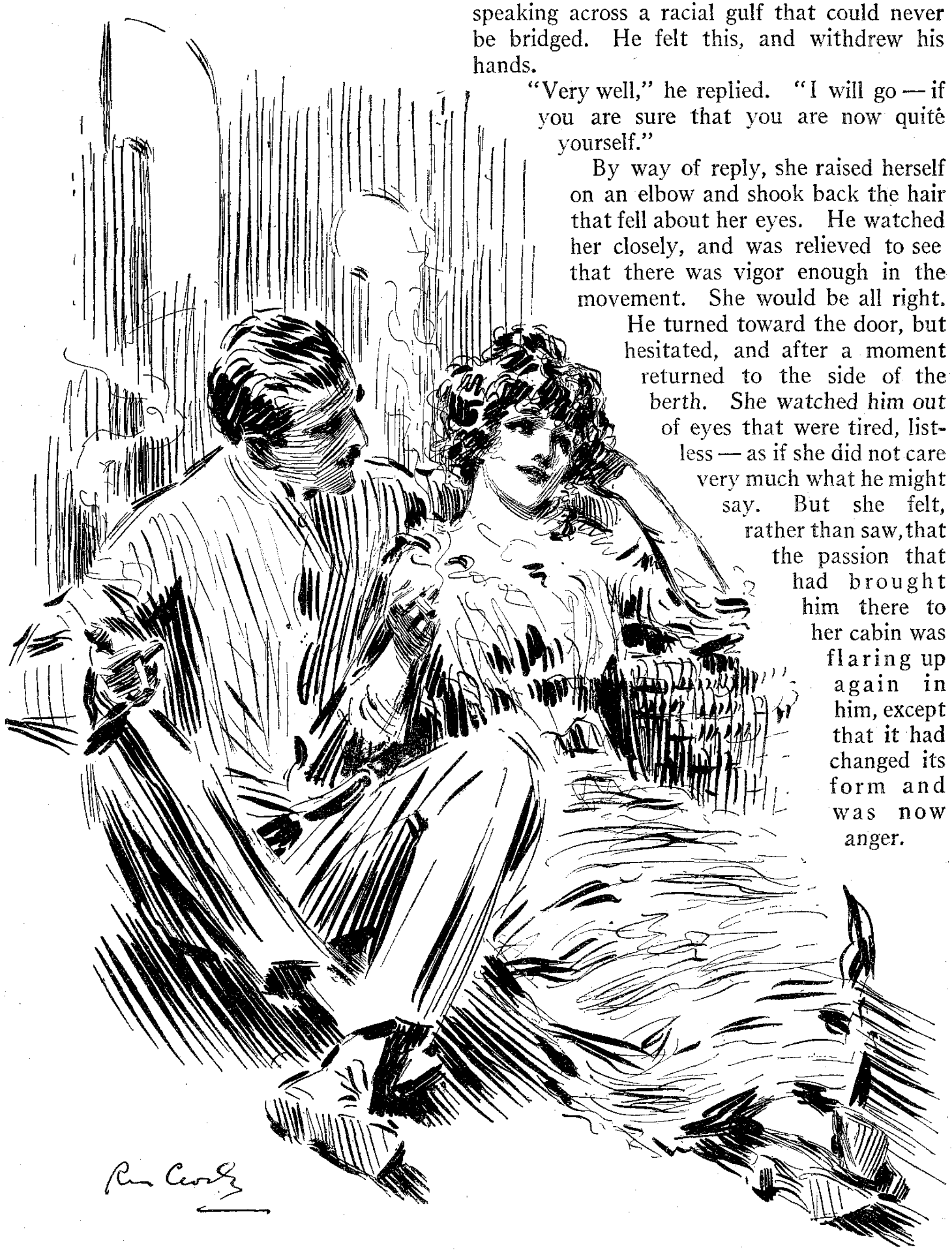
It was only a moment before her eyes opened. She did not speak; merely looked at him coldly, and, he observed, without fear, while collecting her thoughts. But he did not leave at once. His concern now was to make sure that she was quite herself before trusting her to chance encounters with any one else. There must be no ungoverned words, no hysteria. That way, it might go hard with himself. For it was so with these curiously inconsistent Anglo-Saxon peoples; they have odd notions about their women. Accordingly, with some determination on his flushed, attractive face, he briskly rubbed her wrists and forearms.

It was not until he undertook to stroke her temples again that she shivered and shrank away from his touch.

"Please go," she said then, in a weak voice, speaking across a racial gulf that could never be bridged. He felt this, and withdrew his hands.

"Very well," he replied. "I will go — if you are sure that you are now quite yourself."

By way of reply, she raised herself on an elbow and shook back the hair that fell about her eyes. He watched her closely, and was relieved to see that there was vigor enough in the movement. She would be all right. He turned toward the door, but hesitated, and after a moment returned to the side of the berth. She watched him out of eyes that were tired, listless — as if she did not care very much what he might say. But she felt, rather than saw, that the passion that had brought him there to her cabin was flaring up again in him, except that it had changed its form and was now anger.



"IT WAS NICE OF HIM TO FEEL THAT WAY — THAT THE MEMORY OF HER WOULD BE ENOUGH"

He looked down at her. And she looked up at him with those dull eyes, that were the windows of a shaken, bruised soul. When he spoke, it was with a quivering in his carefully controlled voice.

"I will go," he said. "And you are to feel quite comfortable. I shall not again disturb you. If I do not quite understand — why, that does not matter. You are strangely cruel, you American girls. You play with men — you rouse them — but you will accept none of the consequences. I am human — yes. But so are you. I have instincts and passions. But so have you. We are all of the same clay — all of us, you and I. You would play with fire; but it is my task to make sure that you are not burned. Is it not so? That, I see, is the philosophy of the beautiful American girl. Your men support you, supply your desires lavishly, push you forward — and in return you demand that they shall protect you even from yourselves. It is not a pleasant picture."

Then he opened the door, looked cautiously out, closed it after him, and slipped away.

She lay there for a time, listening to the rush of the water beneath the porthole and to the steady pound-pound, pound-pound of the engines, and looking up at the woven-wire springs of the vacant upper berth. That was a curious little speech he had made — quite a set speech, as if he were addressing an audience, or as if he had long nursed these bitter thoughts in his mind, and now at last had the opportunity to say them where they would strike home.

For they *had* struck home. Curiously, almost this same thing had been said to her once before. She had quite forgotten that other episode until this moment; his words had flashed it back from the hidden caves of memory where so much of what is ourselves lies stored away. She considered the picture — one night on the corner by the Astor House at Shanghai; a young man with waxed mustaches and athletic shoulders, with a bruise under his right eye, the left eye nearly closed, and a swollen mouth that twisted queerly when he smiled — standing stiffly like a soldier. He too, was a foreigner. He had fought for her. And he had said, with a touch of sadness that was not wholly without bitterness: "I have heard tales of the splendid young ladies in America. It is quite true. You have the self-reliance, the courage. You walk through life untouched."

It was odd how vividly that picture came now to her mind's eye. It was odd, too, how even the part of it she had not understood at the time had lodged in her memory for later interpretation — the note of bitterness, for one thing. She had let him go, with that bruised face, the man who had fought for her and rescued her from the consequences of her own foolish daring, and had hardly given him another thought. Why, she had even refused to have dinner with him!

She slept hardly at all that night. Reading proved to be impossible, her thoughts raced so. Every now and again she would set herself mechanically at the task of getting to sleep; but each time she grew so nervous, lying there and tossing in the narrow berth, that it was a relief to get up. Crouching at the porthole, she saw the dawn break, and the glowing hot sun pass the sharp horizon, and slowly, mercilessly climb the sky.

At six she had her bath; then dressed, picked up her red portfolio and a book or two, and went up to the boat-deck, aft of the absurd little "gymnasium." There were never many people up here. She sent the steward down for a cup of coffee — made it do for breakfast. It seemed to her that she could never touch food again.

At about eight o'clock Miss Parker wandered up to the boat-deck. She did not see Edith until she was almost upon her; then she hesitated, looked at her with an expression that might have been coldness and might have been a sort of fright, said good morning, and went straight on past her, while a slow flush mounted to her rather thin cheeks.

Edith sank back limply in her chair, let her hands fall into her lap, and looked after her. Never before in her life had a woman looked at her like that. It hurt, terribly. Worse, it added to her bewilderment. Apparently she was quite unable to think; and thinking had never been so necessary to her.

Nine o'clock came. And ten. There was one thing she must do, and quickly. She couldn't lie here indefinitely, letting life drift away from her. But it was a sort of thing she had never had to do, and she didn't know how to go about it. It involved thoughts and feelings that had always been locked tight within herself. It meant a true apology, an apology with frank, utter humility in it. There was humility enough in her now, God knew; but the expression of it was a matter that lay outside of the range of her girlish experience.

She tried writing notes. None of them was right. One after another she tore them up, and carefully put away the pieces in her portfolio, where no casual eye could see them. At length she leaned back and looked out at that still, yet moving sea. What a mess she was making of everything! Why work so hard over a simple note? Why bother about appearances? What did she care! "I've got to talk to him," she thought. "All this note need say is that I want to see him." Accordingly, that was all she wrote — that she wanted to see him. She addressed the envelop, "Mr. Henry Carpenter," and went to the after ladder, waiting there until a deck-steward passed. She called down to him, and sent the note. Then she went back to her chair and waited.

He came at once. She watched him, and was pained to see how grave he looked and how drawn about the mouth. His eyes, too, looked as if he, like herself, had not slept. It was her fault, bewilderingly her fault.

He said good morning very simply, drew up a chair for himself, and then — finely and generously, she thought — took the situation out of her hands.

"I wanted to see you last night," he said; "but I needn't have been impatient. This morning does as well — perhaps better; for I *was* impatient."

She couldn't look at him. She had to keep her eyes down, because there were tears in them; at any moment she was as likely as not to break down and cry.

"I suppose," he was saying, "that it is never really possible to take back wrong things we've said. There has never been anything I wanted to take back quite so badly as the wrong thing I said to you before we reached Hongkong. It was just a selfish thought, spoken out. But I can't let it stand. If I could, if I could go on feeling in that selfish way toward you, it would simply mean that I didn't love you. And I do love you."

He said this gently, and with a quality of respect in his voice that took her completely by surprise. Slowly she lifted her eyes and rested them full on his. Her self-consciousness had dropped away. He was apologizing to her, and speaking in that amazing way — to *her!* She looked at him so full and so long that it was he who dropped his eyes.

"I don't understand," she said. "I don't know what you mean."

"I told you," said he soberly, "that I couldn't be your friend. That I — well, had to have you completely or not at all. I knew it wasn't so, when I said it. Since then I've been feeling meaner and meaner about it. You see,—" he had recovered himself now, and was smiling faintly at her, with that rather solid expression on his lean face that was steadier than anything in her confused young life,— "you see, I'm not an undisciplined boy."

"Discipline!" she said, with an appearance of vagueness, but with the light of sudden discovery in her eyes. She did not voice the rest of her thought, which was: "That is what I need. I *am* an undisciplined girl!"

He went on:

"I don't want you to think me that sort of man. I could see that you didn't know your own mind, and it wasn't fair of me to force myself on you like that. You have the right to do what you think best with your life. But you also have some right to count on me as a friend.

He hesitated a moment.

"I don't think you love me. And — I'm going to say this very bluntly — I'm sorry I even made the effort to drive you into a marriage with me; for on that footing I don't believe we could look for our share of what is called happiness. But you have a friend in me — just as much of a friend as you want."

He then did the only impulsive thing she had ever known him to do. He reached over and laid his hand on hers, with a gentle caress. She lay still in her chair, looking out at the sea.

"I'm not a flighty person," he said. "I'm not erratic. And I do want you to feel that you can count on me."

Then he hitched forward on his chair, and hesitated.

A thousand thoughts were beating at the door of Edith's mind. She mustn't let him say the last word like this, and leave her. Hard as it was to speak now, it would be even harder to reopen the conversation later. Feeling this, all confused, fighting for words and phrases (but outwardly a curiously white and silent girl, with a girlishly inscrutable face that never had expressed and did not now express her feelings), she did the most difficult thing she had ever done in her life — she turned her hand and caught his fingers and clung to them, while the tears that had been shining in her eyes at last broke bounds and ran down her cheeks.

Henry Carpenter drew a long breath. He glanced down at the little hand that was clinging so desperately to his. He reached up, gropingly, with his other hand, and drew it across his forehead.

Finally he looked at her. And she returned his gaze, looking out through her tears, unsmiling, sad even. But her fingers still clung to his.

"Edith," he broke out, with a sudden hoarseness, "you don't mean —— "

She nodded, slowly and solemnly.

And so they sat there, she holding his hand with a nervous strength in her fingers.

First she must tell him. It was going to be terribly hard.

It was a long time later before she finally managed to say:

"It isn't right. I don't deserve it. I'm not good enough for you."

He looked at her in amazement. "My dear child," he said gently and a thought sadly, "that is nonsense. It is I who am not good enough. I am worse than you could even understand. Any man of my age is."

She gazed into his strong, shrewd face and smiled. It was an unexpected smile, born of relief at finding herself no longer in that terrible spiritual solitude; and it quickly faded.

"I'm not coming to you right," she said. "I don't know even now that I love you. I'm afraid it is only because I need you."

For some reason, he seemed to find it difficult to be unhappy over this. "I'm beaten," she went on sadly. "Life has beaten me."

"It beats us all," he replied. "We get our discipline that way."

"Do we?" she asked, not wholly comprehending.

And a little later she said: "Everything has changed so. I don't seem able to understand. It is so very, very confusing. I was all independence. I did as I pleased — came and went as I pleased — wasn't afraid of anything. And now, all at once, I'm timid. I want to be looked out for. I'm not daring. I don't want any more adventures. I want — I want you to *take care* of me! And yet, always before, I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't go anywhere — do anything."

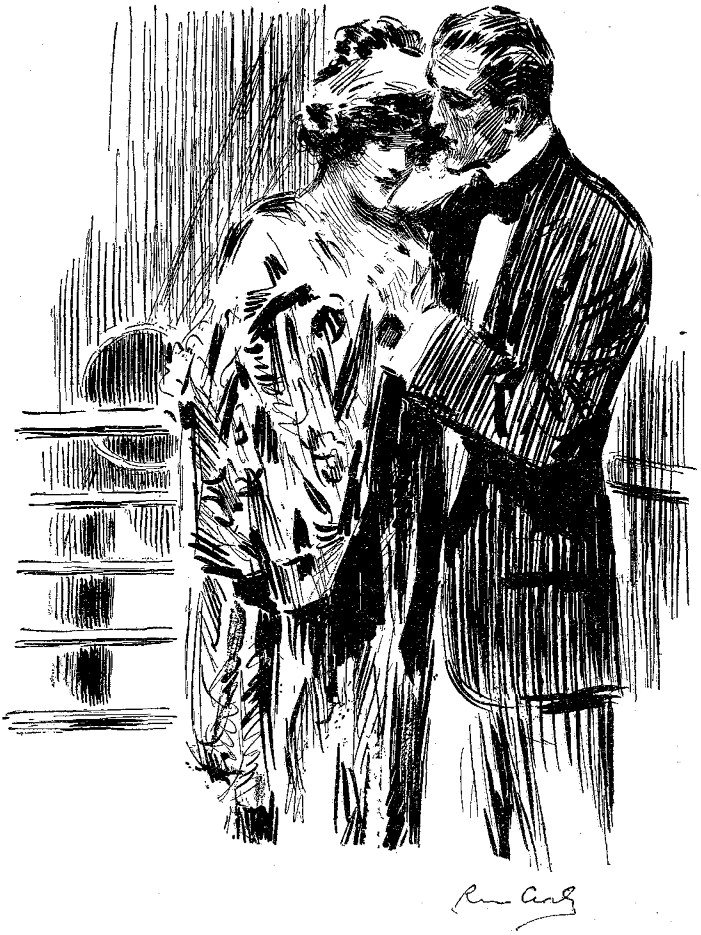
"Don't you see," said he, "that so long as you felt that way there *wasn't* any reason why."

She puckered her brows over this.

"And, anyway,"— he was looking away and smiling, as if he could see ahead down a long vista of years, of not unpleasing years,— "this is a phase. I think probably the other is the real you." He laughed softly at the thought. "I'm afraid so."

"Oh," she cried, "*do* you think so!"

He nodded. "You see, you've just stopped being a girl. And, of course, it is a disturbing experience. But, on the other hand, you haven't yet begun to be a woman." And he added, musing: "I think you will be a very fine woman."



"'DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE *AU DELA?*'"

She lay back and let her eyelids droop. Strange new thoughts were floating through her mind, thoughts of the sadness and suffering and turbulence of the world of which she had had so many glimpses, and of the miracle of a strong, gentle man to stand by her side and share her life. Then she felt his hands close suddenly down on her forearm and wrist.

She waited.

"Edith," he said, very low, "may I — I don't want you to think — Edith, I want to kiss you."

The color came slowly into her white face. For the moment she could not take her eyes from his. Her lips parted in a shy, breathless smile. Then she glanced swiftly about the deserted deck.

"We must send a wireless to Aunt," said Miss Austin. "And I've simply got to tell Miss Parker. Somehow, that is the hardest of all. I don't know how to begin with her."

It was another evening, just after dinner. They were forward under the bridge together.

"I'm going to get it over with," she said decisively. "I can't let her go on thinking dreadful things of me. And while I'm doing that you can send the message to Aunt."

Saying which, she gave his arm a squeeze and danced off with the lightness of a child.

He stood there, looking after her. Once she turned and flashed an intimate, radiant look back at him, and gave him a sly little wave of her hand.

Still he stood there. He was thinking of the wonderful resiliency of youth, and of what it was going to mean to have this inspiring quality brought into his life. He was thinking that this glorious girl had actually thought herself unworthy of him. And she had not been sure she loved him; yet, in her greatest need, when the strange mysteries of life had brought her to perplexity, it was to him that she had turned — it was to his life-scarred hand that she had clung!

Thinking of these things, he leaned against the rail and looked out at that tiny light on the horizon (that meant Singapore in the morning) with a prayer in his heart.

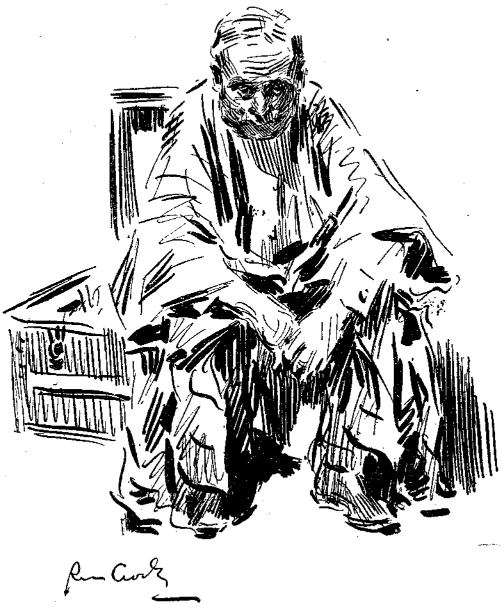
He didn't hear her return. The first intimation he had that she was again by his side was a slender arm sliding through his own and a firm, boy-like body brushing against his.

"It was dreadful," she said; then paused for a breathless little giggle. "She made it frightfully hard for me to tell her. You see, she didn't dream that I wasn't in a terrible affair with Mr. Bazak. She was speechless. And then, when she came to, she was so anxious to tell her poor, deaf old mother that she never congratulated me or anything, but just began shouting it into that hose-thing. You could hear it for *miles*." She giggled again. "I ran."

"Come on," he said; "we'll go up together and send that message. I haven't done it yet."

"Why, what on earth have you been doing here alone all this time? I know." She pressed his arm. "You've been thinking about the cutch market."

"Not exactly," said he shortly.



They went up to the wireless office and sent their message; then came out on the dim boat-deck and stood for a time, hand in hand, looking up at the Southern Cross.

"Do you believe in the *au dela?*" said she, after a little.

"I don't know what it is."

"I wonder if anybody does," she mused.

He pursed his lips. "I believe in work," said he.

"That's it," said she earnestly — "work! Come to think of it, that's the one thing I haven't tried." She glanced up rather timidly at his profile. She liked that profile. "But I'm going to try it. You — you'll have to be very, very patient with me — at first —— "

Then he kissed her.

It was later on this very night that the message — flying by wireless to Singapore and by cable through Hongkong, Shanghai, and Nagasaki — got itself written down on a square of paper and delivered by the hand of a Japanese carrier to Mrs. Wilberly, in the Grand Hôtel at Yokohama.

It was Mrs. Wilberly who answered the knock at the door; for Mr. Wilberly, his fat person incased in a kimono, was standing over his steamer-trunk, expressing certain rather explosive feelings with some vehemence. He had just discovered that all his ship clothing, excepting one pair of flannel trousers, had been packed in the big trunk, and that the big trunk had already been carried out to the ship and, doubtless, stored deep in the hold.

"Well, what is it?" said he now, as she tore open the envelop.

She did not reply. Instead, she sank down on the nearest chair and looked at him with a blank face.

"Well?" said he. "Well? Well?"

Mrs. Wilberly swallowed. "Frank," she got out, "Edith marries Henry Carpenter to-morrow at Singapore!"

Mr. Wilberly sat right down on the sharp side of the steamer-trunk. For a moment his face worked.

"Thank God!" he said.

The End of the Miss Austin Stories

THE STRANGE CAREER OF MISS GORDON

The Zibelline Coat

BY

EDITH MACVANE

EDITH MACVANE is the newest member of the McCLURE group of writers. She has a gift for pure story-telling—for the swiftly moving, compactly knit narrative of romantic adventure—that is rarely found in a man, almost never in a woman. In this number she begins the story of Fanny Gordon, an American girl who found herself in a strange situation in that most mysterious of all cities, Paris.

OUT of the elegant Parisian crowd swarming through the hall of the Ritz at the hour of déjeuner, two men suddenly detached themselves to Fanny Gordon's eye. One, a very sallow and cynical-eyed young man, was conspicuous for his red fez and much befrogged uniform. The other, whose blue eyes glittered with an evident excitement, wore a fur-lined coat of noticeable richness. As the two passed by Fanny on their way to the *vestiaire*, the Turkish officer tossed a newspaper into the hand of his Parisian companion.

"There, monsieur," he cried gaily, "do me the favor to read the correspondence from Constantinople, and I think you will be convinced!"

"After déjeuner, Pasha!" begged the Frenchman, with a little deprecating smile, as he stuffed the newspaper into the pocket of his fur-lined coat.

The next moment they had both left their outer garments in the cloak-room, pocketed the checks, and mingled with the drifting crowd that with one accord were moving toward the hotel's restaurant.

Though hungry with the unspoiled appetite of twenty-four years, Fanny dared not follow them. That very morning, after a brief but violent scene, she had separated from Mrs. de Morgan, the young widow who had brought her, a fatherless girl, to Europe. The sources of her beautiful chaperon's facile wealth, the part which the young girl herself was perhaps to play in the proposed motor trip to Monte Carlo—Fanny shivered yet as she thought of the perils that her sharp eyes and quick logic had enabled her to discover in time. As a result, however, the sumptuous touring-car with its merry crew had departed for Mediterranean shores without her. And here stood Fanny Gordon alone in Paris, pink-cheeked and pretty in her blue Paquin suit and dashing furs of black fox, with thirty-five francs in her purse and not a soul in the world to whom she could cable for the price of a ticket home. As she faced this grim fact and its meaning, she turned suddenly sick, like an airman whose machine snaps beneath him in mid-flight.

Suddenly, and for the second time, her eye was attracted by a passing stranger—this time, however, with a warm and inexplicable thrill.

"There goes a man I'd like to know!"

As Fanny by chance had placed herself near the cloak-room, the newcomer perforce passed close by her. As he gave his silk hat and fur-lined coat to the attendant, his eyes met Fanny's for an instant. She noticed the bright blue of the irides, the haughty curve of the Roman nose between them; then, with a little thrill of girlish vexation, their utter and complete obliviousness to her own charming presence. Enraged at her momentary weakness, she turned her back; and when next she glanced toward the cloak-room, the stranger was gone.

Suddenly there came to her mind the thought of her own fur-lined motor-coat, a present from Mrs. de Morgan, which had been left here in the cloak-room at tea-time the day before. She opened her purse. Yes, the check was still there. Should she claim the coat, drive with it to the mont de piété, and see if by pawning it she could obtain the price of a few days' board at some cheap pension?

With this thought in her mind, she turned toward the cloak-room. At that moment the young man with the Roman nose strolled past her once more, carrying a cocktail glass in his hand. With an air of supreme indifference, his clear blue eyes glanced about him as if he had come back from the restaurant to look for some one and that some one were not worth the seeking.

At the entrance of the cloak-room he suddenly stumbled, and the cocktail glass fell crashing to the floor. The attendant sprang forward to mend the damage. Quick as thought, the stranger stepped up to his overcoat, removed the check pinned upon it, and fastened it to the zibelline-lined coat worn by the gentleman who had entered with the Turk. The numbered slip belonging to this last he replaced upon the sleeve of his own garment, took a silk handkerchief from the pocket, blew his nose loudly, tossed a franc to the kneeling attendant, and strolled back toward the restaurant. The whole business had been performed with such assurance and with so admirable a sleight-of-hand that for an instant Fanny hardly realized the significance of what she had seen.

She thrilled with a sudden odd emotion. "He is stealing that fur coat! Why? His own is just as handsome!"

In the midst of her own enforced idleness, curiosity suddenly flamed high. She mused with intensity: "Why does he want that other man's coat? Why?"

Suddenly, with an odd little shock, she realized that if she chose to gratify her curiosity she need be afraid of no risks, because her situation could not possibly be worse than it was at present. Hers was the immunity of the desperate. And, besides, the reward — the cash reward to be gained by returning the coat to the rightful owner! Quick as a flash, she jumped to her feet and strolled to the door of the coat-room, now empty of all but its attendant.

"That's a game two can play at!" she said to herself excitedly.

A glance sufficed to identify her own brown motor-coat, hanging on its peg where it had been placed the night before. With a swift impulse, she raised her hand to her neck. She stumbled. The next moment a dainty pendant of turquoise and diamonds, the sole heirloom in her possession, flew out and lodged behind the steam radiator by the wall. Fanny uttered a muffled scream.

"Oh, please!" she begged the attendant. "My *pendentif!* It's gone behind the radiator."

The obliging garçon, warmed by the remembrance of Mrs. de Morgan's lavish tips, went down on his stomach and poked through the pipes with the point of a long pencil. Quick as winking, Fanny detached the green numbered tag from her own motor-coat, pinned it to the sleeve of the zibelline overcoat whose number had already once been changed, attached the latter number to her own coat, and turned to thank the purple-faced and dusty attendant, who scrambled to his feet with her pendant in his hand.

With careless generosity she put a five-franc piece in his hand and presented him with the numbered check which she drew from her silver bag. "My coat, please!"

Her heart beat quickly and painfully. She felt herself launched in mid-adventure. The next moment the garçon had placed on her arm the coat that bore her number, and whose luxurious zibelline lining cuddled with the warmth of a kitten against her side.

She turned toward the lift. Then, down the length of the arched corridor that led to the dining-room, she caught a glimpse of the young man with the Roman nose, whom it was now her chief purpose to avoid. No; her room would be the worst possible place. Who could tell how soon she would be interrupted and the mistaken check rectified? Following the reckless impulse of adventure that had seized her, the excited girl dashed to the door of the hotel and out into the frosty March air.

"Call me a taxi quickly!" she said imperiously to the uniformed attendant at the door.

The next instant she was installed in a throbbing red motor. "Drive me to the Bois!" she said. "And, chauffeur, listen! I have been much annoyed by a man that is following me. If he attempts to follow the automobile, you are not to let him catch us. There will be a good *pourboire* at the end. Do you understand?"

The chauffeur nodded, and the machine started violently ahead across the Place Vendôme and whirled out into the Rue Boétie. Hurriedly Fanny turned the zibelline coat between her hands. If she could find a clue to the owner's name and address, she might order the chauffeur to drive directly there, and avoid the scene that would be inevitable at the hotel.

There were pockets inside and out. A pair of fur motor gloves and goggles, a white silk handkerchief with the embroidered initial B, a last night's theater program, a bottle of violet perfume in a dainty satin case, tied up as for a present to a lady — these were all she found, except the copy of the *Matin* still sticking from the outer pocket. With a sudden thought, she opened the paper and searched its columns.

Marked passages there were none, but a letter whirled to her feet. She snatched it. Her finger touched the wax that sealed it; but on the other side, to her intense disappointment, her eye beheld no address whatever. So far as its outside went, the envelop in her hand was entirely blank.

Should she break the seal? Should she return to the Ritz and seek the Turk and his companion? At that moment a siren screamed almost in her ears. Turning, she saw a large black car coming, and through its crystal screen beheld the bright blue eyes of the Roman-nosed young man streaming straight into hers.

Her heart leaped. But her chauffeur, noting the pursuer, had crossed the Étoile into the Avenue du Bois at full speed. At this hour of déjeuner the Bois de Boulogne was almost empty, and the two machines thundered along at racing speed. Fanny's first thought was to take the letter which instinct warned her was the moving power of the whole affair, and secrete it closely inside the front of her blouse. Her second was to turn the fur coat inside out and slip it on. The superb zibelline lining, thus exposed to the air, had every appearance of a lady's winter coat. Then, leaning back in her corner, she enjoyed the chase.

But her triumph was brief. The taxi-cab with the advantage which pursued must have over pursuer, held its own with the beautiful high-speeded machine behind it. But suddenly the chauffeur of the stranger, leaning across his master, bellowed to Fanny's driver in an argot whose syllables her keen ears could catch but could not translate. Its import, however, she was forced to understand a few moments later, when her taxi, whirling for the third time about the lake, skidded, trembled, and came to a full stop.

Swallowing her sudden terror, she drew the fur coat about her and gazed out over the gray waters of the little lake. A voice, deep but of singularly agreeable quality, struck on her ear:

"Madame! I make you all my excuses, but I think that by mistake you took my driving coat, just now, at the Ritz."

With an air of languid surprise, Fanny turned. The face that she met struck her anew by its haughty and regular lineaments, which just now were bent on her with some severity, as on a naughty child. She answered briefly:

"Monsieur, it is you that are mistaken. I did not take your coat."

"But, madame," cried the stranger excitedly, "I beg your pardon, but that is my coat you are wearing at this instant! And, as you see, I have none."

In fact, he stood straight and supple in his dark gray suit, unsheltered from the keen March wind. But Fanny was obdurate. She even smiled slightly.

"Monsieur," she answered courteously, "it is always possible — the boy at the Ritz may have given me the wrong coat. If this is yours, describe to me the contents of the pockets and you shall have it immediately."

"Certainly," he replied promptly, "a pair of gloves. A handkerchief ——"

"What initial?" interrupted Fanny.

"B!" he replied, and his eyes defied hers. Then he added quickly:

"A newspaper. A — a paper ——"

"But these articles you enumerate, monsieur," returned Fanny smoothly, "are such as are commonly found in overcoat pockets. And as for the initial, of course. But this paper you speak of, we have there something more precise. Describe it, please!"

He swallowed his obviously growing rage. "A — a letter!"

She nodded. "Yes — directed to whom?"

"Mademoiselle — my concierge handed it to me as I left my house this morning, and — *ma foi!* I had not yet had time even to glance at it!"

"But, monsieur, it must have been directed to you, or your concierge would not have handed it to you!"

In the handsome face before her the lines of pride wavered and broke. The blue eyes, crinkling up into sudden disarming laughter, seemed for the first time to take cognizance of the girlish beauty before them. He glanced sideways to make sure that the drivers were out of hearing of them.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Sherlock Holmes! I own you have the better of me there. I throw myself on your mercy. I confess, the coat is not mine — any more than it is yours!"

Fanny bridled. "But *I* am taking it back to its owner, monsieur!" she retorted briefly.

The stranger's eyes surveyed her with sudden gravity. He stepped toward her.

"Mademoiselle, time presses. Every moment is of value. That coat, as you see, has two sides — broadcloth and fur. It has also two sides that you do not see: danger and riches. Take it back to Bazin, as you say, and you walk into the jaws of the first. Listen to me and — mademoiselle, mademoiselle, won't you trust me?"

"So Bazin is the name of the coat's owner, is it?" she said slowly, as fragments of gossip heard in Mrs. de Morgan's salon drifted back to her memory. "Bazin, the great financier?"

Excitement at the possibilities awakened by this famous name ran and quivered in her voice. The stranger glared at her.

"Ah, the magic of a name! And yet, mademoiselle, perhaps my name also may have its magic. But, if I present myself, what right have I to expect your belief? The one recommendation I have to you is that you have seen me steal! And yet, it is vitally important that you should trust me." He glanced about impatiently at the lonely trees. "If we were in the city, anybody could tell you who I am." He raised his voice to address his chauffeur. "Barbe, which is the nearest of the Bois' restaurants?"

"Monsieur, I should say—Amenonville."

"Then drive us there. Mademoiselle, will you do me the honor to accompany me?"

Fanny hesitated and her color rose.

The stranger laughed. "Mademoiselle, please observe that if I were a man capable of violence I might long ago have used it in this solitary spot. On my word of honor as a gentleman, you can trust me! Do me the favor to step into my auto, and we will go to Amenonville."

II

In spite of the intensity of his voice, its accents invited confidence. She stepped into the tonneau, while the stranger paid her taximeter and flung himself into his place beside the chauffeur. Precisely sixty seconds later he had helped her from the car and was conducting her into the palm-lined hall of the Bois' smartest restaurant. At the desk sat a stout, arrogant man arranging gold coins in symmetrical piles. Fanny's escort strode toward him.

"Monsieur, a favor! Will you kindly tell this young lady who I am? It is a bet."

The stout man slid from his seat, knocking his golden piles into unheeded confusion. Arrogance became supple humility as, bringing his heels together, he bowed and murmured:

"Monsieur le Vicomte! Too much honor! But who is there in Paris that does not know Monsieur le Vicomte Raoul de Chatellerault?"

Fanny started. The Vicomte de Chatellerault was one of the two most celebrated young men in Paris, its most famous duelist, its most dashing horseman, its most exquisite art connoisseur; the brother of the beautiful Duchesse d' Ubzac, gleams of whose aristocratic splendor had penetrated even the tawdry Bohemian circle into which Fanny's late chaperon had presented her.

"And now, if Monsieur le Vicomte will conduct Madame to the dining-room, I will engage to find him a table——"

Fanny hesitated, but her healthy young appetite betrayed her. The next moment she was seating herself at a little flower-trimmed table in an angle of the crowded restaurant. With a courteous gesture, her escort lifted the fur coat from her shoulders, and she saw his hands run like water from one pocket to another. Then he plucked out the copy of the *Matin* and glanced with furious haste through its columns. His brow contracted—the paper rattled in his hand.

"There was something else!" he declared fiercely. "An inclosure—a letter——"

"If there was a letter," returned Fanny sweetly, as she applied herself to the *hors d'oeuvres*, "I can assure you, it was not directed to the Vicomte de Chatellerault!"

Her host shot her a quick, savage glance. Then he plucked at his watch. "Half past twelve!" he said hurriedly. "At half past one Bazin will be back in the *vestiaire* looking for his coat—certainly no sooner, as he is one of the most celebrated gourmets in Paris and had ordered a famous déjeuner for himself and the Pasha. But at half past one—Mademoiselle, the case is one of life and death, or near it. Instead of being my enemy, can I induce you to act as my ally?"

In his handsome face was all the charm of pride when it unbends to plead. Impulse, which had set Fanny to balking his schemes, now urged her to go over to his side. The waiter placed a plate of soup before her. She hesitated.

"Mademoiselle," said the Vicomte, in measured tones, "there is a reward of a hundred thousand francs to be earned before nightfall. Do you wish a share in it?"

Fanny started. A hundred thousand francs! She nodded, her dark eyes glowing. Her host surveyed her keenly.

"*I* had meant," he said, "to act alone. But fate has interfered. Without you I can do nothing. But with your help—if I may judge from the wit and audacity you have displayed—I can do that which I might not accomplish alone. And, in any case, I have no choice but to ask your aid. Will you give me your word of honor to serve me loyally? I need not say I give the same pledge to you. I only add, the adventure is one that may involve some risk of life."

At the intense earnestness of his tone a little shiver ran down Fanny's spine. Risk of life! But, after all, what was her life? And, left alone, where were her means to preserve it?

"Yes," she answered.

Like gimlets of light, her host's bright eyes bored into her soul. "Your name, mademoiselle?"

She told him. He drew a long breath and touched her hand across the table in token of their alliance. "Mademoiselle, in trusting you with this secret I am trusting you with my life. But you have eaten of my salt, and your eyes are not eyes that could betray. Listen! This winter I have had heavy losses on the Bourse. And, so, like many others of my *monde*, I occasionally act in the employment of the Secret Service. At this moment" — he lowered his voice and spoke with intense rapidity — "I serve Bulgaria, who wants me to procure for her a copy of the new secret treaty between Vienna and Constantinople. In this treaty, we have reason to believe, Austria agrees to supply Turkey with munitions of war, for the war she is now waging against the Balkan Allies. Turkey, on her side, grants Austria an exclusive concession for the new Teheran railway. If Bazin gets a sight of that treaty he may make millions by buying up all the land on the right of way, as well as subscribing to the capital stock. It is his last chance — I happen to know that if he does not succeed in pulling off this *coup* he is a ruined man. A desperate man, and dangerous! So, with all the money he can raise, he has bribed Irman Pasha to obtain him a sight of the treaty.

"This very morning the treaty was signed and sealed by the high contracting parties, the special envoys of Vienna and of Constantinople. And, according to secret information received at headquarters, the Turkish envoy drives directly after to the Ministry of War, where from two o'clock to five he is to be closeted with members of the French Cabinet. As for the treaty, he leaves it behind in his rooms at the Turkish embassy, under the care of his beloved nephew, Irman Pasha — while Irman profits by his absence by arranging with Bazin that in these three hours, Bazin shall slip into the embassy and with his own eyes read the treaty. And that newspaper that Irman tossed to Bazin, I have every reason to believe, holds the pass-words and the keys."

Fanny glanced at him shrewdly. "And, if you obtain them, you can enter the Envoy's apartments instead of Bazin?"

He nodded excitedly. "And obtain the information for the Balkan Allies! So that they can know when and where to seize the Austrian importations of munitions of war into Turkey. In return for this intelligence, the government at Sofia will pay me a hundred thousand francs."

Suddenly, as the waiter stooped to place a blazing chafing-dish of oysters on the table, the Vicomte snatched again at his watch.

"Ten minutes gone! Mademoiselle, decide quickly, or *tonnerre de Dieu!* I have betrayed my own secret uselessly, and neither of us shall touch a centime of the hundred thousand francs!"

For answer, Fanny drew the envelop from her bosom and handed it to him. He opened it and eagerly drew out the sheet from within. Then his jaw fell and his face withered as at the moment of death. An instant later, regaining his self-control, he passed the sheet back to her. A little bunch of keys dropped clinking on the table, but the paper itself was blank.

"Euchred!" said the Vicomte bitterly. "Here are the keys, but the directions for entering — of course, the Pasha gives them to Bazin by word of mouth. Why should he run the risk of writing them down, when they eat déjeuner together?"

Suddenly Fanny uttered a little incoherent noise. The paper in her hand, on its upper corner, was suddenly covered with characters of pale brown.

"Why, it's not blank!" she puzzled. "*Dire au concierge deuxième étage.*" She glanced up excitedly. "I have it! The flame of the chafing-dish! It's written in sympathetic ink!"

With a courteous "Pardon, mademoiselle," the Vicomte took the sheet of paper from her hand, held it cautiously to the blazing alcohol flame, and studied its contents. When he glanced up again, his face was flushed a light red and his eyes shone.

"You are right," he said. "Here are the full directions for entering the envoy's apartment and finding the document. Every moment is precious. Come! Come!"

Fanny's excitement matched his, but it was born of a new thought. "Not yet!" she said breathlessly, as she turned to the approaching waiter. "Garçon, quickly! Bring me writing materials — plain paper. And, garçon, bring me a sliced lemon!"

"Mademoiselle, you are mad!"

"Vicomte, one moment. It is not yet two o'clock, and we must make our preparations while we have the means!"

With a determined gesture, Fanny's host called for the *addition* and for his fur motor coat. In the instant of waiting, the obedient garçon had filled Fanny's order.

"Lemon — for the oysters, madam?"

"Yes — put it down."

Hastily she squeezed the lemon into the bottom of an empty glass, dipped her pen into the juice, and wrote. Then from her watch chain she detached a couple of small trunk-keys, slipped them into the envelop with her letter, sealed the flap, and rose to her feet.

"That copy of the *Matin?* Here it is under the table."

"Mademoiselle, haste, haste! Are you mad?"

With an impatient step, the Vicomte strode from the restaurant and out to the waiting automobile. Fanny, folding her newly written letter into the crumpled copy of the *Matin*, followed him.

"Chauffeur, to No. 301 Rue Faubourg Saint Honoré!"

Fanny jumped into the automobile. "No. Chauffeur, to the Ritz!" Then, turning to her frowning companion, she smiled with girlish sweetness into his face.

"Don't you see, Vicomte? If Bazin is really such a dangerous man, then we must dispose of him before you go to risk your life at the Turkish embassy! See this letter I have prepared for him, which looks just like that of the Pasha, except that, when Bazin holds it to the blaze, he will read: 'Come to Stamboul!' There, I've folded it inside the *Matin*. Let me put it into the pocket of the zibelline coat, just as it was before. And here are the other articles — his gloves, his bottle of violet perfume ——"

In spite of his preoccupation, the Vicomte uttered a short laugh. "Easy to guess who *that* is for! the fair Violette d' Amour, of the Folies Frivoles ——"

"I've heard her sing!" cried Fanny triumphantly. "So she is a friend of Bazin's!"

"Hm — if spending a half million francs a year on her can assure her friendship. Though they say of late she has been smiling on Irman Pasha as well. But I beg your pardon, mademoiselle, for speaking of such *canaille* in your presence," added de Chatellerault, with a look of respect. "So it is your scheme to carry the coat back and leave it for Bazin at the Ritz?"

The flying auto cleared the Arc de Triomphe and sped on its return way down the Champs Élysées. Fanny bit her lip.

"Yes — no!" she hesitated. "Do you not see, monsieur, the thing for us to do is to keep Bazin in play while you go to the embassy and copy the treaty? If I could put on the coat and keep him following me. But it's not a woman's coat."

She paused a moment, then the clear color blazed up suddenly into her round, pretty face. She turned to him excitedly. "Monsieur, I have it! You must put on the zibelline coat and trail Bazin, and I will go to the embassy!"

"What!" The young man stared at her astounded. "Your idea of the false letter is superb. I take off my hat to you. But to allow you to steal into the Turkish embassy — which, as you know, is not even French soil nor responsible to its laws — no! For a man, it means to take his life in his hands. But for a child, a beautiful child like you!"

Fanny gave him a look of compassion. "A child that has cut her wisdom teeth, as you may observe, Vicomte! But quick, we must decide. If you do your part well, what danger can there be for me? Go back to the Ritz now, wearing the coat. Saunter in the foyer, where Bazin can see you. At the very moment when he discovers the exchange, jump into your automobile! Then trail him over Paris, keeping always in public places where you will be protected by the crowd. All you have to do is to hold him, hold him on your track till half past four — yes, that should give me ample time. Then go back to the Ritz, leave the coat in the *vestiaire*."

"With the false letter in the pocket!"

"Precisely. At that hour he may obey it and take the train for Constantinople, or come to the embassy if he chooses. In any case, I shall be gone."

The young Frenchman surveyed her with open admiration.

"Here are the letter and keys. Here is a revolver. It is lucky that I have two, for I am likely to need one myself in my little game of tag with Bazin! Listen; take writing materials with you. Do not carry off the treaty, or leave any signs that it has been disturbed. That would ruin everything. Copy it. You write quickly?"

Fanny nodded. "And when it is copied?"

"Take it back to the Ritz with you. This evening, if I am still alive, I will call for it, Mademoiselle Gordon, there at your hotel."

She nodded. "I shall expect you. But, monsieur, I must not go back with you now! Here we are in the Rue Royale. Stop the auto — let me get into a taximeter."

He obeyed her. She turned toward him quickly. "Monsieur, I left all my money at the hotel. If you will kindly lend me a trifle for my taxi ——"

Hastily he pushed a hundred-franc note into her hand. She saw that he was very pale, but his only words were: "Au revoir!"

In the crowded Rue Royale, Fanny was left alone. "It's sink or swim for me now!" she said, and set her teeth.

III

At the millinery counter of the Galeries Lafayette stood Fanny Gordon, trying on hats. One especially dashing affair, crowned in violets and with a sweeping *pleureuse* at the side, took her eye. She remembered the description she had heard of Bazin's fair friend, and smiled.

"So I'm Violet, too!" she said to herself whimsically. Then aloud: "*Combien, mademoiselle?*"

"Seventy-five francs, madame."

"I will wear it. And — here; kindly send the black velvet hat I was wearing to this address."

The address she gave, was naturally, a wrong one. For her object in changing headgear was to effect, as far as possible, a disguise.

Having already dismissed the taxi in which she had driven to the Galeries, she took her seat in a new one.

"Rue Faubourg Saint Honoré — number 301," she said resolutely, and fell to studying the letter that was to be her guide.

At the door of a large and beautiful mansion of gray stone, remarkable for the fact that all its shutters were tight closed, her taxi stopped.

"No, chauffeur; the side door, around the corner!"

At the side door she was received by the concierge, a stout Frenchman with a sleepy eye.

"From the modiste in the Rue de la Paix, for madame!" she said, using the phrase indicated in the letter as the "open sesame" of the outer door. There was an instant of horrid suspense, while the man's lazy eyes fastened themselves on her thick white lace veil.

"So you forgot something, mademoiselle!" he said sleepily. Fanny's heart had a cramp. Had she really bungled the pass-word? In spite of his criticism, however, the concierge seemed to find her countersign sufficient, went back to his arm-chair, and relapsed into his somnolent calm.

Fanny entered the embassy.

From this side door an ancient staircase of bare gray stone wound upward. Complete silence reigned. An odor of garlic and of coffee penetrated to her nostrils as she sped up the stairs. At the first landing she beheld a negro servant in a yellow and black livery, standing motionless as a statue. Those fantastic words that had started from the page before the flame of the chafing-dish — was it possible he could recognize them? She murmured a jargon of Eastern syllables that she had learned by rote, and he bowed submissively.

Onward upstairs she flew, and down a long corridor. The first door at the right — here it was! And at the door sat another negro, huge and misshapen like a eunuch of the Arabian Nights, whose white turban made a gleaming spot in the semi-darkness.

For the first time Fanny realized the wild nature of the adventure into which she had so thoughtlessly plunged. Raoul's words came back to her: "Remember, in the embassy you are no longer on French soil, nor protected by its laws!" For a moment her voice almost quavered from her control as she uttered the magic phrase that was to open the door of the envoy's cabinet to her:

"There is but one God, and Allah is his prophet!"

The next moment she almost swooned in relief and joy. The negro, rising to his feet with a low bow, opened wide the door and ushered her in. Then the door closed behind her and she was left alone.

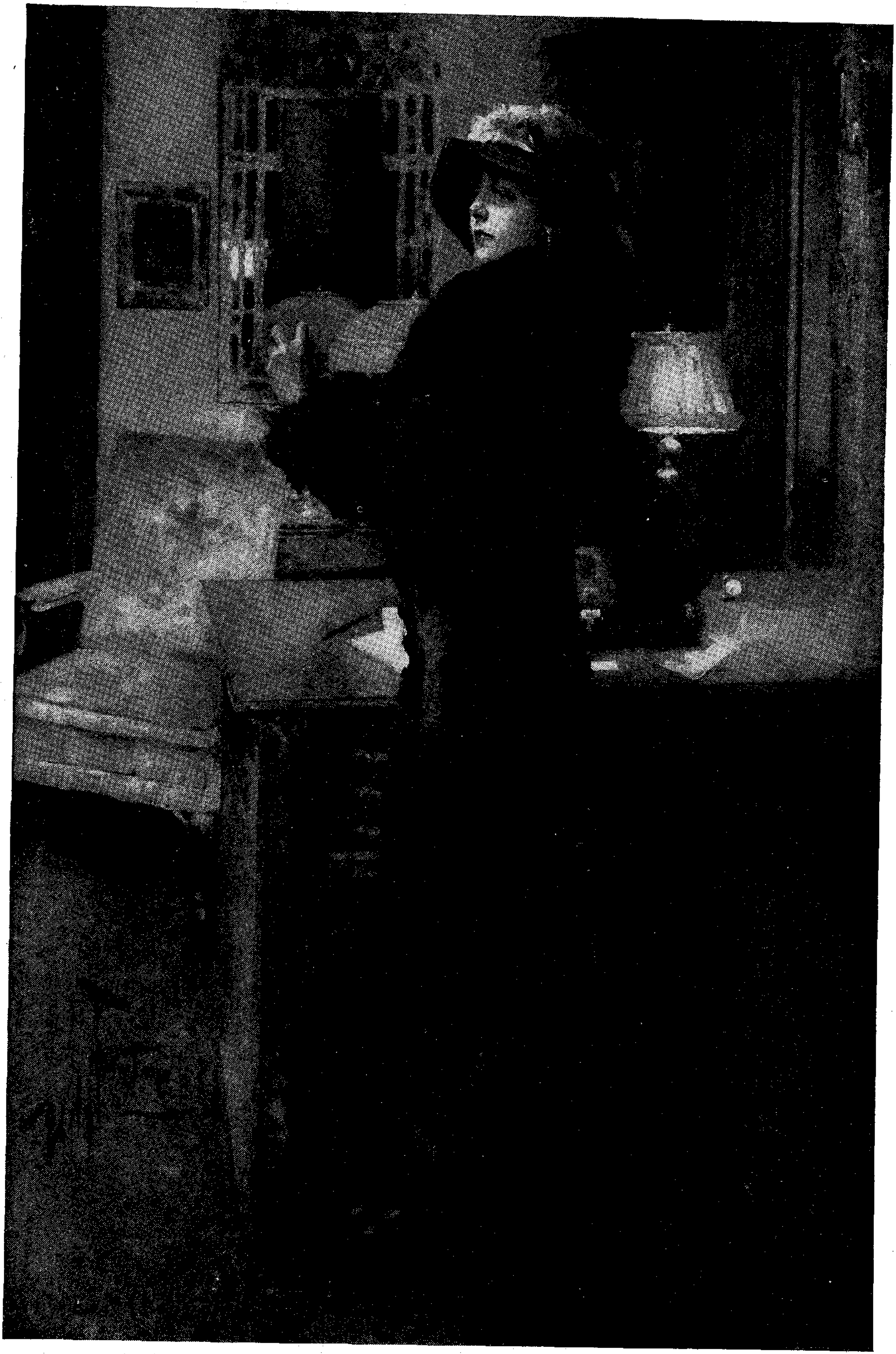
She cast a swift eye about her. Had she traveled two pairs of stairs, or two thousand miles? For the vast room was the Orient complete.

Red silk curtains shut out the daylight. A divan, covered with embroidered cushions, ran around the wall. Rugs of an unimaginable depth and richness covered the floor. In the middle a tiny fountain played. The air was heavy with myrrh and attar of roses, and spicy cigarettes recently smoked. The only touches that might recall the Western world without were a heap of smart luggage by the door, a splendid fire of logs, and a large carved writing-table of dark wood.

Dominating the overpowering impression made by her surroundings, Fanny tiptoed toward the table. For an instant she smiled in sudden relief as through the mysterious Oriental twilight there came to her straining ears a little homely sound: "Tick-tick — tick-tick." She turned the switch of the desk-lamp and glanced at the traveling-clock beside it. To her amazement, it marked half past seven. Another passing spasm of fear shook her until she saw that it had stopped. She snatched at her watch. Only three o'clock. Her time was ample, and everything was going splendidly.

One, two, three, four! The fourth drawer from the top on the left-hand side. The little key, inserted by her trembling hand, slid and skated on the polished brass plate before she pushed it home and turned it. The next instant the drawer flew open, and under her eyes lay a sight that made her forget the present terror that dogged her footsteps, the tragic uncertainty that lurked for her in the great Paris without. For there lay a black seal attaché case, whose polished padlock caught the light.

A hundred thousand francs! Fanny's hands shook as she arranged on the table the writing materials which, according to the Vicomte's instructions, she had bought at the Galeries and brought with her in her bag. Her ears strained themselves. She swallowed hard, laid down her sharpened pencil on the table, and inserted the second key in the padlock of the attaché case. Her terrors vanished; her eyes blazed as she saw that it contained a single paper — a long slim, oblong of pale blue, folded once and secured with a rubber band.



"A SPASM OF FEAR SHOOK HER UNTIL SHE SAW THAT THE CLOCK HAD STOPPED. SHE SNATCHED AT HER WATCH. ONLY THREE O'CLOCK HER TIME WAS AMPLE"

Her breath stopped as she crouched to pick it up. The next moment her face went white and her jaw dropped. The crackling sheets, as her hands passed over them, were completely blank. An odor of violets, oddly fresh and Occidental among the blend of Eastern perfumes, rose to her nostrils. But that was all.

Then her chest heaved in a little laugh that was a gasp of relief. Aha! Their tricks had not fooled her the first time, with the blank letter from Bazin's pocket up there at Amenonville! Was that a step? Her breath stopped, her ears strained.

No, the silence was unbroken. With the new-found document in her hand, she ran over to the hearth and held out the blue sheets of papers to the heat of the blazing logs.

She waited. Then she saw that, instead of transforming themselves into pages of manuscript under the action of the heat as the letter had done, they remained blank. She held them slanting to the light. Not a scratch, not the faintest marring of the paper was visible.

Slowly the dreadful truth penetrated her brain. Either Bazin had been there before her, or Irman Pasha had made a mistake and the treaty had never been placed there at all.

The tears started to her eyes. Desperately she rummaged the drawer, ran her hands about the lining of the attaché case. Nothing! Then, in fierce haste, she tried her key on the other drawers of the writing-table. One by one, they refused to yield to her touch. It was clear, the key in the Pasha's letter was adapted only to the drawer that she had already opened. And in that drawer what she sought was not.

With unsteady hands, she replaced the blank sheets of paper, locked the attaché case, locked the table drawer. The dark red curtains seemed to wave. For the first time fear seized her, together with a sickening sense of her own utter failure. Panic-stricken, empty-handed, she turned and fled from the room.

The tall negro rose to let her pass. Down the stairs she sped. The March wind was cold on her tear-filled eyes as she emerged on the sidewalk and gave the command to her waiting driver:

"To the Ritz."

IV

AT nine o'clock that evening, when Fanny had barely finished her frugal supper, a card was brought in to her:

"*Raoul de Chatellerault de Beaumont*" — with the Vicomte's crown above.

"Show him upstairs."

A few moments later the *valet de pied* knocked on the door of her salon, and the Vicomte de Chatellerault, with the most *dégagé* air in the world, entered the room.

He bowed. The door was shut. Fanny, her finger at her lips, tiptoed toward it, glanced up and down the corridor, then returned to her visitor. Suddenly from his smooth forehead the veins started out like snakes. He came toward her.

"You went to the embassy? You found *it* there?"

Fanny Gordon bent her pretty head low.

"No, Vicomte, the treaty was not there."

"God!" The exclamation was wrenched from the young man's lips like a groan. His face withered, his hand shot out behind him to clutch the air by which he stood. Then he murmured bitterly:

"I ought to have gone myself."

Fanny, who had opened her lips to speak, shut them with a snap at this reflection on her powers. Then she inquired shortly:

"What do you think you would have done?"

The Vicomte, regaining his self-control, surveyed her with reproachable superiority.

"Instead of wasting our time in useless discussion, mademoiselle, suppose we hear what was actually done — or not done!"

With dry brevity she recounted her adventure of the afternoon.

"And so, mademoiselle," cried de Chatellerault bitterly, "while I was trailing Bazin up and down Paris, risking my life every instant, you simply returned here to the Ritz?"

Fanny shot him a look out of her bright eyes. "Almost. But, you see, I was stopped!"

"Ah!" Her listener started violently. "The hounds! then they dared —— "

"No, Vicomte, it was none of Bazin's crowd that stopped me. It was — yes, it was a pretty lady in a pale purple gown, holding a glass of champagne in her hand!"

In the haughty blue eyes bent upon her, reproach was changed to pitying contempt. "Mademoiselle, I will now leave you. I recommend you to go at once to bed —— "

"No, Vicomte, my brain is not giving way. One moment, please! Have you not seen it on the street, the poster of the new *revue* — 'Embrasse-Moi Vite!' "

"Ah!" This time the Vicomte's tone was anything but contemptuous. Laying down his hat and stick again, he came toward Fanny with a new interest in his eyes.

"At the Folies Frivoles! — Violette d' Amour!"

Fanny nodded. "I recognized the name as soon as I saw it — you had said, Bazin's lady-love!"

"Yes!" returned her listener excitedly. "And, mademoiselle — then?"

"Then there came into my head, like a flash, one or two other little odd circumstances, which seemed like nothing at the time but which came back to me now with meaning. For instance, the concierge at the embassy, when I said the pass-word to him, replied: 'So you have forgotten something, mademoiselle?' I thought he meant I had forgotten part of the phrase. Now I realized, all of a sudden, he meant something else. He meant: 'Is it to look for something you have forgotten that you *come back?*' What other woman wearing a violet hat, such as I was wearing myself, had entered that door of the Turkish embassy before I entered it myself this afternoon? That the first comer had possessed the necessary pass-word was evident. Bazin possessed the pass-word, or was about to. I knew there existed a woman, a brilliant adventuress, with whom Bazin was on intimate terms, and for whom he bought bottles of violette de Parme. And, Vicomte, those blank sheets of paper which I had found in the attaché case where the treaty ought to have been — they gave out a faint perfume. And that perfume was violette de Parme."

In a swift undertone, Fanny brought her long speech to a close. The Vicomte leaned toward her in tense excitement.

"Not bad! Your reasoning, at least, was not bad, mademoiselle. And then ——"

"Then, monsieur, I said to my driver: 'I have changed my mind. I do not go to the Ritz, I go to the Théâtre des Folies Frivoles!'"

"But in the afternoon ——"

"I know; but I meant to find out the address of the house of Mademoiselle d'Amour. When I arrived at the theater, however, I found that, luckily, there was a special matinée for the benefit of the Aged Actors' Retreat. So I went to the stage entrance, I announced myself as the sister of the star, and demanded to be taken to her dressing-room! Naturally, there were objections. Mademoiselle was on the stage; I must wait:

"'Wait,' I cried. 'For my own sister? Make me wait here one instant longer, and you shall see what Mademoiselle Violette will give you when she comes!'

"My impudence! However, it carried the day. They took me to the dressing-room — a little bijou place, all tufted in lilac satin, and a great silver bowl full of violets — the biggest I ever saw. But the perfume was stifling. And then, my fear when I thought, 'Suppose she comes!' So I told the maid I was faint, and gave her a louis to go and get me a glass of wine.

"She said: 'It is twenty minutes before madame leaves the scene. Madame will not tell madame her sister that I went out?'

"I promised not to tell. She went. I was left alone. And the next ten minutes, monsieur, I hunted — oh, how I hunted!"

"But, mademoiselle," cried the Vicomte incredulously. "Such a search was mere childishness! You risked your life, perhaps — for what? Not even a clue!"

"Vicomte, if as I thought, Mademoiselle d'Amour had been at the embassy before me, then she had had no time to go home before coming to play her matinée. She must have driven direct to the theater. The manuscript of the treaty was too bulky for her to conceal on her person when she went on the stage; ergo, the treaty must be there in that little dressing-room. I knew her intelligence; and, like the man in Poe's story, I based my search on the idea of that intelligence which I had to meet. There was a pile of loose music. I thumbed it through. Inside the huge silver puffbox. No! The violet silk cushions — they held only down. The time was so short, the possible hiding-places so many! Suddenly my eye fell on the silver bowl of violets — something like the bowl of violets on my table yonder, Vicomte!

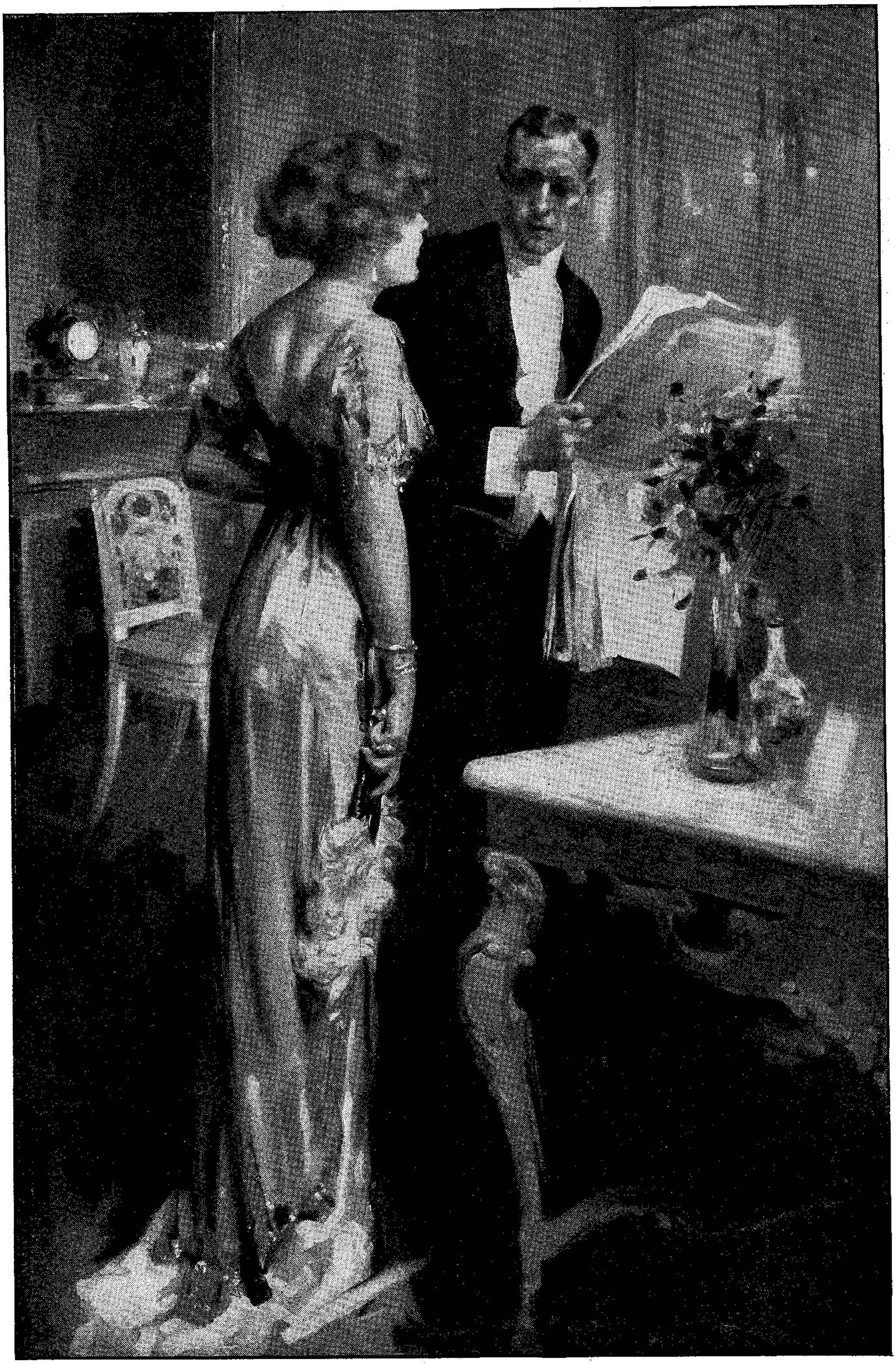
"Suddenly into my head popped the idea, 'How strange!' For, to judge by the perfume they gave out, it was plain that those violets were fresh to-day — like mine. Yet their petals drooped as if they had been gathered days ago — or as if the silver bowl that held them were dry."

She paused abruptly, and, rising from her seat, went over to the little Louis XIV guéridon which held the violets in their large silver bowl. With a light finger she caressed the fading purple petals.

"Poor little flowers! Dear little flowers! To keep flowers without water, Vicomte, seems to me a cruelty, like keeping a baby without milk."

The color flared into de Chatellerault's face. He took one look down at the silver bowl; glanced back into Fanny's face; then threw himself upon the flowers with a wordless cry. Right and left on the pale carpet went the dark shower of violets. And, there, in the dry and shining bottom of the bowl, lay a folded document of pale blue paper, secured by a broad rubber strap.

There was silence. Then the young man's hand shot out — his quick eye ran over the typewritten sheets. As he turned over the last page, which held the signatures and seals, he slowly nodded his head. His face blazed crimson. In his eyes were something like tears.



"'IRMAN PASHA — HE'S DEAD!' SHE HEARD THE VICOMTE'S VOICE IN HER EAR. THEN, IN AN ACCENT OF SUDDEN HORROR: 'MADEMOISELLE, AT WHAT HOUR DID YOU LEAVE THE EMBASSY?'"

He paused a moment; then, dropping on both knees at Fanny's feet, he took her hand and kissed it as if it had been the hand of a queen.

"I doubted you," he said in a low tone; "I doubted you. Forgive me. You are sublime. And I — I am not worthy to kneel at your feet. But I kneel and pay you my homage to your intelligence, to your courage, and to you!"

"That's all right," returned Fanny briskly. "And now, please do get the thing hidden away again. B-r-r! It makes me shiver to have it out loose like that!"

The Vicomte, rising, glanced hurriedly about him.

"I'm off," he said quickly. "I must take this to the Bulgarian embassy before the theft is discovered in the rue Faubourg Saint Honoré. Mademoiselle, can you give me a large envelop to put it in — or, better still, a newspaper such as our friend Bazin used?"

On the floor by the door lay the evening paper, which, by its late occupant's command, was still left nightly at the suite. In response to Fanny's gesture, the Vicomte picked it up and hurriedly unfolded it.

"Name of a name!"

De Chatellerault stood like a statue, his eyes glued on the journal's front page. With a little gesture of feminine curiosity, Fanny Gordon came tiptoeing up behind him. In flaring headlines, this is what she read:

BOMB EXPLOSION AT TURKISH EMBASSY
— PASHA BLOWN TO ATOMS

"Irman Pasha — he's dead!" she heard the Vicomte's voice in her ear. Then, in an accent of sudden horror:

"Mademoiselle, at what hour did you leave the embassy?"

"Half past three," she answered faintly.

The Vicomte searched the printed column before him.

"The explosion was at a quarter before four," he said solemnly, and there was silence.

"But Irman," he added suddenly — "what was he doing there? I noticed he had deserted Bazin! And the bomb? Who could have thrown it? The police are absolutely without a clue —— "

"The bomb!" Fanny gasped. "I know now! That was what I heard, and I thought it was a clock. Ticking, ticking under the table. A time-fuse — that was what it was. And I thought it was a clock!"

Sick and giddy at the thought of the hideous death that had passed her by so nearly, she flung herself into an arm-chair. De Chatellerault stood looking down at her with eyes into which had leaped a new emotion.

"A quarter hour after you left! Mademoiselle, had you found the treaty there, as we hoped, and sat down to copy it according to our plans —" With a violent shudder, he desisted. Then he added:

"Whatever were her intentions, mademoiselle, it was Violette d' Amour that saved your life, and we may thank her — her and the *bon Dieu* — that you sit here alive to-night."

Fanny's face was still white, but she managed to smile. With a sudden start, de Chatellerault turned, folded the treaty inside the newspaper, thrust them into his pocket, and held out his hand.

"And now, with full speed to headquarters," he said. "Mademoiselle, I beg you not to forget to lock your doors well to-night! To-morrow, at half past eleven precisely, I return to the Ritz to report to you what I have done. And now — good night and *au revoir!*"

V

On Fanny Gordon's bed was heaped a snowy pile of embroidered blouses and ruffled lingerie. Outside, the clocks of Paris were pealing the hour of noon. The *blanchisseuse,* on the other side of the bed, placed one fat hand on her bulging hip, while with the other she extended her bill.

"Twenty-four francs fifty centimes, mademoiselle," she said.

Fanny turned faint; for the hour of the promised visit had already passed, and no word from Raoul de Chatellerault. Had she been a fool, after all, so lightly to trust a stranger with a treasure for which she had risked her life? Here before her, red-faced and imperious, stood bankruptcy incarnate; for in the whole world she possessed only six francs twenty-five centimes.

The next moment she had caught her breath — an instant's respite, at least!

"Give me your bill," she said indifferently. "I will initial it, to be paid downstairs at the *bureau.* I can't be troubled with these little accounts myself, you understand!"

The *blanchisseuse,* passing out through the door, bumped her fat form against a hurrying valet de pied. Deep respect was in his voice as he announced the exalted name:

"Mademoiselle, the Vicomte Raoul de Chatellerault!"

"Show him upstairs."

The awaited visitor entering the room, came with a changed aspect: a light suit of English tweeds and a morning face.

"Mademoiselle, a thousand excuses for my tardiness. I was detained at the foreign office. This affair of Irman Pasha! Have you seen the morning papers?"

"Yes. But it appears nothing is known."

"And nothing will be known. Trust the government for that! Nevertheless — I can trust your secrecy, mademoiselle, since your life depends on it as well as mine!"

"My word of honor, monsieur!"

"Then listen, mademoiselle! It appears it was not Bazin, as we thought, who provided Mademoiselle d'Amour with the keys and password and sent her early to the Turkish embassy — it was Irman Pasha himself! And when that bomb blew him to fragments yesterday, it was no more than Heaven's justice that was done. For the man was doubly a traitor. Having betrayed his uncle the envoy to Bazin, he proceeded to betray Bazin on his own account — all for a woman, but for a woman the most worthless, the most rapacious of Paris! Do you remember I told you yesterday Irman had been making advances to Violette d'Amour? It was for her that he took Bazin's money — and then, when her greed was still unsatisfied, afforded her the means to enter his uncle's strong box and steal the treaty, while he himself detained Bazin at the Ritz."

Fanny trembled at a sudden dreadful recollection.

"But the bomb — the bomb, monsieur!"

"I am coming to that! Bazin, having solid motives for wishing that the theft should remain a secret from the governments concerned, could be trusted merely to copy the treaty — as could you. But a greedy, illiterate woman, with neither the time nor the motives for a troublesome piece of copying — her intention which she carried out, was, of course, the plain one of stealing the priceless document itself. To hide this theft from Bazin who had paid him, as well as from his uncle who had trusted him, Irman evolved the neat and efficient scheme of a bomb with a time-fuse attached. So that while Bazin was copying the treaty —— "

He stopped short, with a gesture of a dreadful significance. Fanny shuddered.

"Yes, *I* know! Did I not hear its ticking?" Then, with a sudden thought: "But, monsieur, if Irman knew the danger, why did he go back?"

"Because his plans had been thrown out, mademoiselle. By whom? By you and by me! For when Bazin, by the loss of his overcoat, was delayed in his visit to the Faubourg Saint Honoré, it is evident that the dear young Pasha became uneasy in his mind. So he slipped back to the embassy and crept up to his uncle's room. Who knows? Perhaps he wished to change the hands of his clock to a later hour. But, as we know, he arrived too late."

He stopped short, with the horror of the recent tragedy still on his face. Fanny demanded impatiently:

"But Bazin — what will he do?"

"Bazin, mademoiselle, has already followed the advice you gave him in lemon juice yesterday, and taken the Viennese express for Constantinople. He, of course, follows the Turkish envoy! While Violette d'Amour, who naturally considers him responsible for the theft of yesterday, has left Embrasse-Moi Vite! and flown after Bazin. So we may leave them to devour each other. At any rate, thanks to your happy idea, we are safe from them. And now —— "

Rising, he thrust his hand into the inside pocket of his gray tweed coat. Then on the table between them he placed a bulky packet, corded and sealed. Fanny's breath came quickly.

"This morning, mademoiselle, I visited a certain personage of exalted station who represents the Balkan Allies here in Paris. I delivered the treaty to him. He in return, paid me the promised reward."

With quick fingers he tore apart the seals and parchment envelop, displaying a thick symmetrical pile of fresh pale-blue and lavender bank bills.

"Notes of the Bank of France," he said briefly, "for a thousand francs apiece. A hundred of them. Mademoiselle, you have acted, not as my assistant, but as my partner; and it is my profound hope that this is not the last time we may work together. Meanwhile —— "

He fell to counting the crisp squares of delicately tinted paper. Then he pushed over an impressive pile to Fanny's side of the table.

"Your half — fifty thousand," he said. "Mademoiselle, will you verify my count?"

Fanny gasped. She had hoped for a percentage. Five thousand francs to pay her hotel bill and take her home to America had been her wildest dream.

"You know, I owe you a hundred francs," she stammered.

At her naïve honesty, her flushed and kindling prettiness, the young Vicomte smiled. "We will not quarrel over that! And now, mademoiselle, will you permit that I escort you at once to your bankers?"

THE NEXT STORY IN THIS SERIES WILL BE **"THE QUEEN'S PEARL"**

THREE-CENT LUNCHES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

BY PAUL KENNADAY AND BURTON J. HENDRICK

ONE child in every ten in city schools is too hungry to learn its lessons. This causes the annual waste of millions of dollars' worth of education, given to children too dull from malnutrition to be taught. This article describes a method which guarantees that no public-school child shall be torpid from underfeeding.

PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 21 is located in the heart of the most densely populated Italian colony in New York. It is the region of Mulberry, Mott, and Baxter streets—the district where Manhattan's most destructive tenements are found, perhaps the city's most productive breeding-ground of hunger and disease. It draws its population chiefly from the southern provinces of Italy and Sicily; its people belong to the class that furnishes America with its greatest problems in assimilation. It is with one of the most difficult of these problems that Public School No. 21 is experimenting now. With a number of other public schools, it is devoting attention to a much neglected person in the primary departments — the under-nourished child.

Every day now, at about the noon hour, life suddenly takes on a new interest for the pupils of No. 21. Through the corridors and into the school-rooms are wafted delicious and familiar odors. The gong that rings at twelve o'clock is a new and welcome variant of the traditional school bell: it means not only the dismissal of the session, but sounds the call to the dining-room downstairs. Not all the children

obey this summons. The majority return to their tenement homes and have the midday meal with their families. Only a comparatively small number, perhaps three hundred, spend the noonday hour at the school.

The Sober Business of Feeding

In the basement, three or four of their associates are busy putting up tables; others, clothed in white aprons and caps, stand ready beside large coppers of boiling soups and small mountains of bread; still others guard a table filled with sandwiches and healthful sweets — baked apples on sticks, frosted cakes, puddings, and other delicacies. All of these attendants are "earning their way"; in exchange for serving their schoolmates, they receive their own lunches free.

As the bell rings again, the children form in line. At the head, near the soup coppers, stands the director of the school lunch. Each one of the children, filing by, receives in turn a round black japanned tray and spoon. The cook at the copper ladles out a generous bowl of soup and deposits it on this tray. A few feet farther on, a girl attendant, her hands incased in white gloves, adds two large slices of Italian bread.

For all this the child pays two pennies. If he has an additional penny, however, he can purchase a dessert from the "extra" table. An inflexible rule prohibits him from patronizing this tempting storehouse unless he has already purchased a bowl of soup. In the early days of the experiment this rule did not prevail, and the result was the children ignored the substantial part of the meal and spent their money on sweets. Even now the custodian of the "extra" table has to scan carefully each applicant, to make sure that he is already fortified with a well filled tray.

"Where's yer lunch?" he demands of a little Italian girl who furtively proffers her solitary penny.

"Go buy yer soup first," is the stony ultimatum, as the child admits that she has not fulfilled this preliminary condition.

In a few minutes, not far from two hundred children are gathered around the long wooden tables, abstractedly engaged in lunch. For them it is apparently the one serious business of the school-day. There is no disorder — none of that hurling of food at each other which the enemies of school feeding have foretold. The children find more acceptable uses for their bread than this. The whole atmosphere, indeed, is one of intense solemnity. There are undoubtedly certain social advantages of the school lunch; the chief attraction for these Italian children, however, is preëminently gastronomic. In twenty minutes the ceremony is over; the trays and bowls are placed in neat piles, the tables are being removed, and the children, now normally active and noisy, are rushing around the school in play.

Lunch in the District School

There are many people who look upon proceedings of this kind as dangerous and possibly destructive of social order. In its essentials, however, the school lunch in the Italian section is merely the revival of an ancient American custom. If some of the successful merchants of Broadway and bankers of Wall Street should step for a moment into Public School No. 21, they would find certain reminders of their own early days. Their memory might go back to the time when, at the noon hour in the country schoolhouse, the boys or girls sat down upon the school steps, or under a large tree, or perhaps beside a near-by brook, opened their lunch-boxes, and entered into a companionship far more intimate and enduring than that provided by the routine of the school-room.

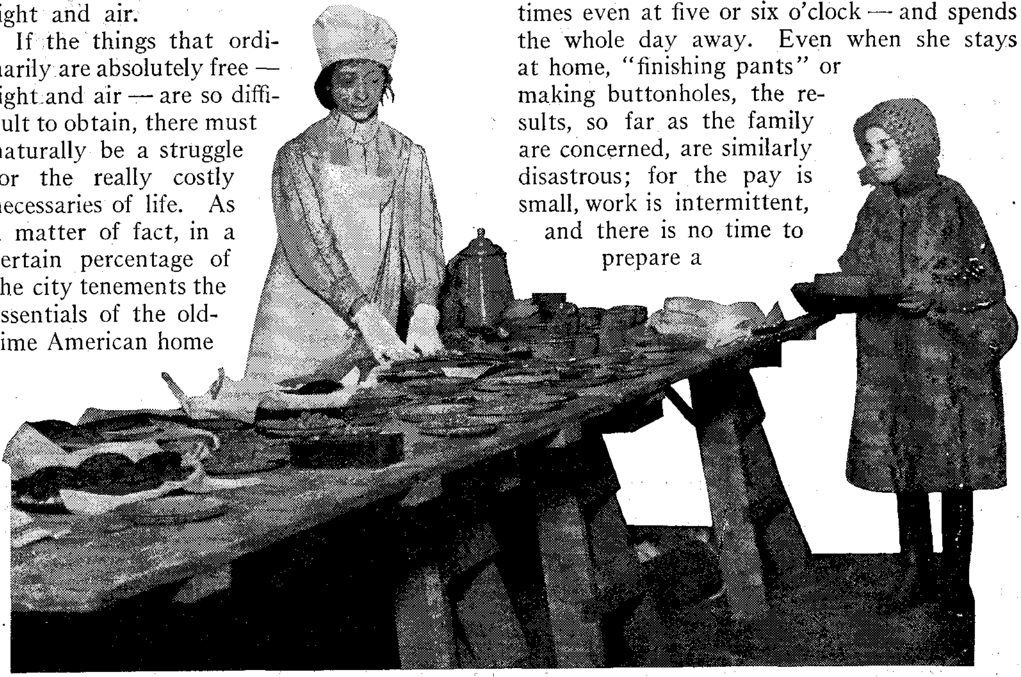
The substitution of the district school by the educational skyscraper is, of course, only another consequence of the urbanization of modern life. With the changes in living conditions has slowly developed an entirely new type of childhood. This might be called, for want of a better name, the tenement-school-child.

This child forcibly illustrates the destructive influence of a modern city environment. As he comes into the world, he is apparently not very different from the country child; his inheritance is certainly that of many centuries of peasant life. His parents may be poor and wretched; the baby, however, as he arrives in the world, is healthy, strong, and promising. But the degenerating influences of environment begin with the first breath he draws.

For nearly a hundred years the metropolis has been engaged in a gigantic conspiracy against his welfare. Its visible manifestations are the several square miles of tenements which an inactive public conscience has permitted to be constructed. For nearly a century the jerry-builder has been given almost undisputed sway. He has run up thousands of rookeries consisting of little more than four walls divided into almost air-tight compartments. The rooms are dark, unventilated — in several hundred thousand cases absolutely unprovided with windows. As a result, the new-born tenement child is shut off from the two freest gifts of nature — light and air.

If the things that ordinarily are absolutely free — light and air — are so difficult to obtain, there must naturally be a struggle for the really costly necessaries of life. As a matter of fact, in a certain percentage of the city tenements the essentials of the old-time American home have virtually disappeared. The one thing without which there can be no home, of course, is the mother and the housewife, and in a certain proportion of the tenements of New York this centralizing force no longer exists. The mother is still part of the family, indeed, and she certainly has all the old-time maternal love for her children and solicitude for their welfare. But, in a certain proportion of cases, she has had no opportunity, as a girl, to learn the duties of a housewife, and, after marriage, has had no time to attend to them. Almost before reaching maturity — sometimes long before — she goes to work; after marriage the steadily increasing family and the wretchedly limited income compel her to resume the trade of her girlhood. The husband may be a drunkard; he may be incompetent; he may be "out of work," or — what is especially common — his earnings may not be large enough to support the family.

There are many thousands of mothers of this type in New York, who have had no training in domestic science, and find themselves unable to attend to household duties or "bringing up the family." Instead they are scrubwomen and washerwomen; perhaps they work at a sewing-machine all day, or roll cigarettes, or run a mangle in a laundry. Such a mother leaves the tenement early — sometimes even at five or six o'clock — and spends the whole day away. Even when she stays at home, "finishing pants" or making buttonholes, the results, so far as the family are concerned, are similarly disastrous; for the pay is small, work is intermittent, and there is no time to prepare a



CHOOSING a dessert. Unless the public schools provide sweets of several different kinds, as well as more substantial food, they can not compete with the push-carts. The children like cakes, pickles, etc., better than soup, and they like the excitement of choosing from several different varieties midday meal. With a mother of this type there is the utmost ignorance of diet and the utmost disorder in the housekeeping arrangements. She will feed a three-months-old baby on pickles and ham; she will keep the family larder under the bed and the butter in the family bureau. Of cooking she does not have the most elementary knowledge.

The mother of this type finds her natural complement in a particular type of child — the "shut-out." The "shut-out" is the boy or girl who has no daytime home. He leaves for school early in the morning; the tenement door is locked behind him, and is opened only when the mother returns from work in the evening. He finds his playground on the asphalt — and there, likewise, he finds his family dining-room. The last place to which he would think of resorting for a midday meal would be "home"; for there is no one to provide him with a meal — neither is there any meal.

Unfortunately, the malnutrition of the "shut-out" begins long before the noon hour. All his life he has been poorly fed and underfed. As a toddler he learns to keep late hours; there are moving-picture shows, penny arcades, the companions in the streets — anything offers a diversion from the dark and narrow quarters at home. Thus there is a tendency to get to bed late, which means drowsiness and tardy rising in the morning. There is one besetting fear that overhangs all tenement children: the fear of being late for school. And so they are far more interested in scrambling into their clothes than in scraping together a little food. Breakfast in the tenements is now practically standardized. It consists of a slice of bread and a cup of tea or coffee, and with the Italian children a dash of brandy in the coffee is quite the usual thing. Even the tiniest children are tea and coffee topers. In other words, they arrive in school not with a real breakfast, but merely with a stimulant.

Of those tenement children who do go home for lunch, a considerable number get very little to eat. All the domestic arrangements revolve about the person whom the children invariably refer to as "he" — the "he" being the head of the family, the bread-winner. Sometimes this "he" goes home to lunch, and gets there ahead of the children, in which case there may not be much left when the younger members arrive. In other cases, the children spend the larger part of the lunch hour in running errands, making paper flowers, or in similar non-recreative and non-nourishing employments.

The "shut-outs," however, never go home at all. Instead of giving them food their parents give them pennies. Even the poorest children seem able to scramble together three

BUYING a three-cent luncheon. Polenta, menestra, or spaghetti is the chief dish in the menu for Italian school children; baked beans, clam chowder, and soup are served to Irish children. The food for Jewish children is prepared by a "kosher" cook or four small coins a day. They get these pennies in the morning when they leave home, the idea being that they will use them in buying the midday meal. Sometimes the children spend them on the way to school, on candy or hoky-poky. These dissipations serve one useful purpose— they spoil the appetite and make the child somewhat indifferent to the absence of a hearty lunch. However, the great majority do in fact conserve their small change until noon. For them a thriving industry of push-carts and delicatessen stores has grown up in the neighborhood of every public school.

The waffle-fryer, the pickle merchant, the vendor of "dogs" and cheese sandwiches have a vested interest in the "shut-outs." Every noon there is a moblike outpouring in the direction of these establishments. One child surrenders a penny for a dirty frankfurter dyed a most entrancing cerise; another pays two cents for a sandwich of doubtful ingredients; another exchanges three cents for two frosted cakes heavily dyed with yellow. Another walks off with a couple of cream-puffs and a little decayed fruit. Pickles have become with all of them almost the staff of life. "I must have my pickles," said one boy, when remonstrated with on this point, and that evidently voices the popular sentiment. With the school children of the tenements pickles have almost become a morbid habit, like morphine with certain unfortunate adults.

The only opportunity these children have of getting a substantial meal is in the evening. But even then, with the class of children in question, the odds are against them. A mother who has spent the whole day at work is hardly fitted to get together a nutritious dinner. The delicatessen store, with its frankfurters, its bologna sausage, and its canned foods, is once more called into requisition. Coffee and tea and even beer and whisky again appear upon the family menu. In other words, from morning to night this particular class of children seldom obtains a wholesome and really nutritious meal.

No responsible person maintains that this description applies to the average school child in America, even the children of the tenements. There is, however, an appreciable

LUNCHEON at cost price in one of the New York public schools. At a conservative estimate there are 70,000 children in New York alone who are chronically too hungry to study percentage, in absolute numbers very large, who live in this way.

The question became an active one in New York City with the publication of Robert Hunter's book on "Poverty." This book contained the statement that there were "very likely sixty or seventy thousand children in New York City alone who often arrive at school hungry or unfitted to do well the work assigned to them." This sentence, boldly taken out of its context by the newspapers, became one of the sensations of the year. Mr. Hunter was widely quoted as having said that "70,000 starving children in New York City came breakfastless to school."

This, of course, was an inexcusable perversion. Mr. Hunter's statement, however, in its original form, was sufficiently serious and led to several investigations. The general plan in all of these investigations was the same: a certain number of typical New York school children were examined, and the percentage showing malnutrition was regarded as probably applicable to the mass. Mr. John Spargo, a well known social worker, investigated 12,800 school children in sixteen different schools. In all cases the principal, on a particular day, questioned the children as to their morning meal. Eight per cent declared that they had had no breakfast at all, and fifteen per cent reported what the investigator classified as an inadequate breakfast — one that consisted merely of tea or coffee and bread. Upon the basis of this examination, Mr. Spargo concluded that twenty-three per cent of New York school children were inadequately fed. He also learned that from ten to twenty per cent received pennies for lunch, which they spent upon such articles as candy, cake, and pickles.

In 1906 Dr. Leckstecker examined 10,707 children in the twelve industrial schools maintained by the Children's Aid Society. His report showed that thirteen per cent of the children had had either no breakfast at all or an inadequate one. According to Dr. Leckstecker, an inadequate breakfast is one consisting of tea or coffee, either alone or with bread. In 1907 the New York Committee on Physical Welfare of School Children examined 1,400 typical cases, and found that ten per cent were suffering from malnutrition. The School Lunch Committee of New York in 1910 examined 2,150 children, and found thirteen per cent undernourished.

In other cities similar results have been obtained. In 1909 the regular medical inspection in Boston showed 80,000 children suffering from several stages of underfeeding. In Chicago, in 1908, of 10,090 children examined, twelve per cent were reported as being badly nourished. In St. Paul, in 1910, an examination of 3,300 showed twenty per cent suffering in the same way. Buffalo, Philadelphia, and other places disclosed similar conditions.

Waste of Valuable Human Material

On the strength of these statistics we should probably be safe in assuming that at least ten per cent of the children attending our public schools are improperly or inadequately fed. Even more impressive than these figures, however, are the daily familiar observations in the school-room. The average teacher needs no elaborate investigations, no detailed charts and plotted curves, to prove that a considerable number of her charges are chronically hungry. These children show it in every phase of their mental and physical life. In every class-room a number of the pupils sit pale, lusterless-eyed, uninterested, apparently almost unconscious of their surroundings. No amount of prodding can force them to study, and at recess they do not even join their fellow pupils in play.

When the anthropometrist comes to measure the children, it is always this minority that are found to be under height and under weight. These are the children, too, who are usually placed aside as backward and defective. Wherever special open-air sessions are held for tuberculosis pupils, they draw their members largely from the underfed. They commonly fall victims to contagious diseases; with vitality at the lowest ebb, they have little resisting power.

There are even more serious consequences. These children are almost invariably at the bottom of the class; they are constantly taunted by their brighter fellows; they become discouraged, stay away from school, play "hooky," and not infrequently land in the truant school. An empty stomach, as well as an empty brain, is the devil's workshop; badly nourished children soon learn to commit petty crimes; they steal, and in many cases probably end their careers in poorhouses and jails.

The Opposition to School Feeding

Yet there is probably no educational problem upon which intelligent public sentiment so persistently refuses to see the point as that of public-school feeding. Some oppose the plan on the ground that it is an attack upon the unity of the home. Under modern city conditions, this argument certainly seems extremely fine spun. If the proposition was to feed all children all meals, it might have a certain validity. As a matter of fact, however, the family lunch, in a great modern city, is a dead institution. All classes of workers, rich and poor, mechanics, bankers, clerks, and capitalists, now lunch away from the family circle. Nearly all expensive private schools provide their pupils with something in the way of a midday meal. From one end of the country to the other, lunch-rooms are now common features of high schools.

Not a Question of Free Feeding

The other argument against school feeding is that it is pauperizing. If we provide the children with food, we shall end up by providing them with clothes, and ultimately the State will have to relieve the parents of their care. But this argument is based simply upon misapprehension. The question of school feeding in the United States is not a question of free feeding. All except a few extreme and uninfluential advocates propose to make the children pay for their food. Superintendent Maxwell states the problem in the exact terms, "to establish in each school facilities whereby the pupils may obtain wholesome food at cost." As has already been explained, there is now an appreciable proportion of children — perhaps 70,000 in New York alone — who get pennies from their parents instead of lunch. They now spend these pennies on pickles, candy, and other push-cart provender.

The plan proposed is merely to furnish such children the opportunity of spending these pennies on wholesome food. Of these there may be a very few who have not the pennies and can not get them. But these are the children of the chronic paupers — families that are already being "carried" by public and private charity. Whether the giving of free lunches to this extremely small number, after careful investigation of their home conditions, is "pauperizing" is an open question. There is no movement in any American city, however, in favor of general free distribution of food. The only element of paternalism is the fact that this food is to be sold at cost.

School Feeding a Matter of Course in Europe

Few Americans realize that school feeding is now accepted as a matter of course in Europe. It was the Boer War that focussed European attention on the need. Out of every five candidates for enlistment in the British army, two were physically unfit. There arose in England the cry of "physical degeneration." Several Royal Commissions established the fact that, while there was no physical degeneracy in any congenital sense, there certainly existed widespread physical unfitness, especially among school children. The majority of Englishmen were growing up physically incapacitated for bearing arms and defending their country.

One authority declared that there were 120,000 children in London chronically underfed. "Their breakfast is nominally bread and tea, and their dinner nothing but what a copper can purchase at the local fried-fish shops, where the most inferior kind of fish are fried in reeking cotton-seed oil." In Birmingham from 2,500 to 3,000 school children, the investigators found, were in a state of semi-starvation. Physicians testified that one third of the children of Edinburgh and Manchester showed evidence of malnutrition.

Other European nations, aroused by these disclosures, started investigations, with results hardly more flattering to national complacency. A study of 500,000 school children in Germany showed that 30,000 went breakfastless to school, while 170,000 had an utterly inadequate midday meal.

As a result of these disclosures, nearly all of the governments of Europe decided that a considerable amount of the money spent upon public education was wasted. They were forcing compulsory education upon a portion of the populace that was physically unfitted to receive it. They decided, as a matter of national policy, that these children must be fed first and educated afterward. In the last ten years, therefore, in nearly all of the leading countries of Europe, school lunches have become a regular thing. In new school buildings now being erected, kitchens and dining-rooms are added as a matter of course. Everywhere the policy is to charge for the meals a price that represents the actual cost — usually about three cents; if the children are unable to pay, however, they receive their lunches at the State's expense.

England feeds its school children probably on a larger scale than any other country. London does not provide a lunch; it provides a dinner. There, day after day, the school children eat such appetizing lunches as stewed beef with dumplings, or mutton stewed with haricot-beans, or meat and potato pie — in all cases with the appropriate vegetables and dessert. England also goes further in furnishing free lunches than public opinion would tolerate in this country.

TWO cents buys a bowl of soup and two slices of bread. This is often the only substantial meal that tenement children get during the day

Extent of the Movement in the United States

At present there are fifty-two cities in the United States in which some attempt, however inadequate, is made to feed hungry children. In Philadelphia there are ten schools that regularly provide lunches, in Boston twenty-two, in New York this coming winter there will be seventeen. Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, Washington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Cleveland, New Orleans, and Pittsburgh are the other large places in which a beginning has been made. Philadelphia is the pioneer. For fifteen years the Starr Center has been feeding a certain number of children. Three types of lunches are now provided. A penny purchases at ten o'clock a bowl of bean soup, a rice pudding, milk toast, cream potatoes, or stewed fruit. At noon three cents will buy vegetable or meat soup and bread and some simple, wholesome dessert. Some schools offer several types of lunch. An expert salaried dietitian superintends the work, keeps a detailed account of all receipts and expenditures, and buys and plans the meals.

Hot wholesome food, a paper napkin, a table covered with a spotless cloth — though it be only white oilcloth — give the children an object lesson in the social possibilities of the meal. The children learn table manners; they no longer bolt their food, and a lively interest takes the place of mischievous curiosity or sullen indifference. The teachers unanimously testify to the beneficial effect of these lunches upon their pupils. With surprising quickness color comes into pale faces and inattentive laggards are changed into normal boys and girls. Attendance becomes regular, and the "stomach-ache," as a cause for absence, has lost its former preëminence.

A Penny's Worth of Food in Boston

In spite of the prevailing high cost of living, a penny will purchase quite a substantial lunch in many of the public schools of Boston. The fact that the cooking classes prepare the food and serve it explains the moderate charge. Where there are no cooking classes the price is increased to two cents. Pea soup with crackers; potato chowder; corn meal with milk, sugar, and crackers; sandwiches made with peanut butter or jam and a pint of milk; rice pudding; Indian pudding; apple sauce and crackers — certainly in any one of these courses there is enough to banish hunger from the school-room.

New York City, of course, presents an especially difficult problem in school feeding. Here the municipality spends $2,500,000 a year in an attempt to educate nearly 70,000 children who, because of under-nourishment, can not profit from the instruction. This involves a clear waste of that $2,500,000 a year.

In 1908, in spite of the frequent appeals of Superintendent Maxwell, no attempts had been made to feed them. In that year a voluntary organization, the School Lunch Committee, under the direction of Miss Mabel H. Kittredge, began the work. Miss Kittredge, at the suggestion of Mr. Chatfield, Principal of School 51, organized her first lunch-rooms in Mr. Chatfield's school, located in the section of New York known for many years as Hell's Kitchen — a district populated largely by Irish and German Americans, longshoremen, stevedores, teamsters and other rough-and-ready citizens. At the same time a lunch-room was opened in the Italian section, and soon after in three schools in the Jewish section. About ten per cent of the children in all these schools became regular attendants — about the same percentage of the underfed disclosed by the several investigations, and almost the same number regularly fed in European schools.

Jewish Fear of Non-Kosher Food

In all cases the workers had to accommodate their menus to the national tastes. The Irish child demanded soups. The Italians would push away their plates unless they contained macaroni, tomatoes, polenta, and other national dishes. At first the Hebrew population shuddered at the possibility that the lunches might not be kosher. On the first day, a delegation of Hebrew mothers appeared and satisfied themselves that, in every detail, their religious principles had not been ignored. The committee had employed a kosher cook to prepare the Hebrew lunches, and after assuring themselves the Hebrew children became enthusiastic patrons. On Fridays and fast-days the religious scruples of Catholic children are carefully observed.

Three cents in these New York schools now purchases an excellent, satisfying, wholesome lunch. Here are a few of the menus, to each one of which are added two large slices of bread:

Italian School — rice and beans with tomato; *polenta* (corn meal) with cheese, tomato, oil; *menestra* (vegetables stewed in oil); Lima beans and *pasta*; cheese sandwich and cocoa.

Irish School — clam chowder; baked beans; noodle soup; pea soup; vegetable soup; barley soup; rice pudding and cocoa.

A Small Number Fed Free

Early in the experiment the committee had to struggle with the "pauperizing" difficulty. The great majority of the children, even those from exceedingly poor homes, had their pennies; but it early became apparent that there was a small minority of children who were still going unfed. They would hang wistfully around the corridors of the lunch-room, and perhaps timidly approach the teacher and attendants in charge.

Various reasons were proffered for not having the necessary three cents. One Italian woman perhaps summed up the general situation when she explained: "No gotta mon, no gotta shoes, no gotta nothing — too mucha baby."

All cases in which children applied for free lunches were turned over to the charitable organizations for investigation. In most cases the visitors reported that the families were able to pay. Experience has persuaded the School Lunch Committee that free school lunches, except to that small class which, after expert investigation, is found to be really necessitous, would be a great blunder. Practically no free luncheons are given at the present time.

This fall new lunch-rooms will be opened by the School Lunch Committee in seventeen elementary schools in New York City. The children's pennies pay all the cost of the food served at the luncheons; the city has appropriated $2,200 toward the cost of installing kitchen equipment in the school buildings, and the remainder of this cost and the administrative expenses have been provided for by Mrs. A. Anderson, through the Department of Social Welfare of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

These efforts in American cities are, so far, sporadic and chiefly the work of volunteers. They have demonstrated, however, the need of a general school-lunch system and its successful workings. It is probably a matter of only a short time when, in New York and other large American cities, the idea will be incorporated as a regular part of the educational program.

THE DECADENCE OF SIR DINADAN

The Third Adventure of the Industrious Chevalier

BY S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

EARLY in my course of deliberate immorality I perceived that it was necessary for me to provide myself with an ostensible occupation. The appearance of possessing a method of livelihood was required to make my position at all secure. I felt that otherwise my acquaintance might wax indiscreetly curious as to the source of my income.

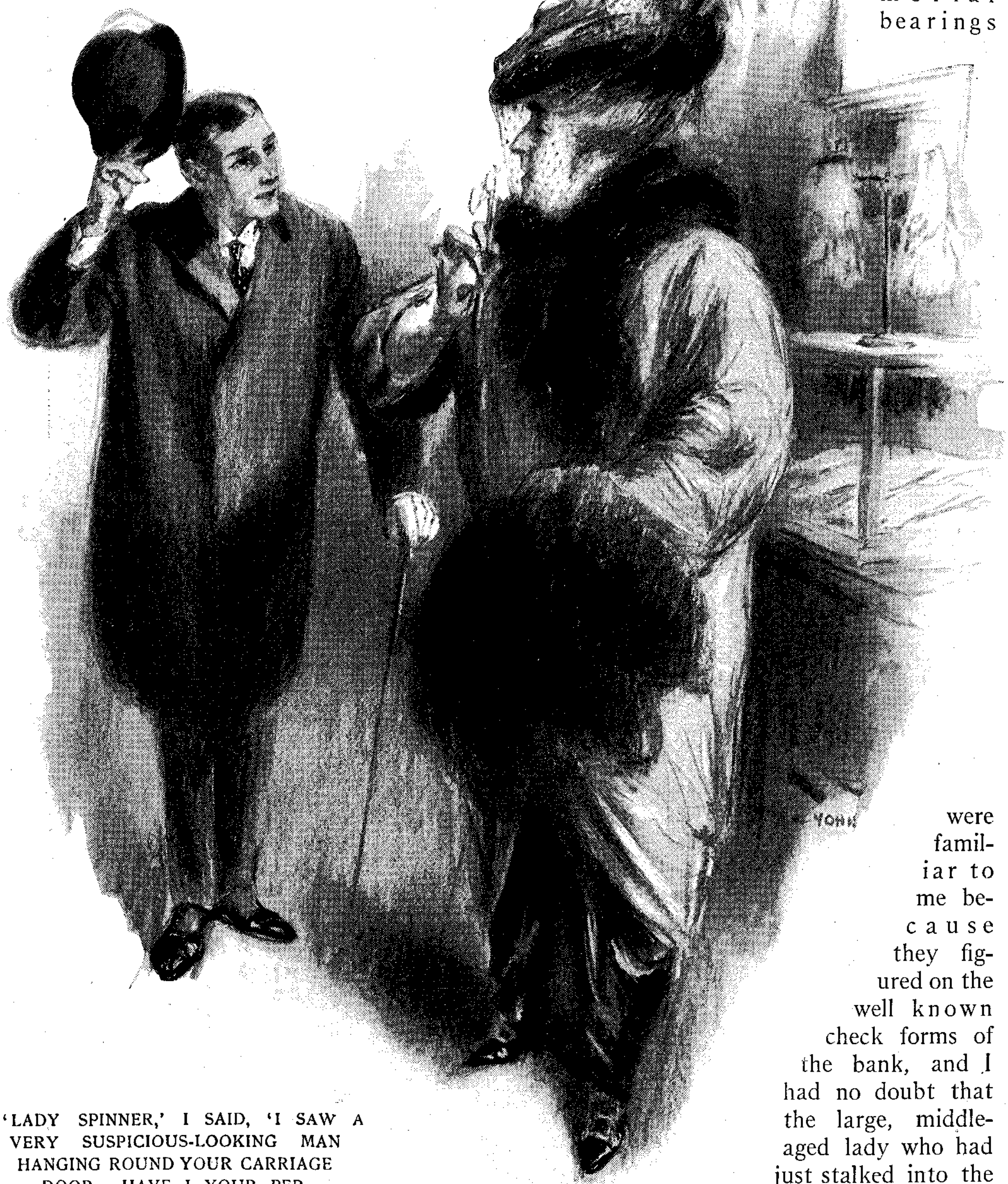
That is the reason why I became what I was pleased to call a journalist. Journalism is the only pursuit in which a man, with security from flat contradiction, can assert himself to be deeply engaged while he is either doing nothing or doing something else. A bright, bookish man, reading a good deal, assimilating what he reads, and able to reproduce it in his conversation as his own, and having at the same time a large proportion of his time, at either night or day, unaccounted for, can claim to be a successful journalist in receipt of a large wage, and no one will say him nay.

So I selected journalism as an apparent vocation, and, without rashly committing myself to definite assertions as to my writings, I managed to convey the impression to my neighbors that I was a prolific and well employed litterateur. Nor was it my fault that I was nothing of the sort, for at different times I had written many things, and submitted them for approval to many editors. But it had not been my fortune to have my work accepted with alacrity. One paper alone seemed to find a use for my productions. It was a weekly periodical with a doubtful circulation and only small pretensions to literary position, but in its columns my companions found hospitality now and again. This fact was my inspiration for lying. If it had not been for my casual performances in the pages of the *Domino*, I do not suppose I should have hit upon the pretense of journalism as a cloak to my misdeeds.

It chanced, one morning, that I went around to the office of the *Domino* in the character of a dun. The paper owed me a few shillings, and it was more or less the rule of the management to pay no one until several personal applications had been made. Upon the table in the editor's room was a heap of books. I took one up, and, glancing over its pages, was struck with its fresh irresponsibility. The title-page bore a name that was unfamiliar to me, and I asked who Rupert Mallory was. The editor replied that he was a new writer, and that the book in my hand, which was "The Decadence of Sir Dinadan," had already achieved considerable notoriety, although it had been published only a fortnight. I remember that I left the office of the *Domino* vaguely angry with Mr. Rupert Mallory. Here was an author who, by his first literary attempt, secured a name for himself, consideration, and possibly gold. I had striven in a similar direction, and had met no success. The honest life that was open to Mr. Rupert Mallory was denied to me. I felt bitter toward the man. I wondered how he would have behaved if his lines had lain in my unpleasant places; and I wondered how he came to have the happy thought to write such a story as "The Decadence of Sir Dinadan."

I came out into a jostling crowd, for the winter sales were at the zenith of their self-sacrificial career. The grandiose shop-fronts of the silk-mercers and the discreet little windows of the select modistes were alike adorned with bargains. Immediately before the office of the *Domino* was a drapery establishment, famous all over the world for the immensity of its stock and the quality of its wares. Coherent to the front of this shop was a mass of women, peering through the glass at the proprietor's oblations.

Now, as I stood idly watching the scene, a heavy barouche, drawn by immense strawberryroan horses, swung up to one of the entrances, and from it a portly lady was assisted to descend. The blood of the horses and their coroneted blinkers, the solid splendor of the equipage, and the *tenue* of the servants alike proclaimed her as some one of consequence. I crossed to look at the large lozenge-shaped shield upon the chocolate panels of the barouche, and I recognized immediately the device — three small spiders *gules* on a field *or* — as that borne by Lady Spinner, the relict of a banker, who was made a peer as a tribute to his untold wealth, and who died immediately afterwards from gratification at his social distinction. The armorial bearings were familiar to me because they figured on the well known check forms of the bank, and I had no doubt that the large, middle-aged lady who had just stalked into the shop was Lady Spinner herself, one of the richest women in England.



"'LADY SPINNER,' I SAID, 'I SAW A VERY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING MAN HANGING ROUND YOUR CARRIAGE DOOR. HAVE I YOUR PERMISSION TO WARN YOUR FOOTMAN?'"

The sight stirred my predatory instincts, for if ever a woman was marked out by her circumstances as a prey for the adventurer it was Lady Spinner, though, if popular account could be credited, she was well able to take care of herself. Her husband had left her sole and uncontrolled mistress of his enormous fortune, merely expressing a wish that she should not waste it. She had showed herself, by all report, well adapted to the trust reposed in her, for by judicious investment she had increased her wealth, until many crowned heads might have envied her control of ready money. Lady Spinner was a genuine millionaire, and not a merely well-to-do person; and as, irresistibly drawn in her wake, I followed her down an imposing defile of brocade ball-dresses, I was turning over in my mind how I should put some of her vast wealth to my credit. Some ruse ought to suggest itself to me whereby I could obtain a contribution from her toward the cost of my maintenance. I entered the shop expectantly, but with nothing particular in view.

Lady Spinner was not a difficult person to keep in sight, for she was not only big, but the owner of a prancing gait. She had headgear in which golden plumes were not too happily blent with crimson orchids, and this oriflamme rose and fell as she plunged and tore her way through one room after another until she reached the lace department. Here she stopped, and said in a raised voice to no one in particular:

"I say!"

The nearest shop-girl, who was serving two ladies, looked up at the interrupter, but looked away again immediately, continuing her attention to her customers.

"I say!" said Lady Spinner again, in louder tones, fixing a glare through a long-handled pince-nez on the girl.

"One minute, my lady," said the girl, who evidently knew with whom she had to deal, and whose method of address confirmed me in my guess that the opulent Lady Spinner was before me.

"I want that d'Alençon lace shawl," continued Lady Spinner, entirely ignoring the fact that the girl had begged to be excused from attending upon her. "It's a perfectly ridiculous price that *you* are asking for it"—this after consulting a catalogue of the sale which she was carrying in her hand; "but I want it! And look here ——"

"One minute, my lady," repeated the girl decisively, while the two ladies whose wants she was trying to meet turned toward Lady Spinner in haughty expostulation.

At this moment I stepped up and raised my hat.

"Lady Spinner," I said.

"Yes," she allowed, glancing on either side of her to ascertain that assistance was at hand if I proved to be a dangerous character.

"I saw a very suspicious-looking man hanging round your carriage door," I continued. "Have I your permission just to warn your footman? He might take his eyes off the carriage ——"

"Might, my dear sir!" she broke in, and her countenance was cleared of apprehension immediately. "Might! He's the stupidest fellow I ever paid a tax for. Do, for goodness' sake, run out and tell him to keep his hand *on* the door and his eyes *inside* the carriage till I come out. His hand *on* the door, and his eyes *inside* the carriage," she repeated, emphasizing the prepositions as if in them lay the essence of her instructions.

When I arrived outside the shop I found the footman sitting on a chair, engrossed in conversation with other footmen. I went up to him, recognizing him by his heavy fur cape, and said:

"It seems there are some thieves about, so Lady Spinner has asked me to tell you to stand by the carriage door."

He jumped up at once, and pushed two inoffensive people off the curb, saying loudly to the coachman:

"Keep your eyes open; there's some queer 'uns about, I tell you."

Having gravely watched, as I was intended to watch, this display of alertness, I went back into the shop, where Lady Spinner was standing in the center of one of the gangways, taking no notice of the now disengaged shop-girl, who was inviting her to declare her wishes.

"I'm sure you're very good," she said to me, on my return.

"It will be all right now," I replied. "Your man is on the lookout."

Her ladyship glanced round the shop, and then at me, and then again round the shop. I understood that she wished to get rid of me. Hungry as I was for her purse, I felt constrained, in my ignorance of any available point, to give up the attack. I had raised my hat, and was turning to leave, when the shop-girl attracted Lady Spinner's attention.

"I am at liberty to serve your ladyship now," she said. "What can I show you?"

"You can give me the point d'Alençon shawl out of the window. Only five days ago you offered it to me for a hundred and seventy guineas, and now you have the face to put it in your window marked 'Two hundred and thirty guineas, sale price.' You know you'll never get such a price. Now give it to me, there's a good young woman, and I'll take it away with me."

"Your ladyship," said the girl, "I can't alter the price that's marked on it."

"But you offered it to me for a hundred and seventy guineas. You offered it to me yourself."

"And your ladyship refused to take it at the price."

"Well, that's a fact, now," said Lady Spinner, turning to me, and so interested in her pursuit of a bargain that she forgot to be astonished at finding me still at her elbow. "I did say I wouldn't give the money; but I want the shawl. Now, be a nice, obliging young lady, and go and find the shop-lifter, or whatever you call the man who settles prices, and don't keep me waiting."

"The prices of these very expensive articles," I ventured, as the girl went to find the manager of the department, "are quite arbitrary. If the purchasers want the thing excessively, any price is cheap; but if they do not want it, any price is dear."

"I don't know about any price being cheap," said Lady Spinner warmly; "I simply won't be robbed. Although," she continued, "that is just about what has happened to me. I was dining a night or two ago at the annual dinner of the Amalgamated Writers, and some one went off with my lace cape. So, you see, I really want the shawl, only I don't mean to pay all that money for it."

I seized on the subject of conversation offered, and said:

"A charming dinner!"

"I have been to better, and I have been to worse," said Lady Spinner. "I am a judge of that dinner, for I always go to it. I am interested in all literary matters, and I like to see our great men unbending as well as to be introduced to the rising lights."

I resolved to be a great man, and to unbend there and then for Lady Spinner's edification.

"Your well known interest in letters, Lady Spinner," I said, "is a thing that is very much appreciated by all of us writers, from the top to the bottom of the craft." She smiled expansively — the smile of genuine gratification. And, feeling that I was on the right tack, I plunged boldly into personalities. "It is only a day or two since the chairman of the Amalgamated Writers told me that your support encouraged him to think the best for the association. Your patronage made him feel that the affair was not a trades-union."

"That's very good of him," said her ladyship. "When you see him next, tell him I said so, Mr. ——"

I supplied the pause with "Rupert Mallory." Hardly had I spoken the words than my folly in so doing dawned upon me, for Mr. Mallory was, of course, precisely the rising light whom her ladyship, as a patron of letters, was likely to have met. My impulsive answer, which was due to the fact that Mr. Mallory's book and the fame which it had brought him were present in my mind, was likely to lead to my exposure. What more probable than that Lady Spinner, who certainly started at the name as I gave it, should have sat next the real Mr. Mallory at the Amalgamated Writers' dinner? But, having taken the plunge, I decided to swim for a prize. There was no point, as far as I was concerned, in any display of modesty. It would make no difference to me if her ladyship thought Mr. Mallory a pushing cad, so I repeated firmly:

"Rupert Mallory," adding: "I wrote 'The Decadence of Sir Dinadan,' you know."

"My dear sir! My dear sir— *Of course* I know your name," said Lady Spinner. "You must excuse me for not being able to place you at once. 'The Decadence of Sir Dinadan'? Let me think. Oh! A charming book! I want you to tell me all about it, and how you came to have the idea, and how you came to write it. But I shall see you on Sunday evening. Have you forgotten? Why ever didn't you introduce yourself to me directly, instead of letting me wonder whether I ought not to give you in charge as a person of criminal intentions?"

Apparently I had accepted an invitation from her ladyship; but, until I knew more of the circumstances, I was forced to be silent.

"It was so good of dear Valentine to say that he would bring you," she went on; "but then, he is always so good."

"Always," I murmured.

"Especially to you authors."

"Especially," I repeated impressively.

At this moment the manager of the lace department approached, and created a diversion in my favor.

"Look here," said Lady Spinner to him — and clearly she stood on no ceremony when she was out shopping. "You've got a d'Alençon shawl for sale. It's marked two hundred and thirty guineas. You offered it to me last week for one hundred and seventy, and now I've come for it."

"I couldn't possibly make such a great reduction, your ladyship," said the man.

"I wonder you can possibly make such an extortionate demand," retorted Lady Spinner. "However, I never haggle. I'll give you two hundred guineas, and not a farthing more."

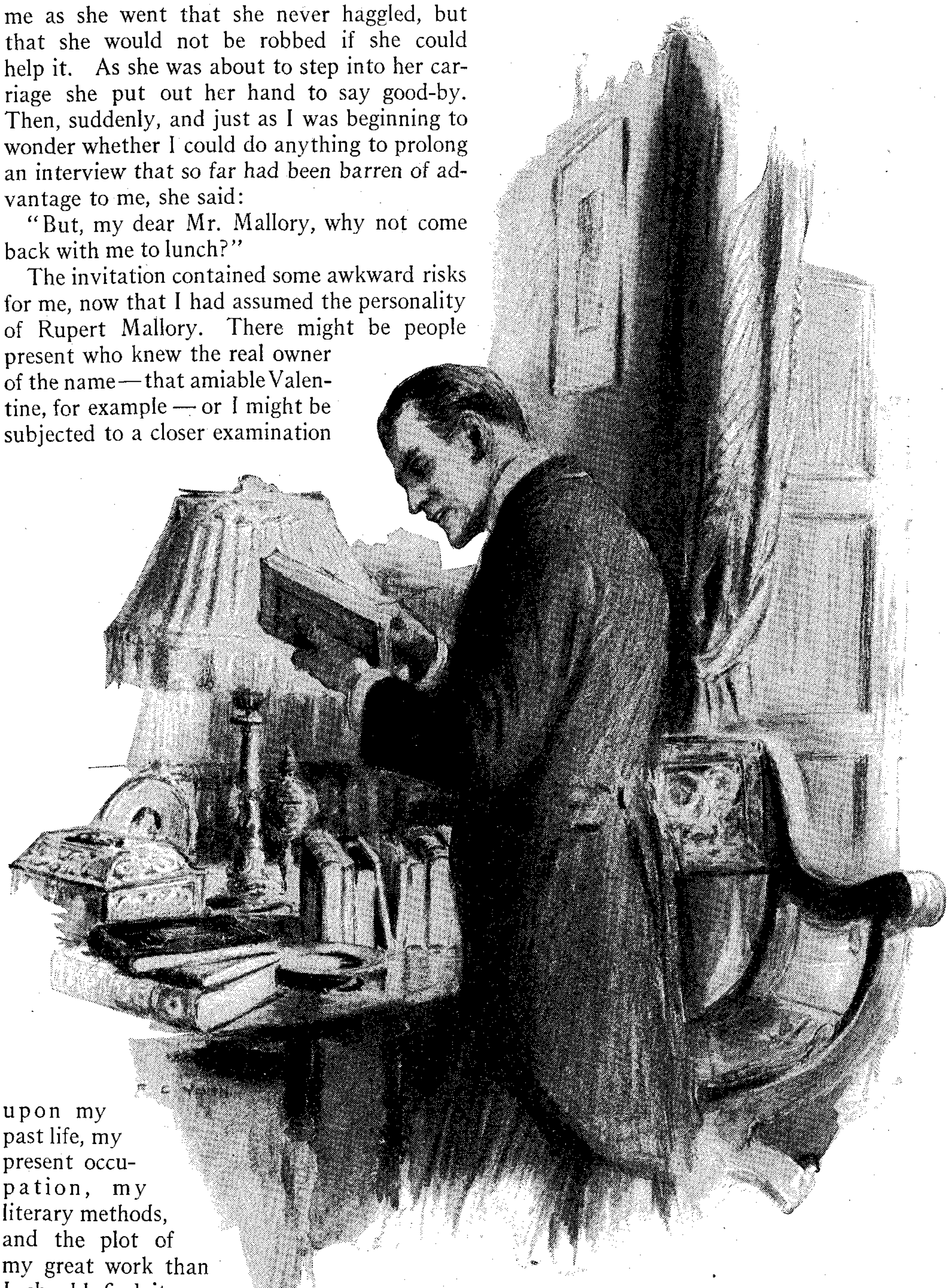
The man smiled, and said the firm would be agreeable that Lady Spinner should have the shawl at that price.

"I should think the firm would," said her ladyship. "I'll take it away with me, or your people may send home something else."

She swept out of the shop, carrying her recent purchase with her, and explaining to me as she went that she never haggled, but that she would not be robbed if she could help it. As she was about to step into her carriage she put out her hand to say good-by. Then, suddenly, and just as I was beginning to wonder whether I could do anything to prolong an interview that so far had been barren of advantage to me, she said:

"But, my dear Mr. Mallory, why not come back with me to lunch?"

The invitation contained some awkward risks for me, now that I had assumed the personality of Rupert Mallory. There might be people present who knew the real owner of the name—that amiable Valentine, for example—or I might be subjected to a closer examination upon my past life, my present occupation, my literary methods, and the plot of my great work than I should find it easy to sustain. But Lady Spinner's next words removed some of my fears.



"AS SOON AS I WAS ALONE, I SEIZED A COPY OF 'WHO'S WHO' AND TURNED TO MR. VALENTINE PUGH'S NAME"

"Do come, Mr. Mallory, if you can spare the time," she said. "I'm afraid it will be a *tête-à-tête* meal; but you can run away directly afterward. I do so want to give Mr. Valentine Pugh a lesson. He's so dreadfully patronizing. He only lets me know the literary people whom he brings to me. And he has made such a point of introducing you to me, and of having heaven knows who to meet you at my table, that it will amuse me very much to tell him on Sunday, when he brings you round, that we are old friends. So come to luncheon now, and don't tell Valentine."

I got into the magnificent carriage, and was driven to Portland Place, while I listened to my hostess telling me at considerable length how resolute she was not to be cheated by tradespeople, and how necessary it was for the wealthy — for wealthy women in particular — to keep their eyes open, lest they should be entrapped by designing persons. And while she talked I tried to be a designing person; but I could think of nothing more original in the way of a felony than to steal her lace shawl, which lay on the seat in front of us. I could not steal the woman's shawl, though I was ready to rob her in other ways. Why it should have seemed to me gross indelicacy to take her wearing apparel, I do not know; but I record the circumstance that my scruples may obtain approbation. I am vicious, but I have picked and chosen my sins a little, and this should be counted to my credit.

My hostess, on arriving at her house, took me into a small library, and said:

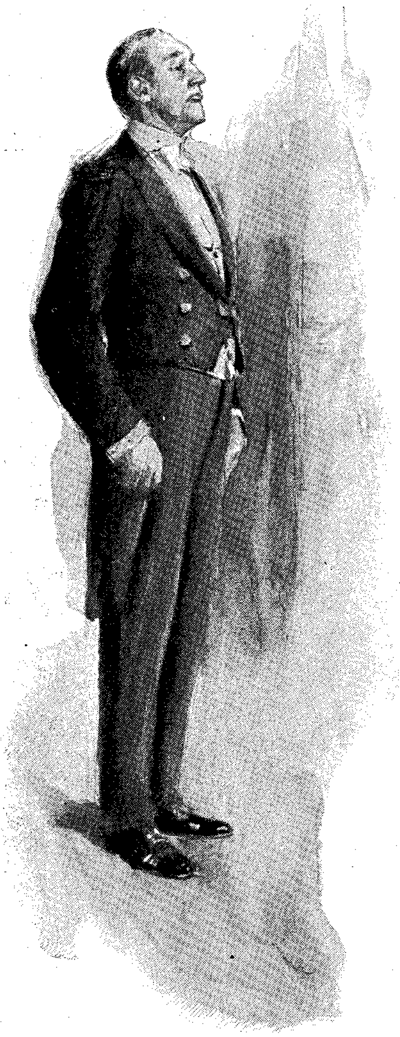
"Wait there one minute, Mr. Mallory, will you? I want you to do a little thing for me."

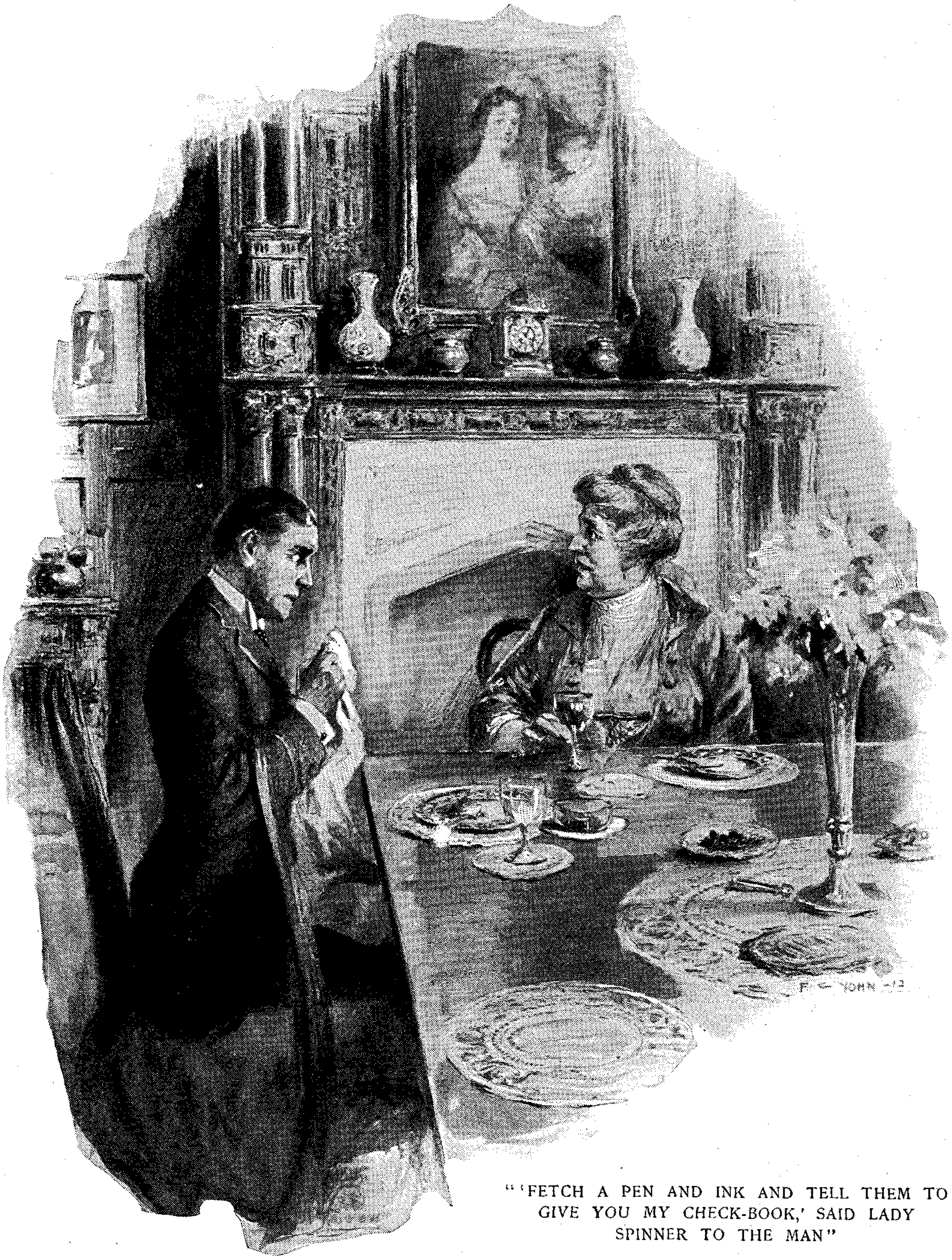
As soon as I was alone, I seized the copy of "Who's Who," which I saw among a little row of reference books, and turned to Mr. Valentine Pugh's name. It was not only necessary that I should know who he was, in the probable event of the conversation turning upon him, but I had traced in Lady Spinner's accents some hostility to "dear Valentine," and the smallest inkling of her likes and dislikes might form my starting-point.

Fortunately, Mr. Valentine Pugh was of sufficient public importance to obtain a place in the book of reference, and I found him, according to his autobiography, to be a man with many interests. He had held a Government appointment, he had edited a newspaper, he had been secretary to a political magnate. He was a critic and an essayist. He had collaborated with a famous actress in writing a melodrama, and with a popular violinist in editing a series of monographs on modern musicians. He was also literary adviser to a publishing firm — the firm that had given "The Decadence of Sir Dinadan" to the world, and the honorary treasurer of a charitable scheme that was attracting much aristocratic support. Decidedly, Mr. Valentine Pugh was a busy man.

I read the entry again. It struck me, upon the second perusal, that he depended for his livelihood more than a little upon other people. He might work hard, but in most of his undertakings the funds were furnished by employers or collaborators, who were also allowed a share of the responsibilities. It ought not to be difficult for me to imagine circumstances in which I could pose as the victim of such a man, and in this way enlist the practical sympathy of Lady Spinner. Mr. Valentine Pugh, the agent of wicked publishers, must be represented to Lady Spinner, the friend of authors, and a regular attendant at the functions of the Amalgamated Writers, as having cheated me, a talented and rising young litterateur, in regard to the issue of a book.

This was as far as I had got in forming a plan when, after an absence of five minutes, her ladyship returned, with a copy of "The Decadence of Sir Dinadan" in her hands and an arch smile on her plump face. On the fly-leaf of what she believed to be my masterpiece she wished me to write her name, "as many distinguished authors had done." I took the pen, and scrawled Lady Spinner's name in the book, and beneath it inscribed my own, adding that I was the "most unfortunate author."





"'FETCH A PEN AND INK AND TELL THEM TO GIVE YOU MY CHECK-BOOK,' SAID LADY SPINNER TO THE MAN"

"Most unfortunate!" said she, in surprise.

I shook my head gloomily.

"Well, I must know all about it," she went on. "I take the greatest interest in literary matters. I feel that I have the literary instinct, although I have never had time to write anything."

"I don't think I ought to tell you," I said, "for it concerns a common friend."

"A common friend! Whoever — why, you must mean Valentine Pugh. What's he done? You must tell me — you really must."

So I told her at luncheon. She sent the butler out of the room, and I poured out my miserable story. I explained how, immediately upon the appearance of "The Decadence of Sir Dinadan," that I had sold to the publishers for a trifle, Mr. Valentine Pugh approached me to collaborate with him in a novel, representing that it was rather his influence than the merits of my book that had induced the firm with which he was connected to publish for me.

"I had a second book written by me," I said, "and he knew it. I was flattered by the proposal, and I consented, and I received from him a small sum of money to clinch the bargain. If I had been properly paid for 'The Decadence of Sir Dinadan,' the money would have been no object to me, and I should have refused to share the reward of my labor with another man. The book is now ready to go to press, Mr. Pugh's share in the collaboration having consisted in making a few impossible suggestions, and in persuading me to employ an expensive typewriter, who turns out to be his own clerk at the office of a charity to which he is honorary treasurer. He has not even seen the manuscript."

Lady Spinner listened with unconcealed interest, and, exactly as I anticipated, showed considerable animus against Mr. Valentine Pugh.

"I think you're quite right to call yourself unfortunate," she said. "It's wicked of Valentine. He's always collaborating, and never does any of the work; but he's the only person who ever gets any good out of the result."

"Why, really," said I, "that's just the point. You'll excuse me for saying it, Lady Spinner, but you must be a thorough woman of business. You put your finger down on the spot at once."

"I have had to look at things in a business light all my widowed life, Mr. Mallory," she said, very pleased.

"Then you will understand my position exactly. I have undertaken to write this book with Mr. Valentine Pugh, and it is to be published by the Dulwich Press."

"That's his firm."

"Yes. He arranged terms for me, and I have had one hundred pounds from him on account. That seemed to me a large sum, for he had told me that he had strained his influence to breaking-point with his firm merely in persuading them to publish for me at all. The appearance of his name as part author had, he said, satisfied their scruples. Now I find that I can get far better terms elsewhere for the book. I have been approached in several directions; but Mr. Pugh will not let me off the bargain. And I can not repudiate it, because I can not pay him what I owe him, and defy him. I have spent the hundred pounds. He wishes to appear as part author of my story, and there's nothing for it but to take a miserable sum for my book, and also lose half my fame as an author. But I don't like it."

I watched Lady Spinner. Could she swallow such an enormous lump of improbabilities? I thought it possible, for the bolus, though large, was well prepared, and her faith proved equal to the effort.

"I shall tell Mr. Valentine Pugh what I think of him when next I see him," she replied. "I never heard of such meanness, or of such an audacious imposture as he is meditating. Why do you remain friends with him?"

"I don't," I answered. "I'm in his power. I owe him one hundred pounds. If I could pay him I would cut him. Of course, I could get more than that for a new book; but I have only one book ready, and that's the one in which he is to appear as a collaborator."

"I'm a business woman," said Lady Spinner. "If I set you free from Mr. Pugh, how can you repay me?"

"Out of the proceeds of the book."

"Yes," said her ladyship.

"With interest."

"Yes," said her ladyship.

"And dedicate the next book to you."

"Yes," said her ladyship. "But if it is a failure, I shall lose my money, and the compliment of the dedication will not be very high."

Lady Spinner was credulous; but she was a business woman, as she had said. She did not like the security, and there was nothing in the loan specially to attract her. I was at the end of my imaginings, and was debating whether I should own defeat and drop the subject, or appeal *ad misericordiam*, when I had an inspiration.

"There is one way in which I *might* be able to repay your ladyship a hundredfold," I ventured. "Of course, you can understand that I can not in modesty guarantee success; but if success came, you would receive a proportionate return for your generosity. We might write a book together, and share profits."

She smiled in obvious pleasure at the proposition, but shook her head.

"I should do as much of the writing as was necessary," I continued; "but I should ask you to assist me in the character-drawing."

"Of course, I could do that," she assented.

"Then the sphere in which you move," I suggested, "would make it easy for you to add to my descriptions of high society."

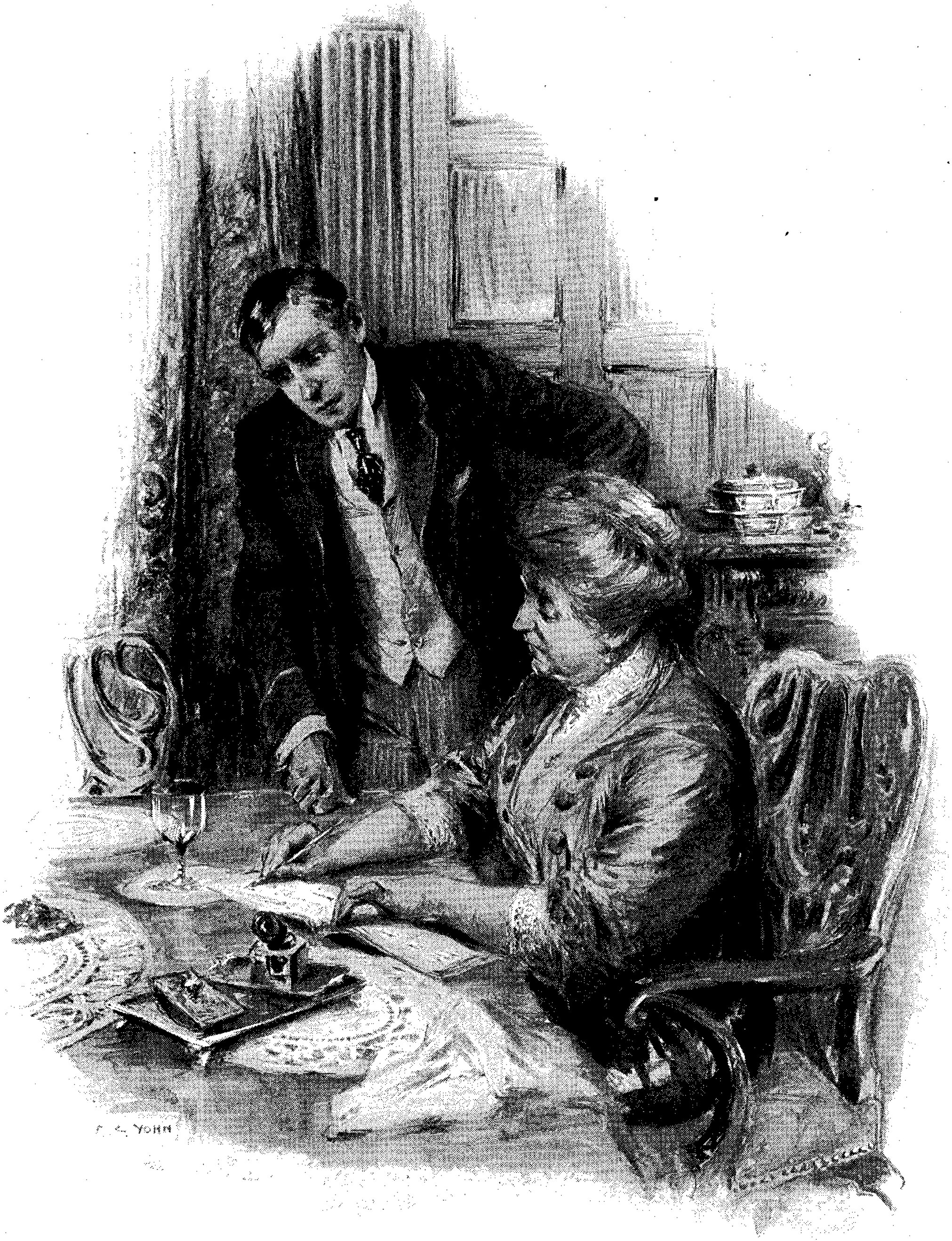
"Well, of course, I could do that," she said; and now she was speaking with some enthusiasm.

"You see," I went on, "it would be of great advantage to me to have your name on the title-page with my own. You are well known as a connoisseur and patron of literature, and thus to be singled out to write with you ——"

"Very well," said Lady Spinner. "But how long will it take us to write the book?"

"It is written," I answered.

"Do you mean the one that you and Mr. Valentine Pugh were going to do together?"



"'I DON'T WANT YOUR SECRETARY TO THINK I AM GETTING MONEY OUT OF YOU,' I SAID. . . . 'YOU ARE THIN-SKINNED,' RETURNED LADY SPINNER, SETTLING HERSELF TO WRITE"

"Yes. He will never know this book is the one, half of which was to have been called his. Remember, he has never seen the manuscript. If he makes any awkward public statement, I shall contradict him."

At this moment the footman entered and said that Mr. Valentine Pugh was in the library, and would like to speak to Lady Spinner.

She made up her mind at once.

"Fetch a pen and ink, and tell them to give you my check-book," said Lady Spinner to the man. "I shall write you a check," she said to me as he left the room, "and then we will see Mr. Valentine Pugh and you can pay him."

I need hardly say that I had no intention of being confronted in Lady Spinner's presence with Mr. Valentine Pugh. I was only concerned in getting away. All thought of Lady Spinner's check was lost in fears of detection.

"I should not like to give him a check signed by you," I said. "And I don't want him to think that I came whining to you, so I would rather go away without seeing him."

"Pooh!" replied Lady Spinner. "The man must be paid and sent about his business. I bank at the West End branch just round the corner. I will send some one to cash the check."

"I'll cash it myself," I returned, making a rush for the spoil. "I don't want your secretary to think I am getting money out of you."

"You are thin-skinned," said Lady Spinner, settling herself to write.

She gave me a check for one hundred pounds, in return for which I wrote her a few lines, admitting her right to half of all profits derived from *our* book, to be called "The Quest of Lilith."

I went out to cash the check, and omitted to return, so that I am unable to describe the interview that took place between Lady Spinner and Mr. Valentine Pugh.

I am not proud of the way in which I tricked Lady Spinner, for chance played too large a part. As for stealing from a woman, I was surprised to find that it aroused in me no sensation of disgust. Lady Spinner was, it appeared to me, a vain and greedy woman, and deserved what she got.

SAX ROHMER IS AN ENGLISH WRITER WITH A GENIUS FOR BRILLIANT SITUATION. IN NOVEMBER HE BEGINS A NEW SERIES IN McCLURE'S — **"THE EXPLOITS OF CAPTAIN O'HAGAN."** *EACH STORY IN THIS SERIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF — EACH ONE IS MARKED BY THE RAPID, SPIRITED INVENTION, THE EASY EXECUTION, AND THE SPLENDID HUMOR THAT MAKE THIS WRITER WITHOUT AN EQUAL IN HIS OWN FIELD. THE FIRST OF THESE STORIES IS CALLED* **"HE PATRONISES PAMELA."**

THE AFTER HOUSE

A Story of Love, Mystery, and a Private Yacht

BY

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

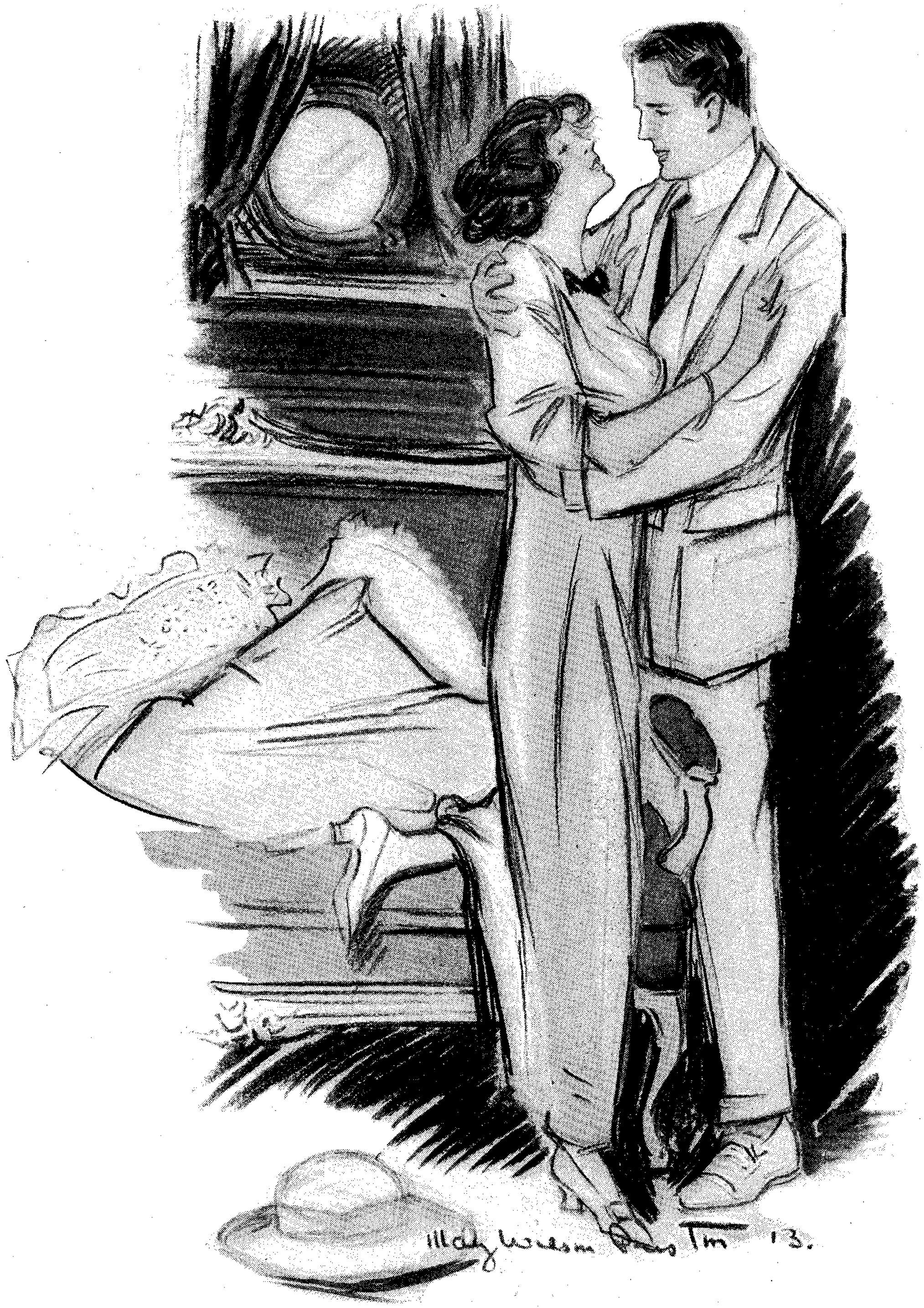
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Begun in June.—Ralph Leslie, a young medical graduate just recovering from an attack of typhoid, decides to support himself through his convalescence by shipping as a hand on the private yacht "Ella," which Marshall Turner, a rich and dissipated ship-owner, is taking on a southern pleasure cruise. In Turner's party are his wife, his young sister-in-law, Elsa Lee, Mrs. Johns, a divorcée, and a Mr. Vail. Things go badly from the start. Turner drinks constantly, quarrels with the captain, and accuses Vail of flirting with his wife. The second mate is lost overboard. Mrs. Johns, frightened by Turner's insane irritability, asks Leslie to sleep in the after house, within call. On the night of August 12 Leslie wakes suddenly and finds his door locked on the outside. As he forces it open, he hears a woman scream. He goes to Vail's room, and finds him dead, almost cut to pieces with an ax. The captain and one of the maids have been murdered in the same way. Turner is found, dressed, in his cabin, but in a drunken stupor. Singleton, the first mate, who has lately quarreled with the captain, collapses; and the crew put him in irons, and elect Leslie to the command of the vessel. Leslie has the ax with which the murder was committed, and which bears the murderer's finger-prints, locked in the captain's cabin, and the dead bodies put into the jolly-boat and towed behind the yacht. Turner violently quarrels with these proceedings, and, when the crew support Leslie, locks himself in his cabin. Many disturbing things take place on the voyage back to port. Covert attempts are made to steal the key to the captain's cabin, and one night Burns, who was wearing the key about his neck, is knocked senseless and the key taken. The captain's cabin is found rifled. The ax is gone. The yacht finally reaches port and the trial for the murders begins. Leslie and Henrietta Sloan, the stewardess, are called to the stand and give their testimony.

CHAPTER XXI

CHARLIE JONES was called first, on the second day of the trial. He gave his place of birth as Pennsylvania, and his present home address as a Sailors' Christian Home in New York. He offered, without solicitation, the information that he had been twenty-eight years in the Turner service, and could have been "up at the top," but preferred the forecastle, so that he could be an influence to the men.

His rolling gait, twinkling blue eyes, and huge mustache, as well as the plug of tobacco, which


May Wilson Preston 13.

"QUITE CALMLY, AS IF WE WERE GOING BELOW FOR A CLEAN HANDKERCHIEF OR A VEIL OR A CIGARETTE, WE STROLLED DOWN TO TURNER'S SITTING-ROOM AND CLOSED THE DOOR. AND THERE — I KISSED HER" he sliced with a huge knife, put the crowd in good humor, and relieved somewhat the somberness of the proceedings.

"Where were you between midnight and 4 A. M. on the morning of August thirteenth?"

"At the wheel."

"You did not leave the wheel during that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was that?"

"After they found the captain's body, I went to the forward companion and looked down."

"Is a helmsman permitted to leave his post?"

"With the captain lying dead down in a pool of blood, I should think ——"

"Never mind thinking. Is he?"

"No."

"What did you do with the wheel when you left it?"

"Lashed it. There are two rope-ends, with loops, to lash it with. When I was on the *Sarah Winters* ——"

"Stick to the question. Did you see the mate, Mr. Singleton, during your watch?"

"Every half hour from twelve-thirty to one-thirty. He struck the bells. After that he said he was sick. He thought he'd been poisoned. He said he was going to the bridge, and for me to strike them."

"Who struck the bell at three o'clock?"

"I did, sir."

"When did you hear a woman scream?"

"Just before that."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. It was the Hansen woman. I didn't like her. She was a bad woman. When I told her what she was, she laughed."

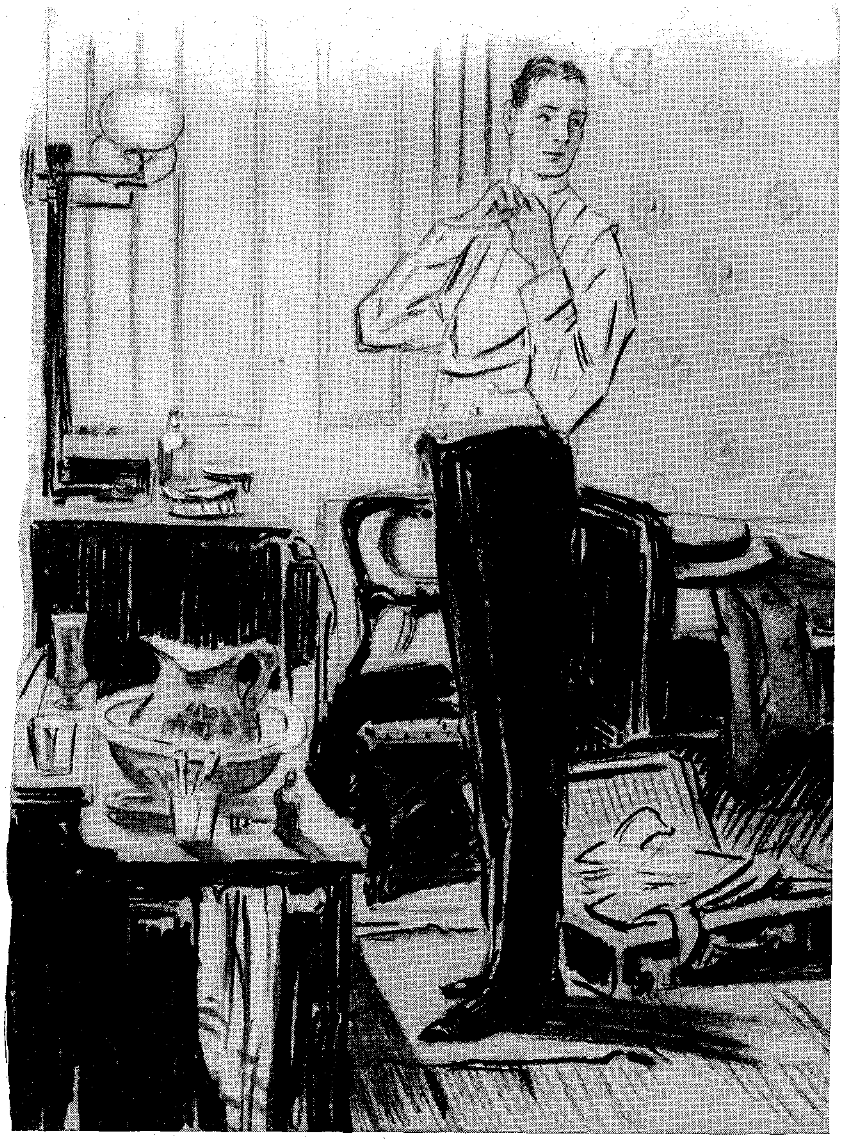
"Were you ever below in the after house?"

"No, sir; not since the boat was fixed up."

"What could you see through the window beside the wheel?"

"It looked into the chart-room. If the light was on, I could see all but the floor."

"Between the hours of 1 A. M. and 3 A. M., did



"'IT IS BY WAY OF CELEBRATION,' MAC SAID, AS HE PUT A DAB OF SHOE-LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.'

any one leave or enter the after house by the after companion?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Singleton went down into the chart-room, and came back again in five or ten minutes."

"At what time?"

"At four bells — two o'clock."

"No one else?"

"No, sir; but I saw Mr. Turner ——"

"Confine yourself to the question. What was Mr. Singleton's manner at the time you mention?"

"He was excited. He brought up a bottle of whisky from the chart-room table, and drank what was left in it. Then he muttered something, and threw the empty bottle over the rail."

The cross-examination confined itself to one detail of Charlie Jones' testimony.

"Did you, between midnight and 3 A. M., see any one in the chart-room besides the mate?"

"Yes — Mr. Turner."

"You say you can not see into the chart-room from the wheel at night. How did you see him?"

"He turned on the light. He seemed to be looking for something."

"Was he dressed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you describe what he wore?"

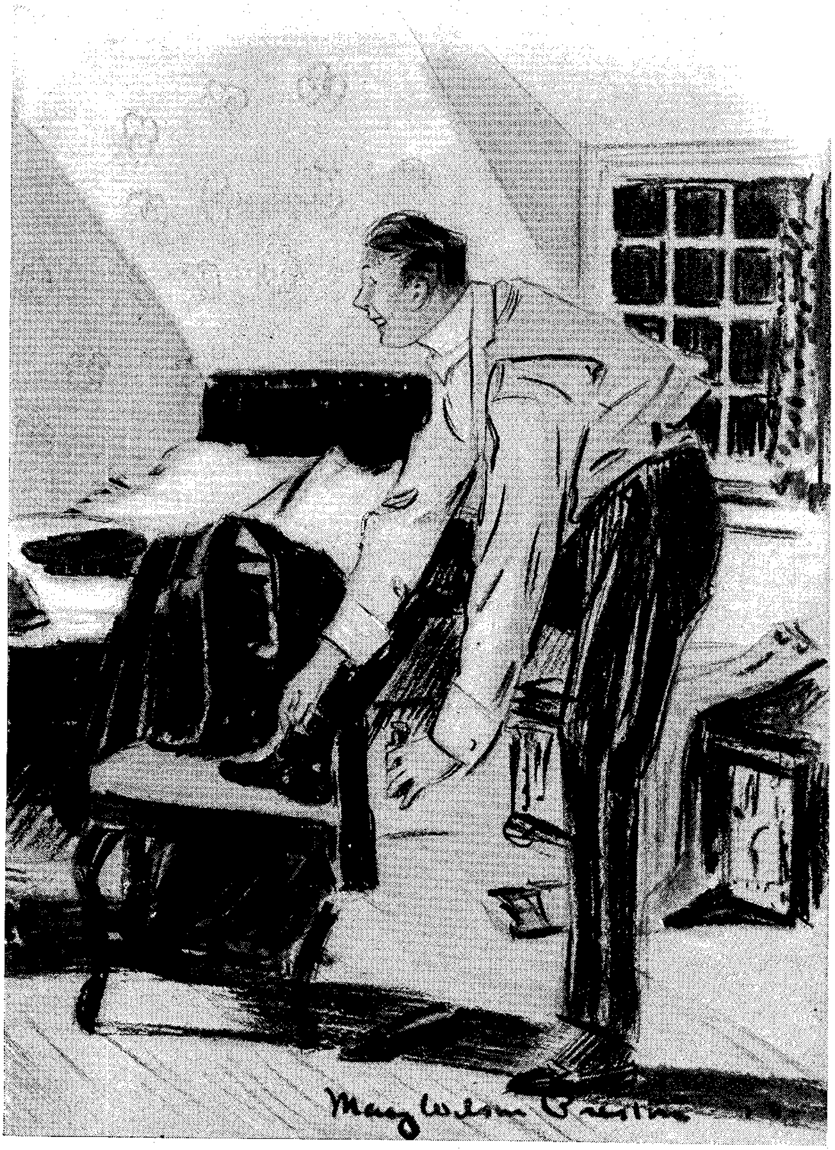
"Yes, sir. His coat was off. He had a white shirt and a white vest."

"Were the shirt and vest similar to these I show you?"

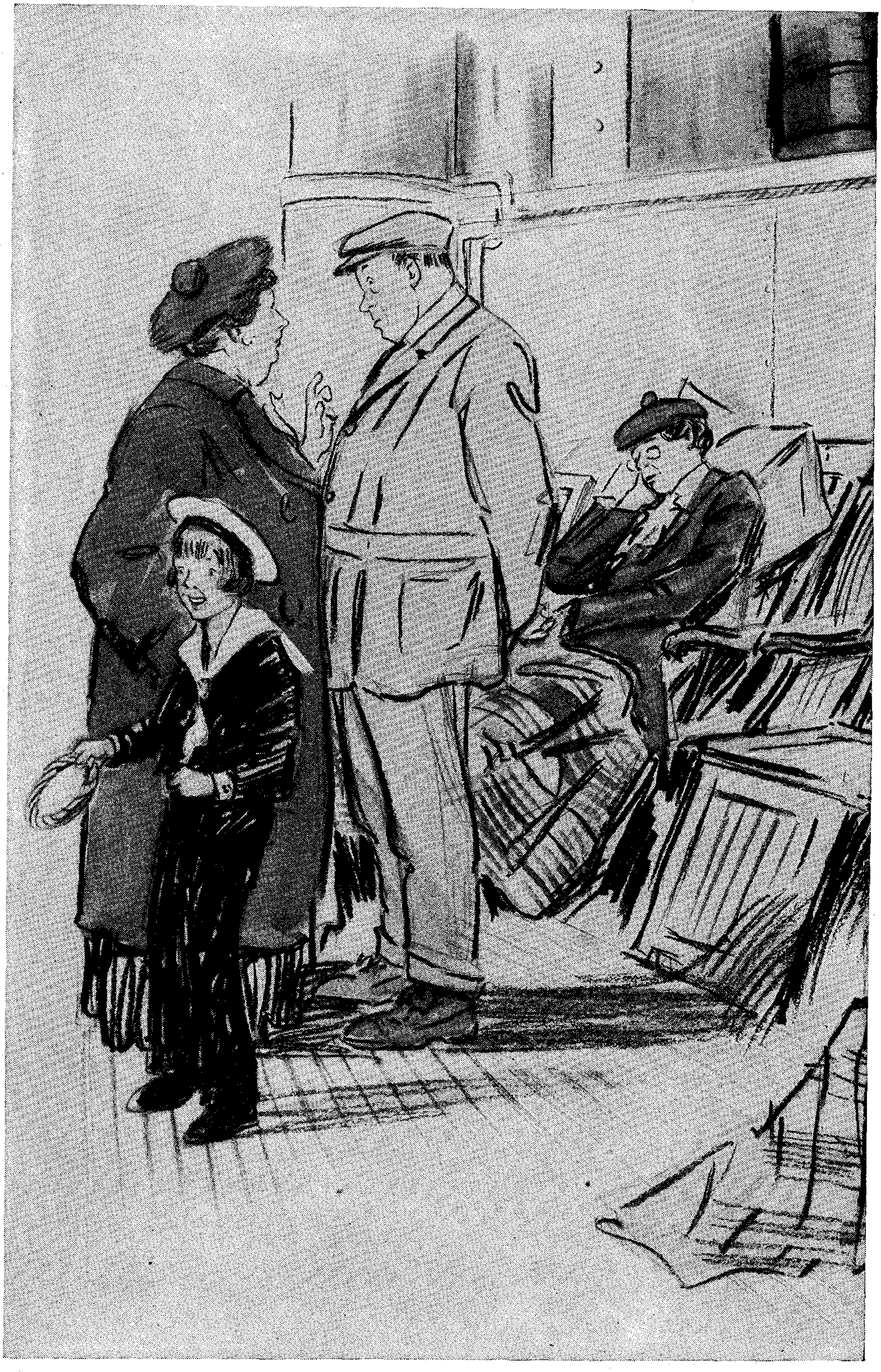
"Most of them things look alike to me. Yes, sir."

The defense had scored again. But it suffered at the hands of Burns, the next witness. I believe the prosecution had intended to call Turner at this time; but, after a whispered conference with Turner's attorneys, they made a change. Turner, indeed, was in no condition to go on the stand. He was pallid and twitching, and his face was covered with sweat.

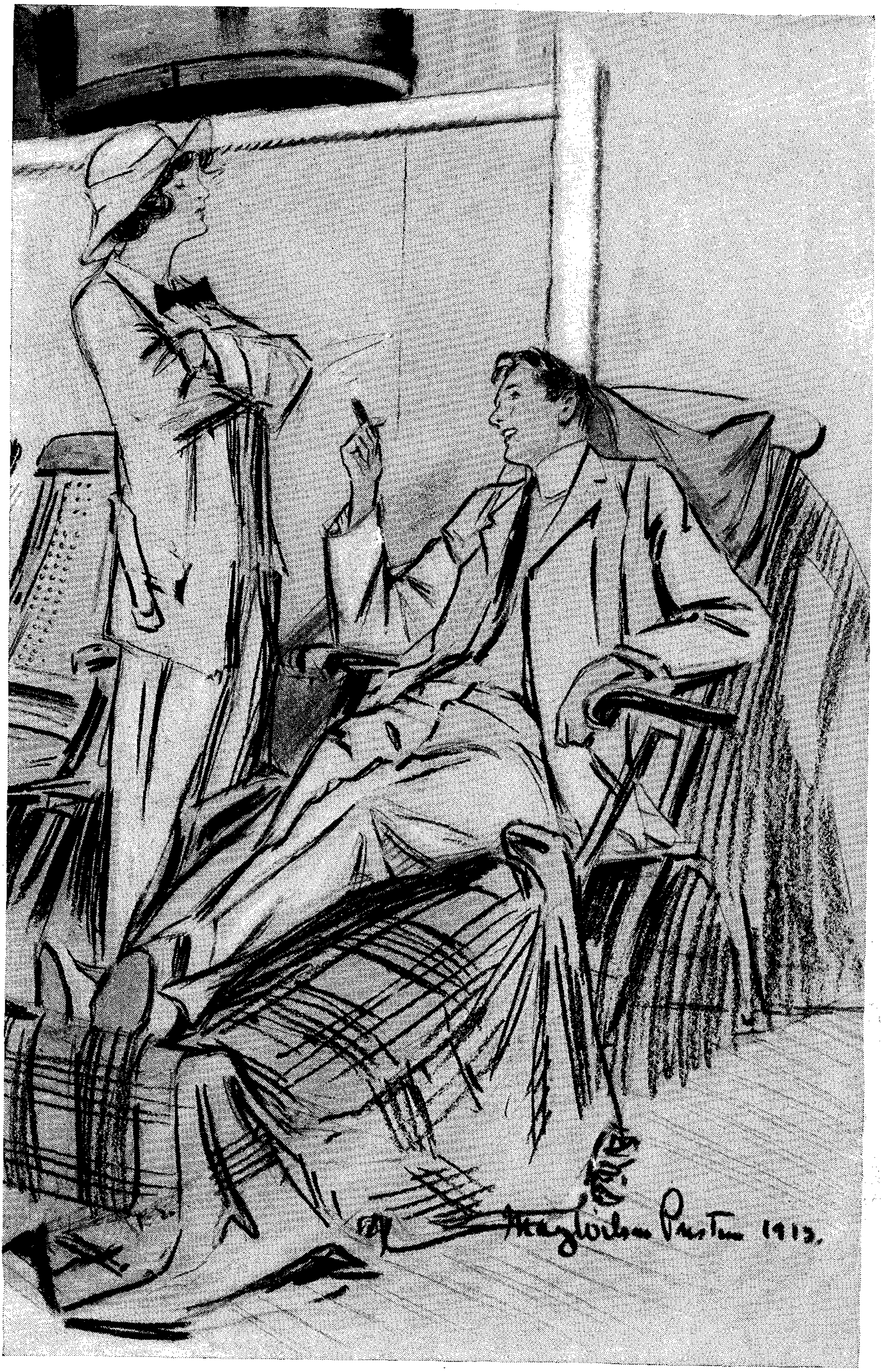
Burns corroborated the



BLACKING OVER A HOLE IN HIS SOCK, 'YOU HAVING BEEN RESTORED TO . . . 'HAPPINESS!' I SAID SCORNFULLY"



"'I THINK I AM GOING TO KISS YOU.' 'YOU WOULDN'T!' . . . 'WOULDN'T I!' . . . SHE
THAT SHE


May Wilson Preston 1913.

RISES HASTILY AND STANDS LOOKING DOWN AT ME. I AM QUITE SURE AT THAT MOMENT DETESTS ME” testimony against Singleton — his surly temper, his outbursts of rage, his threats against the captain. And he brought out a new point: that Jones, the helmsman, had been afraid of Singleton that night, and had asked not to be left alone at the wheel.

During this examination the prosecution for the first time made clear their position: that the captain was murdered first; that Vail interfered, and, pursued by Singleton, took refuge in his bunk, where he was slaughtered; that the murderer, bending to inspect his horrid work, had unwittingly touched the bell that roused Karen Hansen, and, crouching in the chart-room with the ax, had struck her as she opened the door.

The prosecution questioned Burns about the ax and its disappearance.

"Who suggested that the ax be kept in the captain's cabin?"

"Leslie, acting as captain."

"Who had the key?"

"I carried it on a strong line around my neck."

"Whose arrangement was that?"

"Leslie's. He had the key to Mr. Singleton's cabin, and I carried this one. We divided the responsibility."

"Did you ever give the key to any one?"

"No, sir."

"Did it ever leave you?"

"Not until it was taken away."

"When was that?"

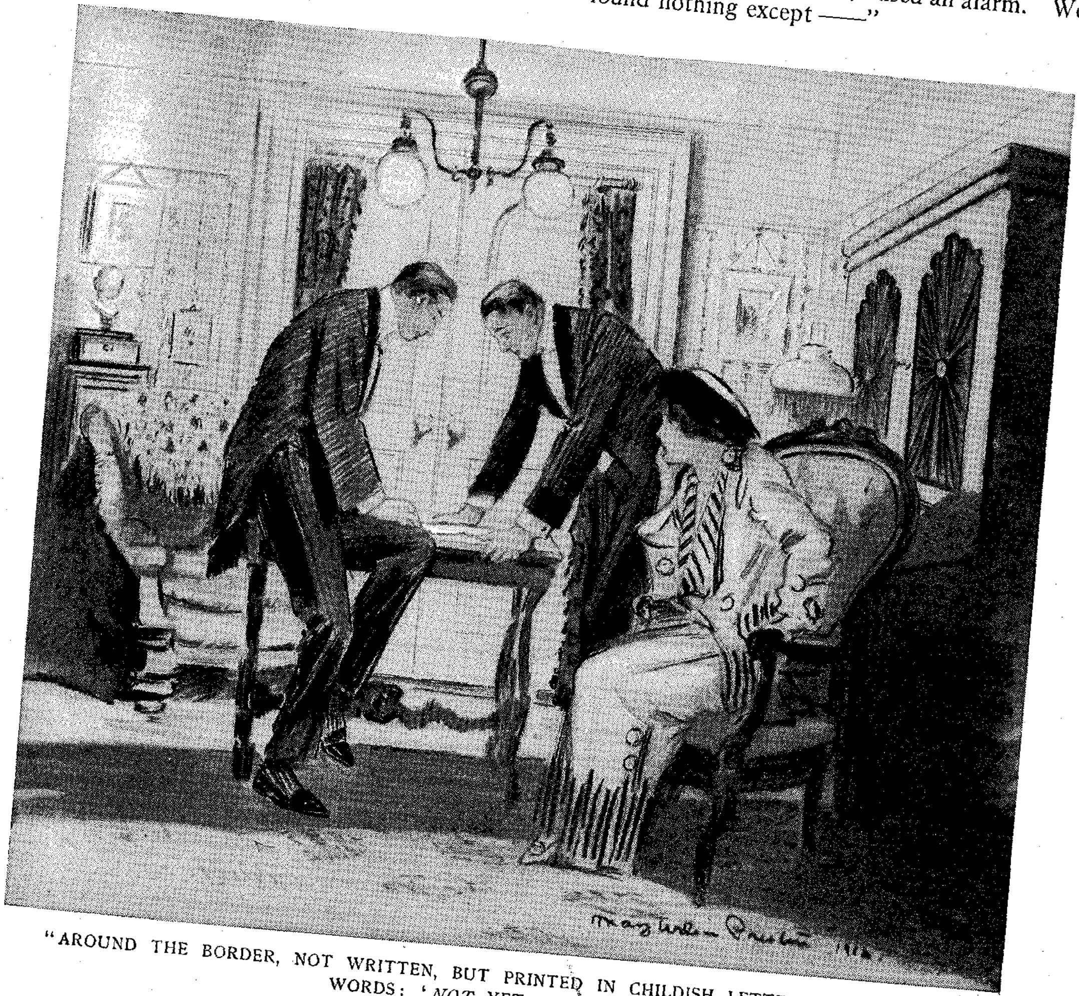
"On Saturday morning, August the twenty-second, shortly before dawn."

"Tell what happened."

"I was knocked down from behind, while I was standing at the port forward corner of the after house. The key was taken from me while I was unconscious."

"Did you ever see the white object that has been spoken of by the crew?"

"No, sir. I searched the deck one night when Adams, the lookout, raised an alarm. We found nothing except ——"



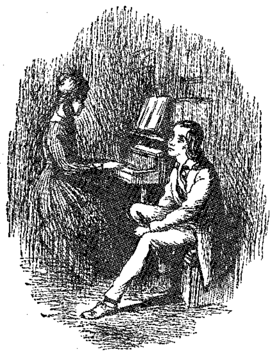
"AROUND THE BORDER, NOT WRITTEN, BUT PRINTED IN CHILDISH LETTERS, WERE THE WORDS: '*NOT* YET. HA, HA'"

"The After House" is continued on page 149

A Pianola Advertisement

Written by

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

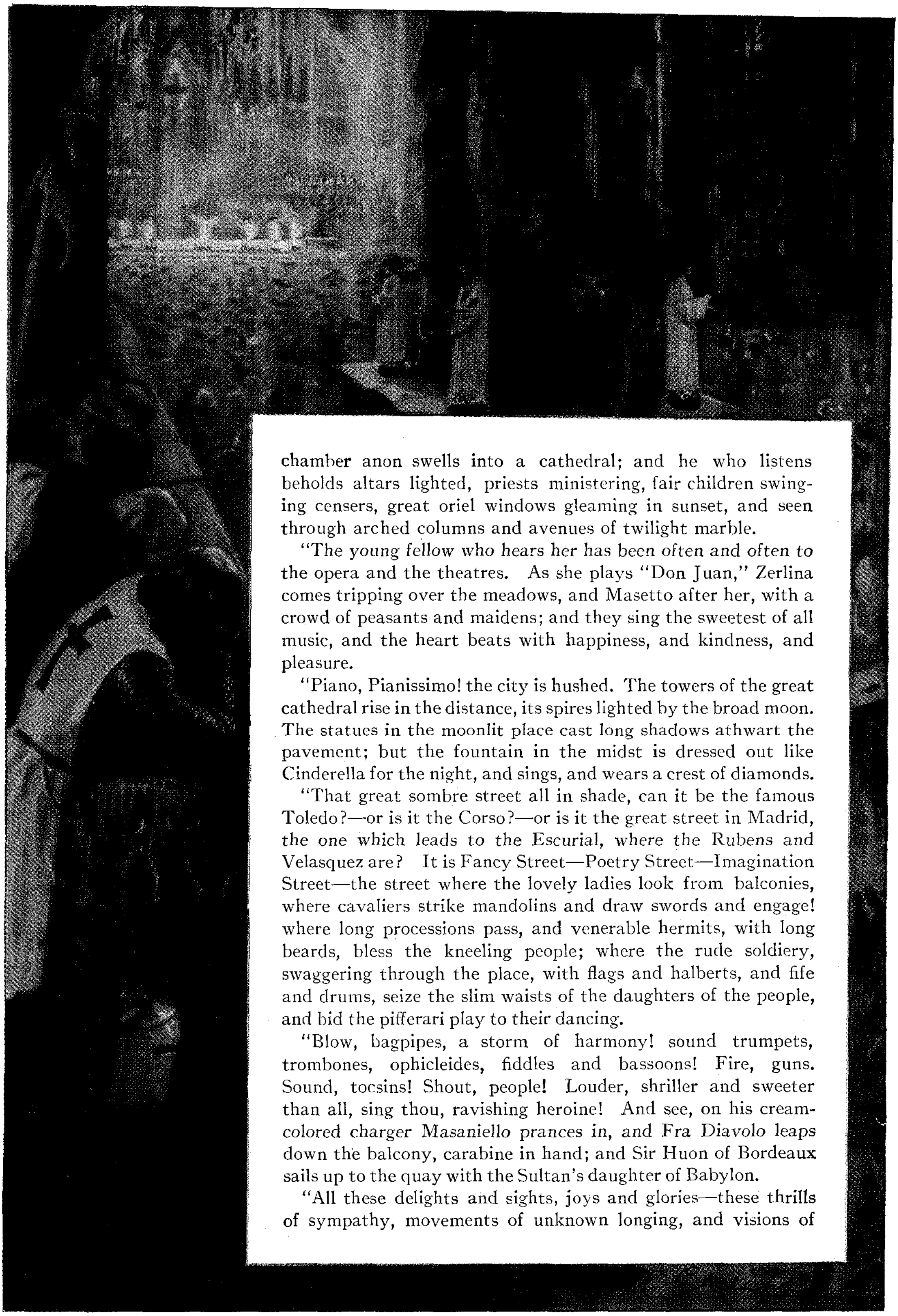


Thackeray's masterly description of the effect of the piano-playing of little Miss Cann, the humble music-teacher, upon "J. J."—who, though the son of a butler, possessed the soul of an artist.

FROM "THE NEWCOMBS"

"OLD and weazened as that piano is, it is wonderful what a pleasant concert she can give in that parlor of a Sunday evening—to Mrs. Ridley, who generally dozes a good deal, and to a lad who listens with all his soul, with tears sometimes in his great eyes, with crowding fancies filling his brain and throbbing at his heart, as the artist plays her humble instrument.

"She plays old music of Handel and Haydn, and the little



chamber anon swells into a cathedral; and he who listens beholds altars lighted, priests ministering, fair children swinging censers, great oriel windows gleaming in sunset, and seen through arched columns and avenues of twilight marble.

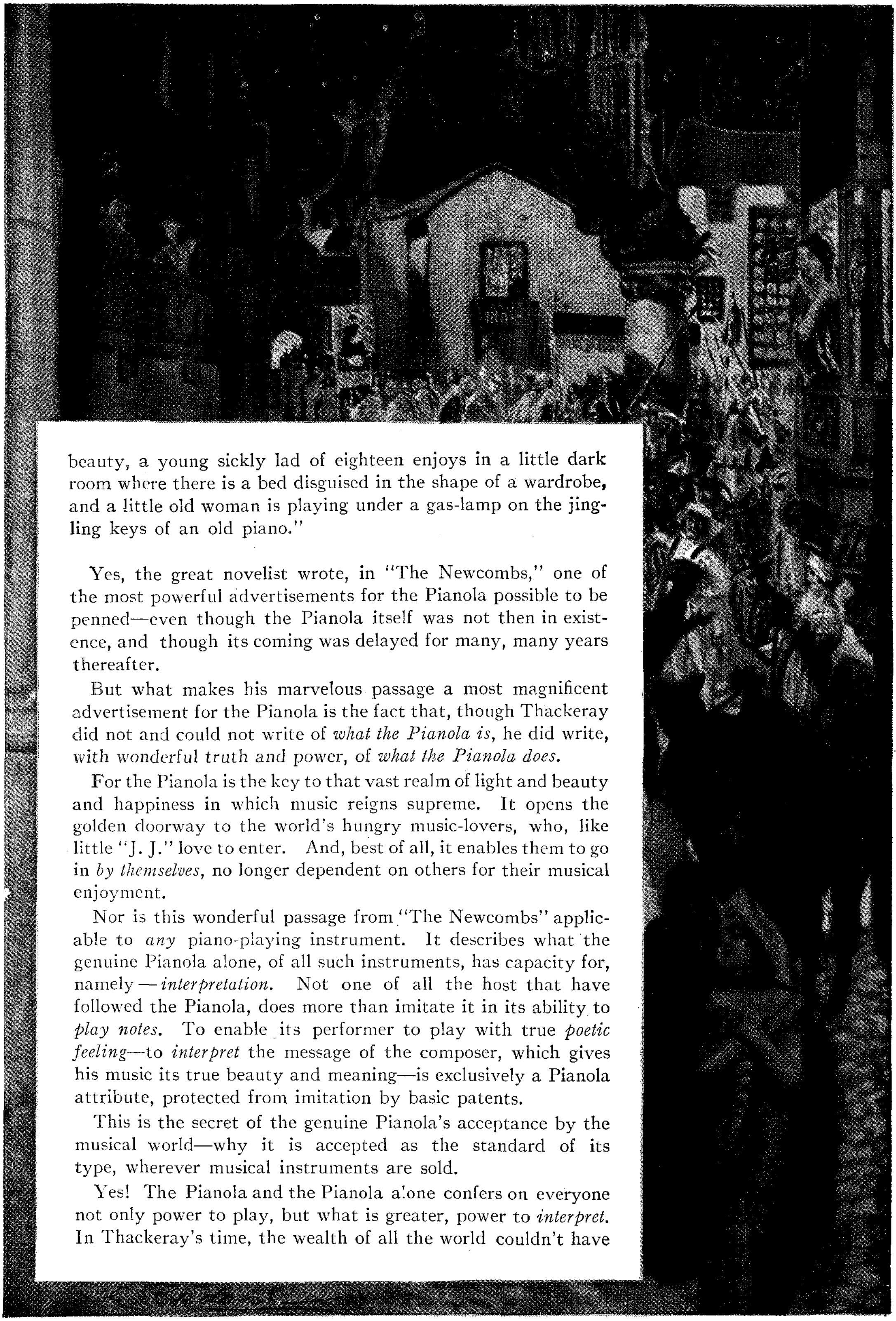
"The young fellow who hears her has been often and often to the opera and the theatres. As she plays "Don Juan," Zerlina comes tripping over the meadows, and Masetto after her, with a crowd of peasants and maidens; and they sing the sweetest of all music, and the heart beats with happiness, and kindness, and pleasure.

"Piano, Pianissimo! the city is hushed. The towers of the great cathedral rise in the distance, its spires lighted by the broad moon. The statues in the moonlit place cast long shadows athwart the pavement; but the fountain in the midst is dressed out like Cinderella for the night, and sings, and wears a crest of diamonds.

"That great sombre street all in shade, can it be the famous Toledo?—or is it the Corso?—or is it the great street in Madrid, the one which leads to the Escurial, where the Rubens and Velasquez are? It is Fancy Street—Poetry Street—Imagination Street—the street where the lovely ladies look from balconies, where cavaliers strike mandolins and draw swords and engage! where long processions pass, and venerable hermits, with long beards, bless the kneeling people; where the rude soldiery, swaggering through the place, with flags and halberts, and fife and drums, seize the slim waists of the daughters of the people, and bid the pifferari play to their dancing.

"Blow, bagpipes, a storm of harmony! sound trumpets, trombones, ophicleides, fiddles and bassoons! Fire, guns. Sound, tocsins! Shout, people! Louder, shriller and sweeter than all, sing thou, ravishing heroine! And see, on his cream-colored charger Masaniello prances in, and Fra Diavolo leaps down the balcony, carabine in hand; and Sir Huon of Bordeaux sails up to the quay with the Sultan's daughter of Babylon.

"All these delights and sights, joys and glories—these thrills of sympathy, movements of unknown longing, and visions of



beauty, a young sickly lad of eighteen enjoys in a little dark room where there is a bed disguised in the shape of a wardrobe, and a little old woman is playing under a gas-lamp on the jingling keys of an old piano."

Yes, the great novelist wrote, in "The Newcombs," one of the most powerful advertisements for the Pianola possible to be penned—even though the Pianola itself was not then in existence, and though its coming was delayed for many, many years thereafter.

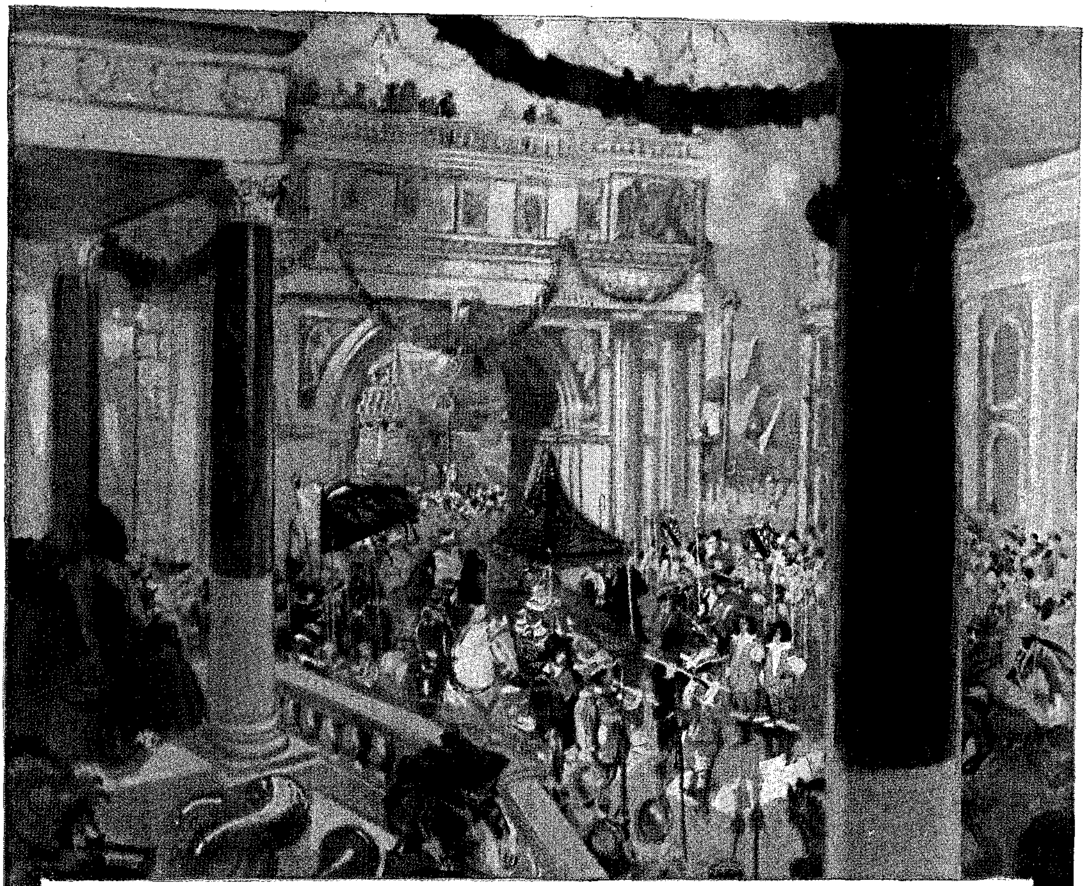
But what makes his marvelous passage a most magnificent advertisement for the Pianola is the fact that, though Thackeray did not and could not write of *what the Pianola is*, he did write, with wonderful truth and power, of *what the Pianola does.*

For the Pianola is the key to that vast realm of light and beauty and happiness in which music reigns supreme. It opens the golden doorway to the world's hungry music-lovers, who, like little "J. J." love to enter. And, best of all, it enables them to go in *by themselves*, no longer dependent on others for their musical enjoyment.

Nor is this wonderful passage from "The Newcombs" applicable to *any* piano-playing instrument. It describes what the genuine Pianola alone, of all such instruments, has capacity for, namely — *interpretation.* Not one of all the host that have followed the Pianola, does more than imitate it in its ability to *play notes.* To enable its performer to play with true *poetic feeling*—to *interpret* the message of the composer, which gives his music its true beauty and meaning—is exclusively a Pianola attribute, protected from imitation by basic patents.

This is the secret of the genuine Pianola's acceptance by the musical world—why it is accepted as the standard of its type, wherever musical instruments are sold.

Yes! The Pianola and the Pianola alone confers on everyone not only power to play, but what is greater, power to *interpret.* In Thackeray's time, the wealth of all the world couldn't have



bought this power, without weary years of arduous practice. To-day, you have but to stretch out your hand and take it. In your own home, you may, tonight if you wish, begin tasting the delights experienced by "J. J." in Miss Cann's dingy little parlor.

But when the time comes that you *want* this pleasure, for yourself and possibly your loved ones, remember the word "Pianola." Look at whatever instruments you will, but *buy no instrument before seeing those with "Pianola" actually lettered on them.*

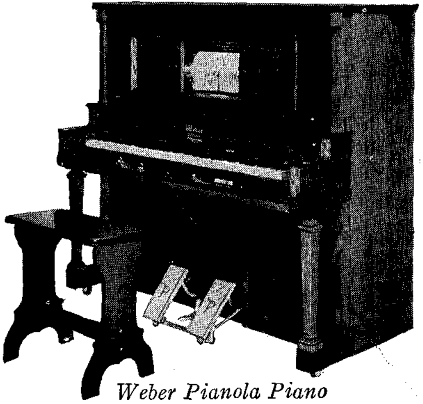
The genuine Pianola may be obtained in combination with the following pianos, each of which is the world's standard at its price—the Steinway, Steck, Wheelock, Stuyvesant, Stroud and famous Weber. These combined instruments are Pianola Pianos and are playable by hand as well as music-roll.

Prices from $550
Slightly higher on Pacific Coast

The Aeolian Company

27-29-31 West 42nd St., New York

We will send free, descriptive booklet, details of Easy Payment Plan, and name of nearest agent. Write to Dept. Y



Weber Pianola Piano

"Go on."

"He threw down a marlinespike at something moving in the bow. The spike disappeared. We couldn't find it, although we could see where it had struck the deck. Afterwards we found a marlinespike hanging over the ship's side by a lanyard. It might have been the one we looked for."

"Explain 'lanyard.'"

"A cord — a sort of rope."

"It could not have fallen over the side and hung there?"

"It was fastened with a Blackwell hitch."

"Show us what you mean."

On cross-examination by Singleton's attorney, Burns was forced to relate the incident of the night before his injury — that Mrs. Johns had asked to see the ax, and he had shown it to her. He maintained stoutly that she had not been near the bunk, and that the ax was there when he locked the door.

ADAMS, called, testified to seeing a curious, misty-white object on the forecastle-head. It had seemed to come over the bow. The marlinespike he threw had had no lanyard.

Mrs. Turner and Miss Lee escaped with a light examination. Their evidence amounted to little, and was practically the same. They had retired early, and did not rouse until I called them. They remained in their rooms most of the time after that, and were busy caring for Mr. Turner, who had been ill. Mrs. Turner was good enough to say that I had made them as safe and as comfortable as possible.

The number of witnesses to be examined, and the searching grilling to which most of them were subjected, would have dragged the case to interminable length, had it not been for the attitude of the judges, who discouraged quibbling and showed a desire to reach the truth with the least possible delay. One of the judges showed the wide and unbiased attitude of the court by a little speech after an especially venomous contest.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are attempting to get to a solution of this thing. We are trying one man, it is true, but, in a certain sense, we are trying every member of the crew, every person who was on board the ship the night of the crime. We have a curious situation. The murderer is before us, either in the prisoner's dock or among the witnesses. Let us get at the truth without bickering."

Mrs. Johns was called, following Miss Lee. I watched her carefully on the stand. I had never fathomed Mrs. Johns, or her attitude toward the rest of the party. I had thought, at the beginning of the cruise, that Vail and she were incipient lovers. But she had taken his death with a calmness that was close to indifference. There was something strange and inexplicable in her tigerish championship of Turner — and it remains inexplicable even now. I have wondered since — was she in love with Turner, or was she only a fiery partizan? I wonder!

She testified with an insolent coolness that clearly irritated the prosecution — thinking over her replies, refusing to recall certain things, and eyeing the jury with long, slanting glances that set them, according to their type, either wriggling or ogling.

THE first questions were the usual ones. Then:

"Do you recall the night of the thirty-first of July?"

"Can you be more specific?"

"I refer to the night when Captain Richardson found the prisoner in the chart-room and ordered him on deck."

"I recall that, yes."

"Where were you during the quarrel?"

"I was behind Mr. Vail."

"Tell us about it, please."

"It was an ordinary brawl. The captain knocked the mate down."

"Did you hear the mate threaten the captain?"

"No. He went on deck, muttering; I did not hear what was said."

"After the crimes, what did you do?"

"We established a dead-line at the foot of the forward companion. The other was locked."

"Was there a guard at the top of the companion?"

"Yes; but we trusted no one."

"Where was Mr. Turner?"

"Ill, in his cabin."

"How ill?"

"Very. He was delirious."

"Did you allow any one down?"

"At first, Leslie, a sort of cabin-boy and deck-steward, who seemed to know something of medicine. Afterward we would not allow him, either."

"Why?"

"We did not trust him."

"This Leslie — why had you asked him to sleep in the store-room?"

"I — was afraid."

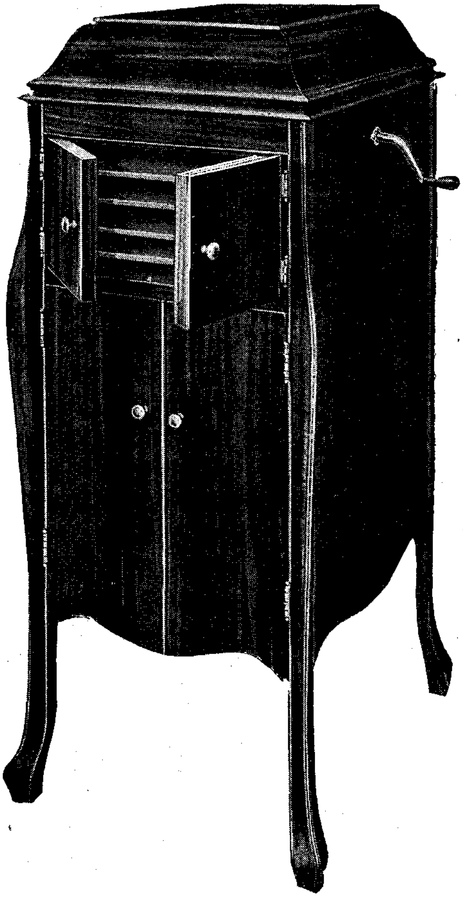
"Will you explain why you were afraid?"

"Fear is difficult to explain, isn't it? If one knows why one is afraid, one — er — generally isn't."

"That's a bit subtle, I'm afraid. You were afraid, then, without knowing why?"

"Yes."

A new cabinet style Victrola—$75



Victor-Victrola X, $75

Mahogany or oak

All the latest Victor-Victrola patented features, including Exhibition sound box, tapering tone arm, "goose-neck" sound-box tube, and twelve-inch turntable, are incorporated in this instrument.

Other styles of the Victor and Victrola $10 to $500.

The same unequaled Victor tone, the same price, but a greatly improved design—a really wonderful instrument at $75.

The handsome cabinet is another evidence of the ability of the Victor Company to maintain its supremacy in the artistic excellence of its instruments as well as in their musical superiority.

See and hear this new Victrola X at any Victor dealer's—he will gladly play your favorite music for you.

Victor

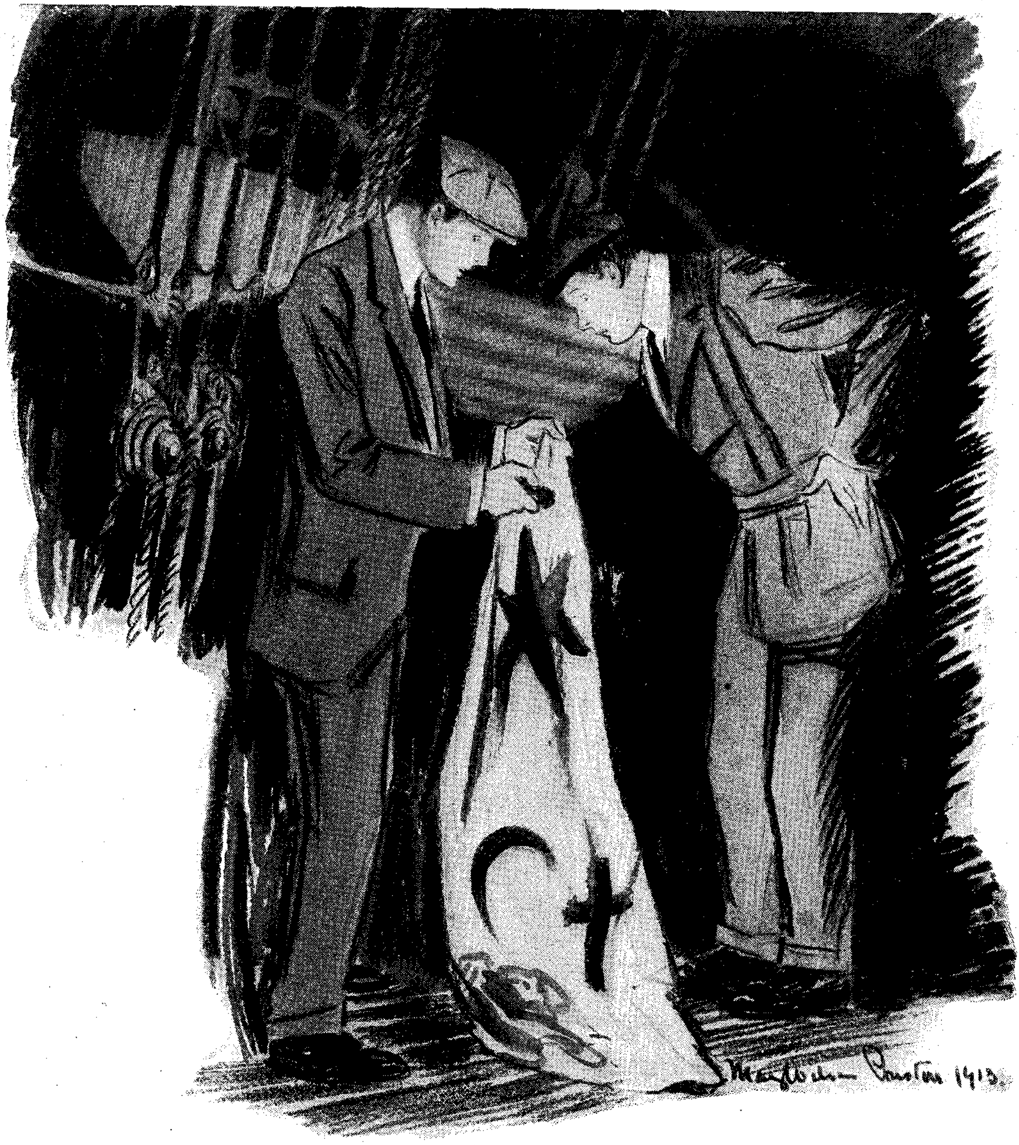
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month



"EVEN NOW THE MEMORY OF THAT SHEET TURNS ME ILL. I SHOOK IT OUT, AND MAC, AT MY EXCLAMATIONS, CAME TO ME"

"Had you a revolver on board?"

"Yes."

"Whose revolver was kept on the cabin table?"

"Mine. I always carry one."

"Always?"

"Yes."

"Then — have you one with you now?"

"Yes."

"When you asked the sailor Burns to let you see the ax, what did you give as a reason?"

"The truth — curiosity."

"Then, having seen the ax, where did you go?"

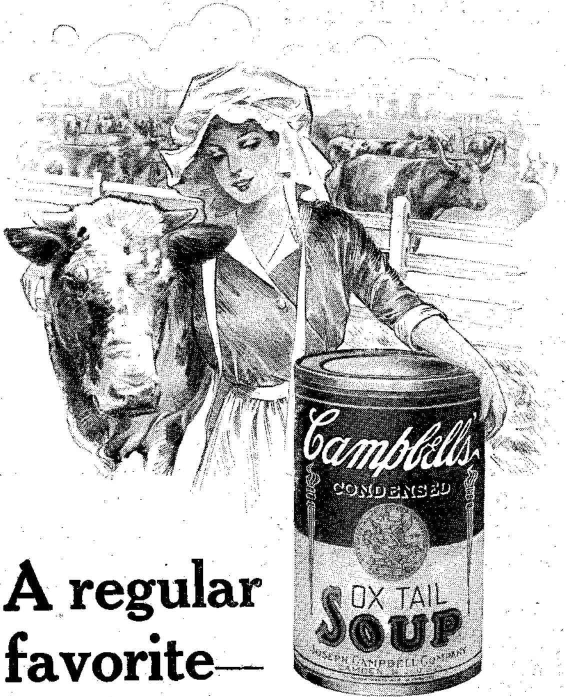
"Below."

"Please explain the incident of the two articles Mr. Goldstein showed to the jury yesterday, the shirt and waistcoat."

"That was very simple. Mr. Turner had been very ill. We took turns in caring for him. I spilled a bowl of broth over the garments that were shown, and rubbed them out in the bath-room. They were hung in the cabin used by Mr. Vail to dry, and I forgot them when we were packing."

The attorney for the defense cross-examined her:

"What color were the stains you speak of?"



A regular favorite—

A soup that everybody enjoys. Just the savory nourishing dish you want to help out a slender dinner; give character to a luncheon; or add tasty substance to any meal—

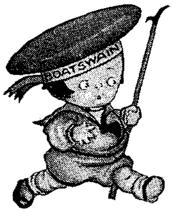
Campbell's OX TAIL SOUP

It is made from selected meaty ox tails prepared with utmost nicety and care. The sliced joints are combined with carrots, turnips, barley, celery and herbs in a rich tomato purée which is flavored with dry Spanish sherry of our own importation.

You could not imagine a more wholesome and satisfying soup. Prove this yourself *to-day. Your money back if not satisfied.*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato



Harry Hooper hiked
ashore,
And cried, "there's
Campbell's label,
Just look, I'll hook
Two cases more
To grace the Captain's
table".

Look for the red-and-white label

"Darkish — red-brown."

"What sort of broth did you spill?"

"That's childish, isn't it? I don't recall."

"You recall its color."

"It was beef broth."

"Mrs. Johns, on the night you visited the forward house and viewed the ax, did you visit it again?"

"The ax, or the forward house?"

"The house."

She made one of her long pauses. Finally: "Yes."

"When?"

"Between three and four o'clock."

"Who went with you?"

"I went alone."

"Why did you go beyond the line that was railed off for your safety?"

(Sharply) "Because I wished to. I was able to take care of myself."

"Why did you visit the forward house?"

"I was nervous and could not sleep. I thought no one was safe while the ax was on the ship."

"Did you see the body of Burns, the sailor, lying on the deck at that time?"

"He might have been there; I did not see him."

"Are you saying that you went to the forward house to throw the ax overboard?"

"Yes — if I could get in."

"Did you know why the ax was being kept?"

"Because the murders had been committed with it."

"Had you heard of any finger-prints on the handle?"

"No."

"Did it occur to you that you were interfering with justice in disposing of the ax?"

"Do you mean justice or law? They are not the same."

"TELL us about your visit to the forward house."

"It was between two and three. I met no one. I had a bunch of keys from the trunks and from four doors in the after house. Miss Lee knew I intended to try to get rid of the ax. I did not need my keys. The door was open — wide open. I — I went in, and ——"

Here, for the first time, Mrs. Johns' composure forsook her. She turned white, and her maid passed up to her a silver smelling-salts bottle.

"What happened when you went in?"

"It was dark. I stood just inside. Then — something rushed past me and out of the door, a something — I don't know what — a woman, I thought at first, in white."

"If the room was dark, how could you tell it was white?"

"There was a faint light — enough to see that. There was no noise — just a sort of swishing sound."

"What did you do then?"

"I waited a moment, and hurried back to the after house."

"Was the ax gone then?"

"I do not know."

"Did you see the ax at that time?"

"No."

"Did you touch it?"

"I have never touched it, at that time or before."

She could not be shaken in her testimony and was excused. She had borne her grilling exceedingly well, and, in spite of her flippancy, there was a ring of sincerity about the testimony that gave it weight.

Following her evidence, the testimony of Tom, the cook, made things look bad for Singleton, by connecting him with Mrs. Johns' intruder into the captain's room. He told of Singleton's offer to make him a key to the galley with wire. It was clear that Singleton had been a prisoner in name only, and this damaging statement was given weight when, on my recall later, I identified the bunch of keys, the file, and the club that I had taken from Singleton's mattress. It was plain enough that, with Singleton able to free himself as he wished, the attack on Burns and the disappearance of the ax were easily enough accounted for. It would have been possible, also, to account for the white figure that had so alarmed the men, on the same hypothesis.

Cross-examination of Tom by Mr. Goldstein, Singleton's attorney, brought out one curious fact. He had made no dark soup or broth for the after house. Turner had taken nothing during his illness but clam bouillon, made with milk, and the meals served to the four women had been very light. "They lived on toast and tea, mostly," he said.

That completed the taking of evidence for the day. In spite of the struggles of the clever young Jew, the weight of testimony was against Singleton. But there were curious discrepancies.

Turner went on the stand the next morning.

CHAPTER XXII

"YOUR name?"

"Marshall Benedict Turner."

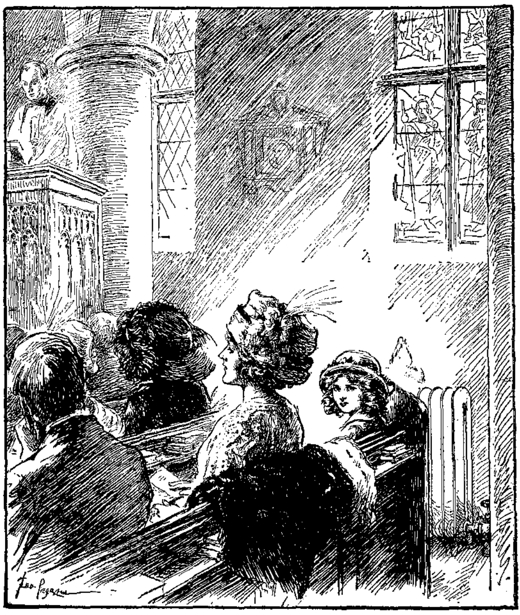
"Your residence?"

"—— West 106th Street, New York City."

"Your occupation?"

Sermons on ideal heating

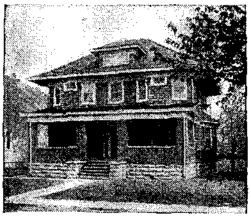
have been delivered by pastors in gratefulness for the joyous cheer and cleanliness our modern method of warming has brought, as well as the marked effect in increasing the attendance. Everywhere people, in churches, homes, stores, offices, etc., are becoming awakened to the wholesome benefits of genial, sanitary warmth and reliable ventilation produced only by use of



AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

These heating outfits are now so simple — comfort at a turn of a valve — like telephoning the cellar for heat. Nothing so clean and sanitary, so saving in fuel, so everlasting in comfort and durability as IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators.

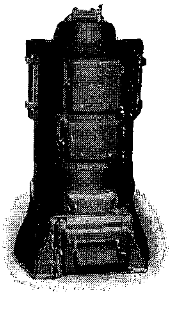
IDEAL Boilers are so easy to run — feed them once or twice a day, depending on the weather — remove ashes thrice a week — add a few gallons of water every three or four months — no need to rekindle the fire in the whole heating season. The larger sizes of IDEAL Boilers have two shaking levers — one to shake the rear half of the grate, the other shakes the front half. In this way the fire can be gently agitated in mild weather, or thoroughly but easily shaken and fire kept bright and clean in severe weather. The simple, easy-to-run features of IDEAL Boilers make them unequaled in the world. Every conceivable feature has been carefully and exhaustively investigated by our American, German, English, and French factories experts, and wherever found good have been and are being incorporated into IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. The immense annual output enables us to offer these outfits at price within reach of all. Accept no substitute.



A No. 2-25-S IDEAL Boiler and 400 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner $225, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

These outfits can be put in without any tearing up, annoyance to occupants or disturbing old heating methods until ready to start fire in the new. If you are ready to quit being a slave of the coal hod and are paying the bills and suffering the ills of old-fashioned heating, phone, call, or write *to-day!*

Write also for ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner catalog. Machine is cellar-set, connected by iron suction pipe to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine, and will last as long as the building.



Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 21
816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Waltham Watches

are furnished in cases the beauty of which corresponds with their inward ability and precision.

That an exquisite locket-like watch can also be reliable will be a new truth to many.

All the above watches are open face, the backs being shown to indicate the ornamentation.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

The illustrations are of watches cased under Matalene patents.

"Member of the firm of L. Turner's Sons, ship-owners. In the Coast trade."

"Do you own the yacht *Ella?*"

"Yes."

"Do you recognize this chart?"

"Yes. It is the chart of the after house of the *Ella*."

"Will you show where your room is on the drawing?"

"Here."

"And Mr. Vail's?"

"Next, connecting through a bath-room."

"Where was Mr. Vail's bed on the chart?"

"Here, against the store-room wall."

"With your knowledge of the ship and its partitions, do you think that a crime could be committed, a crime of the violent nature of this one, without making a great deal of noise and being heard in the store-room?"

Violent opposition developing to this question, it was changed in form and broken up. Eventually, Turner answered that the partitions were heavy and he thought it possible.

"Were the connecting doors between your room and Mr. Vail's generally locked at night?"

"Yes. Not always."

"Were they locked on this particular night?"

"I don't remember."

"When did you see Mr. Vail last?"

"At midnight, or about that. I — I was not well. He went with me to my room."

"What were your relations with Mr. Vail?"

"We were old friends."

"Did you hear any sound in Mr. Vail's cabin that night?"

"None. But, as I say, I was — ill. I might not have noticed."

"Did you leave your cabin that night of August twelfth or early morning of the thirteenth?"

"Not that I remember."

"The steersman has testified to seeing you, without your coat, in the chart-room, at two o'clock. Were you there?"

"I may have been — I think not."

"Why do you say you 'may have been — I think not'?"

"I was ill. The next day I was delirious. I remember almost nothing of that time."

"Did you know the woman Karen Hansen?"

"Only as a maid in my wife's employ."

"Did you hear the crash when Leslie broke down the door of the store-room?"

"No. I was in a sort of stupor."

"Did you know the prisoner before you employed him on the *Ella?*"

"Yes; he had been in our employ several times."

"What was his reputation — I mean, as a ship's officer?"

"Good."

"Do you recall the night of the thirty-first of July?"

"Quite well."

"Please tell what you know about it."

"I had asked Mr. Singleton below to have a drink with me. Captain Richardson came below and ordered him on deck. They had words, and he knocked Singleton down."

"Did you hear the mate threaten to 'get' the captain, then or later?"

"He may have made some such threat."

"Is there a bell in your cabin connecting with the maids' cabin off the chart-room?"

"No. My bell rang in the room back of the galley, where Williams slept. The boat was small, and I left my man at home. Williams looked after me."

"Where did the bell from Mr. Vail's room ring?"

"In the maids' room. Mr. Vail's room was designed for Mrs. Turner. When we asked Mrs. Johns to go with us, Mrs. Turner gave Vail her room. It was a question of baths."

"Did you ring any bell during the night?"

"No."

"Knowing the relation of the bell above Mr. Vail's berth to the bed itself, do you think he could have reached it after his injury?"

(Slowly) "After what the doctor has said, no; he would have had to raise himself and reach up."

THE cross-examination was brief but to the point:

"What do you mean by 'ill'?"

"That night I had been somewhat ill; the next day I was in bad shape."

"Did you know the woman Karen Hansen before your wife employed her?"

"No."

"A previous witness has said that the Hansen woman, starting out of her room, saw you outside and retreated. Were you outside the door at any time during that night?"

"Only before midnight."

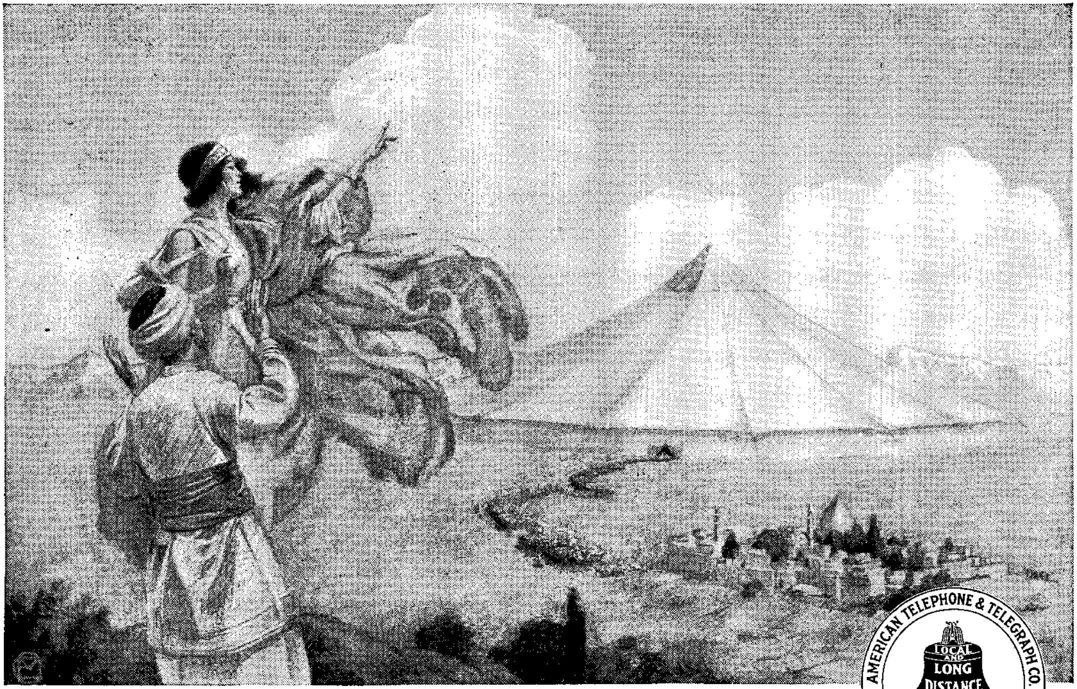
"You said you 'might have been' in the chart-room at two o'clock."

"I have said I was ill. I *might* have done almost anything."

"That is exactly what we are getting at, Mr. Turner. Going back to the thirtieth of July, when you were *not* ill, did you have any words with the captain?"

"We had a few. He was exceeding his authority."

"Do you recall what you said?"



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LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
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Fairy Magic—Telephone Reality

A tent large enough to shelter his vast army, yet so small that he could fold it in his hand, was the gift demanded by a certain sultan of India of his son, the prince who married the fairy Pari-Banou.

It was not difficult for the fairy to produce the tent. When it was stretched out, the sultan's army conveniently encamped under it and, as the army grew, the tent extended of its own accord.

A reality more wonderful than Prince Ahmed's magic tent is the Bell Telephone. It occupies but a few square inches of space on your desk or table, and yet extends over the entire country.

When you grasp it in your hand, it is as easily possible to talk a hundred or a thousand miles away as to the nearest town or city.

In the Bell System, 7,500,000 telephones are connected and work together to take care of the telephone needs of the people of this country.

As these needs grow, and as the number of telephone users increases, the system must inevitably expand. For the Bell System must always provide a service adequate to the demands of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

"I was indignant."

"Think again, Mr. Turner. If you can not recall, some one else will."

"I threatened to dismiss him and put the first mate in his place. I was angry, naturally."

"And what did the captain reply?"

"He made an absurd threat to put me in irons."

"What were your relations after that?"

"They were strained. We simply avoided each other."

"Just a few more questions, Mr. Turner, and I shall not detain you. Do you carry a key to the emergency case in the forward house, the case that contained the ax?"

LIKE many of the questions, this was disputed hotly. It was finally allowed, and Turner admitted the key. Similar cases were carried on all the Turner boats, and he had such a key on his ring.

"Did you ever see the white object that terrified the crew?"

"Never. Sailors are particularly liable to such — hysteria."

"During your delirium, did you ever see such a figure?"

"I do not recall any details of that part of my illness."

"Were you in favor of bringing the bodies back to port?"

"I — yes, certainly."

"Do you recall going on deck the morning after the murders were discovered?"

"Vaguely."

"What were the men doing at that time?"

"I believe — really, I do not like to repeat so often that I was ill that day."

"Have you any recollection of what you said to the men at that time?"

"None."

"Let me refresh your memory from the ship's log:

(Reading) "'Mr. Turner insisted that the bodies be buried at sea, and, on the crew opposing this, retired to his cabin, announcing that he considered the attitude of the men a mutiny.'"

"I recall being angry at the men — not much else. My position was rational enough, however. It was midsummer, and we had a long voyage before us."

"I wish to read something else to you. The witness Leslie testified to sleeping in the storeroom, at the request of Mrs. Johns" (reading), "'giving as her reason a fear of something going wrong, as there was trouble between Mr. Turner and the captain.'"

Whatever question Mr. Goldstein had been

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What Heat for Your House

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tells this heat story in the simplest terms — tells the difference between steam and hot water, the advantages of each and how each system works. It also explains, in the same simple way, the various types of Pierce Boilers and the wonderful heat-producing and coal-saving features which have placed them in 300,000 homes.

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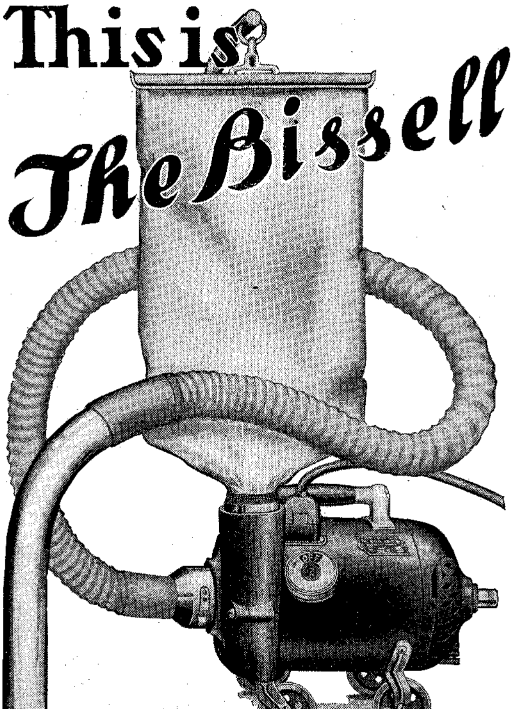

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It does its work just as well as $500 to $600 built-in suction cleaners, yet costs much less than any portable cleaner that even approaches its power, size and efficiency. It moves 80 cubic feet of air a minute at terrific speed, picking up everything from the finest dust atoms to ravelings, lint, big cuttings and heavy refuse that less efficient cleaners cannot lift.

It's the volume and speed of rushing air that count in gauging a cleaner's quality. The Bissell excels because it has the most powerful motor ever put in a portable suction cleaner of anything near its lightness. Its 1½ in. hose has four times the suction space of the usual ¾ in. hose. It has an 80 ft. circle of operation from any lamp socket. Weighs only 33 lbs. Is easily carried up and down stairs by any woman.

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You need not hesitate a moment in ordering by mail. The name "Bissell" has stood for extraordinary efficiency in high grade electrical machinery for over twenty years. We will pay the freight and let you test this wonderful cleaner for a month for a ridiculously small payment, without any obligation on your part. Decide leisurely—alone. Then you can own it, if you wish, for

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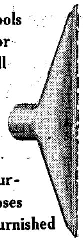

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framing, he was not permitted to use this part of the record. The log was admissible only as a record on the spot, made by a competent person and witnessed by all concerned, of the actual occurrences on the *Ella*. My record of Mrs. Johns' remark was ruled out; Turner was not on trial.

Turner, pale and shaking, left the stand at two o'clock that day, and I was recalled. My earlier testimony had merely established the finding of the bodies. I was now to have a bad two hours. I was an important witness, probably the most important. I had heard the scream that had revealed the tragedy, and had been in the main cabin of the after house only a moment or so after the murderer. I had found the bodies, Vail still living, and had been with the accused mate when he saw the captain prostrate at the foot of the forward companion.

ALL of this, aided by skilful questions, I told as exactly as possible. I told of the mate's strange manner on finding the bodies; I related, to a breathless quiet, the placing of the bodies in the jolly-boat, and the reading of the burial service over them; I told of the little boat that followed us, like some avenging spirit, carrying by day a small American flag, union down, and at night a white light. I told of having to increase the length of the towing-line as the heat grew greater, and of a fear I had that the rope would separate, or that the mysterious hand that was the author of the misfortunes would cut the line.

I told of the long nights without sleep, while, with our few available men, we tried to work the *Ella* back to land; of guarding the after house; of a hundred false alarms that set our nerves quivering and our hearts leaping. And I made them feel, I think, the horror of a situation where each man suspected his neighbor, feared and loathed him, and stayed close by him because a known danger is better than an unknown horror.

The record of my examination is particularly faulty, McWhirter having allowed personal feeling to interfere with accuracy. Here and there in the margins of his note-book I find unflattering allusions to the prosecuting attorney; and after one question, an impeachment of my motives, to which Mac took violent exception, no answer at all is recorded, and in a furious scrawl is written: "The —— —— little whippersnapper! Leslie could smash him between his thumb and finger!"

I found another curious record — a leaf, torn out of the book, and evidently designed to be sent to me, but failing its destination, was as

The Waker Who Slept

A Human Page of Ostermoor Experience

"It was late, and I sat by an open window—watching out the night. My body ached for rest, but my brain was working, working—horribly alive. My thoughts turned back to many things, to the deep, deep sleep of childhood and its blessed rest.

"And then the other years rose up, when sleep became a broken and a fitful thing. And there came before me, as in some phantasy, the long perspective of my *beds*—the feather ones from which one wakens weak, the stuffed hair mattresses that knob and furrow and waken you and bring you 'nerves.'

"And help to bring—it may be after years—the waking night-death of insomnia.

"And an almost passionate longing for the sweet, profoundest sleep I'd lost came over me—a craving for healthy rest!

"I sighed and rose and moved to my bed. I lay down and a strange feeling came to me. It seemed as if my bed were very smooth—as if I were borne on softly delicate springs. I let my feet relax—my limbs—my body—and slowly but so restfully there crept on me the old magic. It calmed my nerves and crept upon my waking brain. I slept! Shall I ever forget it? I lapsed into a deep, a sweet, unconsciousness, profound and wakeless till—An alarm rang at seven—in the morning! I'd slept all night. I jumped up—*new.* I felt the grip of life, the joy of action in me.

"'I never thought I'd sleep like that again,' I said.

"'I bought an Ostermoor,' my wife answered.

"I walked to the office that morning. I want *you* to know how I felt. I want others to know, too."

Why does an Ostermoor soothe nerves to rest and *healthy* sleep when the imitations fail?

It's smooth yet elastic, springy yet firm. It's not stuffed *through* but built *up,* layer after layer of sanitary cotton with *jump* in it. It won't *weaken* you like feather beds. It can't knob like the hair ones. It makes no furrows and holds no depressions, for it's like elastic and after a sun-bath it "comes right back." It's germ-proof and vermin-proof and—It keeps its smoothness after thirty years of constant use, and *proves it* by the letter files!

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size

A. C. A. Ticking, 45 lbs. - -	**$15.00**
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Express prepaid. Mattresses in two parts, 50c extra. Smaller sizes cost $1 less each size.

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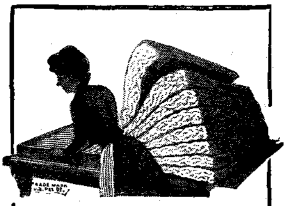
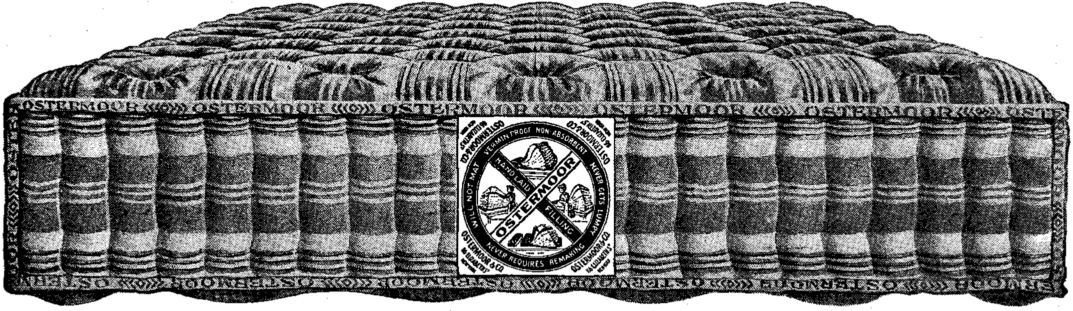
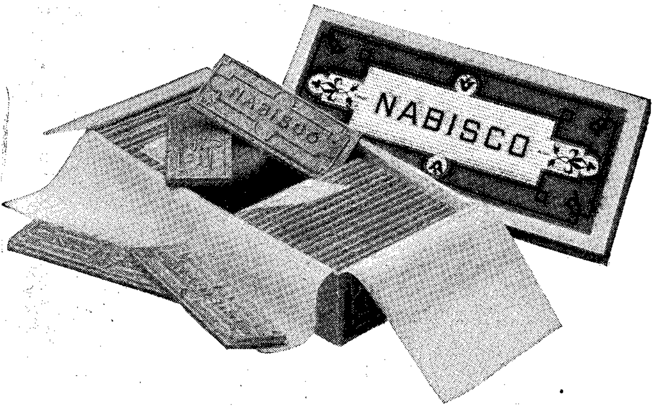


Note carefully this Trade Mark. It appears in the red and black label sewn on every Ostermoor Mattress. Look carefully—it has been imitated hundreds of times.

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Chocolate Tokens

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Sugar Wafers

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ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.

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An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

follows: "For Heaven's sake, don't look at the girl so much! The newspaper men are on."

But, to resume my examination. The first questions were not of particular interest. Then:

"Did the prisoner know you had moved to the after house?"

"I do not know. The forecastle hands knew."

"Tell what you know of the quarrel on July thirtieth between Captain Richardson and the prisoner."

"I saw it from a deck window." I described it in detail.

"Why did you move to the after house?"

"At the request of Mrs. Johns. She said she was nervous."

"What reason did she give?"

"That Mr. Turner was in a dangerous mood; he had quarreled with the captain and was quarreling with Mr. Vail."

"Did you know the arrangement of rooms in the after house? How the people slept?"

"In a general way."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I knew Mr. Vail's room and Miss Lee's."

"Did you know where the maids slept?"

"Yes."

"You have testified that you were locked in. Was the key kept in the lock?"

"Yes."

"Would whoever locked you in have had only to move the key from one side of the door to the other?"

"Yes."

"Was the key left in the lock when you were fastened in?"

"No."

"Now, Dr. Leslie, we want you to tell us what the prisoner did that night when you told him what had happened."

"I called to him on the bridge to come down, for God's sake. He came down, and I told him. He seemed dazed and at a loss to know what to do. I told him to get his revolver and call the captain. He went into the forward house and got his revolver, but he did not call the captain. We went below and stumbled over the captain's body."

"What was the mate's condition?"

"When we found the body?"

"His general condition."

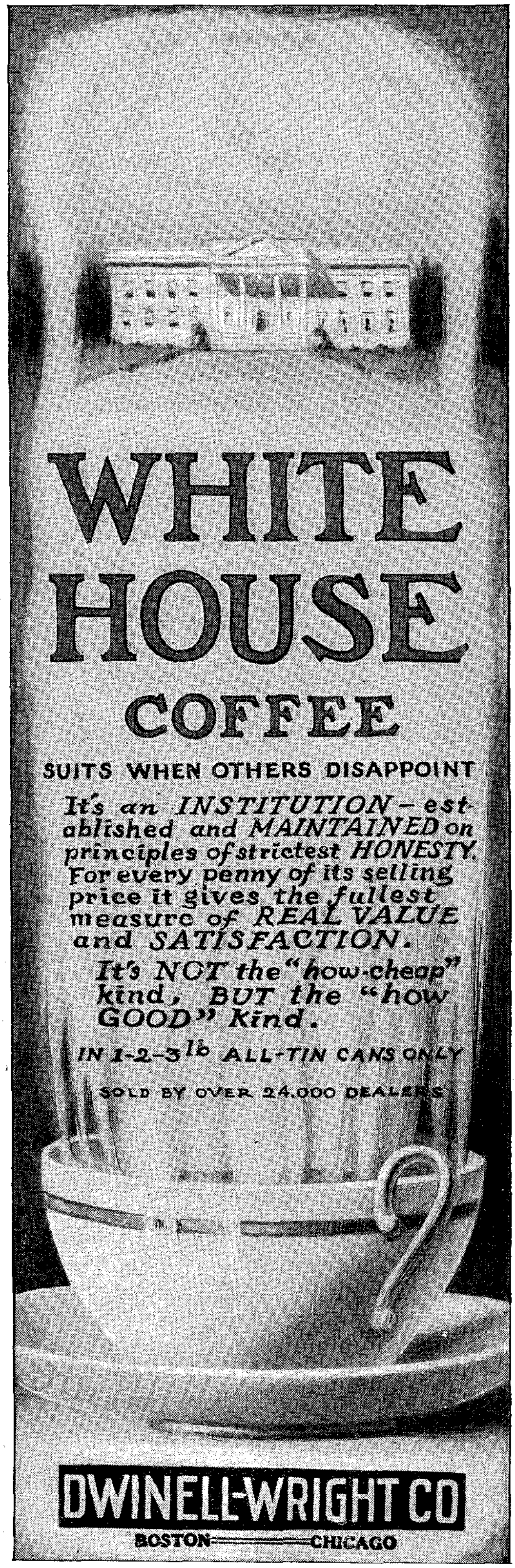
"He was intoxicated. He collapsed on the steps when we found the captain. We both almost collapsed."

"What was his mental condition?"

"If you mean, was he frightened, we both were."

"Was he pale?"

"I did not notice then. He was pale and looked ill later, when the crew had gathered."



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"About this key: was it ever found? The key to the store-room?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"That same morning."

"Where? And by whom?"

"Miss Lee found it on the floor in Mr. Turner's room."

The prosecution was totally unprepared for this reply, and proceedings were delayed for a moment while the attorneys consulted. On the resumption of my examination, they made a desperate attempt to impeach my character as a witness, trying to show that I had sailed under false pretenses; that I was so feared in the after house that the women refused to allow me below, or to administer to Mr. Turner the remedies I prepared; and, finally, that I had surrendered myself to the crew as a suspect, of my own accord.

Against this the cross-examination threw all its weight. The prosecuting attorneys having dropped the question of the key, the shrewd young lawyer for the defense followed it up:

"This key, Dr. Leslie, do you know where it is now?"

"Yes; I have it."

"Will you tell how it came into your possession?"

"Certainly. I picked it up on the deck, a night or so after the murders. Miss Lee had — dropped it." I caught Elsa Lee's eye, and she gave me a warm glance of gratitude.

"Have you the key with you?"

"Yes." I produced it.

"Are you a football player, Doctor?"

"I was."

"I thought I recalled you. I have seen you play several times. In spite of our friend the attorney for the commonwealth, I do not believe we will need to call character witnesses for you. Did you see Miss Lee pick up the key to the store-room?"

"Yes."

"Did it occur to you at the time that the key had any significance?"

"I wondered how it got ther ."

"You say you listened inside the locked door, and heard no sound, but felt a board rise up under your knee. A moment or two later, when you called the prisoner, he was intoxicated, and reeled. Do you mean to tell us that a drunken man could have made his way in the darkness, through a cabin filled with chairs, tables, and a piano, in absolute silence?"

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet in an instant, and the objection was sustained. I was next shown the keys, club, and file taken from Singleton's mattress. "You have identified these objects as having been found concealed in the prisoner's mattress. Do any of these keys fit the captain's cabin?"

"No."

"Who saw the prisoner during the days he was locked in his cabin?"

"I saw him occasionally. The cook saw him when he carried him his meals."

"Did you ever tell the prisoner where the ax was kept?"

"No."

"Did the members of the crew know?"

"I believe so. Yes."

"Was the fact that Burns carried the key to the captain's cabin a matter of general knowledge?"

"No. The crew knew that Burns and I carried the keys; they did not know which one each carried, unless ——"

"Go on, please."

"If any one had seen Burns take Mrs. Johns forward and show her the ax, he would have known."

"Who were on deck at that time?"

"All the crew were on deck, the forecastle being closed. In the crow's-nest was McNamara; Jones was at the wheel."

"From the crow's-nest could the lookout have seen Burns and Mrs. Johns going forward?"

"No. The two houses were connected by an awning."

"What could the steersman see?"

"Nothing forward of the after house."

The prosecution closed its case with me. The defense, having virtually conducted its case by cross-examination of the witnesses already called, contented itself with producing a few character witnesses, and "rested." Goldstein made an eloquent plea of "no case," and asked the judge so to instruct the jury.

This was refused, and the case went to the jury on the seventh day — a surprisingly short trial, considering the magnitude of the crimes.

The jury disagreed. But, while they wrangled, McWhirter and I were already on the right track. At the very hour that the jurymen were being discharged and steps taken for a retrial, we had the murderer locked in my room in a cheap lodging-house off Chestnut Street.

CHAPTER XXIII

With the submission of the case to the jury, the witnesses were given their freedom. McWhirter had taken a room for me for a day or two to give me time to look about; and, his own leave of absence from his hospital being for ten days, we had some time together.

My situation was better than it had been in the summer. I had my strength again, although the long confinement had told on me. But my position was precarious enough. I had my pay from the *Ella*, and nothing else. And McWhirter, with a monthly stipend from his hospital of twenty-five dollars, was not much better off.

MY first evening of freedom we spent at the theater. We bought the best seats in the house, and we dressed for the occasion — being in the position of having nothing to wear between shabby every-day wear and evening clothes.

"It is by way of celebration," Mac said, as he put a dab of shoe-blacking over a hole in his sock, "you having been restored to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That's the game, Leslie — the pursuit of happiness."

I was busy with a dress tie that I had washed and dried by pasting it on a mirror, an old trick of mine when funds ran low. I was trying to enter into Mac's festive humor, but I had not reacted yet from the horrors of the past few months.

"Happiness!" I said scornfully. "Do you call this happiness?"

He put up the blacking, and, coming to me, stood eyeing me in the mirror as I arranged my necktie. "Don't be bitter," he said. "Happiness was my word. The Good Man was good to you when he made you. That ought to be a source of satisfaction. And as for the girl ——"

"What girl?"

"If she could only see you now. Why in thunder didn't you take those clothes on board? I wanted you to. Couldn't a captain wear a dress suit on special occasions?"

"Mac," I said gravely, "if you will think a moment, you will remember that the only special occasions on the *Ella*, after I took charge, were funerals. Have you sat through seven days of horrors without realizing that?"

Mac had once gone to Europe on a liner, and, having exhausted his funds, returned on a cattle-boat.

"All the captains I ever knew," he said largely, "were a fussy lot — dressed to kill, and navigating the boat from the head of a dinner-table. But I suppose you know. I was only regretting that she hadn't seen you the way you're looking now. That's all. I suppose I may regret, without hurting your feelings!"

He dropped all mention of Elsa after that, for a long time. But I saw him looking at me, at intervals during the evening, and sighing. He was still regretting!

"Love's Fire Burns Forever"
1914 Pompeian Beauty Calendar

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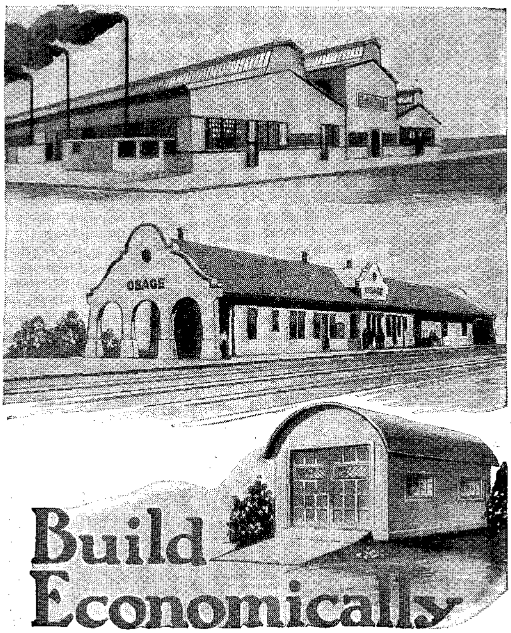

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WE enjoyed the theater, after all, with the pent-up enthusiasm of long months of work and strain. We laughed at the puerile fun, encored the prettiest of the girls, and swaggered in the lobby between acts, with cigarettes. There we ran across the one man I knew in Philadelphia, and had supper after the play with three or four fellows who, on hearing my story, persisted in believing that I had sailed on the *Ella* as a lark or to follow a girl. My simple statement that I had done it out of necessity met with roars of laughter and finally I let it go at that.

It was after one when we got back to the lodging-house, being escorted there in a racing car by a riotous crowd that stood outside the door, as I fumbled for my key, and screeched in unison: "Leslie! Leslie! Leslie! Sic 'em!" before they drove away.

The light in the dingy lodging-house parlor was burning full, but the hall was dark. I stopped inside and lighted a cigarette.

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, Mac!" I said. "I've got the first two, and the other can be had — for the pursuit."

Mac did not reply: he was staring into the parlor. Elsa Lee was standing by a table, looking at me.

She was very nervous, and tried to explain her presence in a breath — with the result that she broke down utterly and had to stop. Mac, his jovial face rather startled, was making for the stairs; but I sternly brought him back and presented him. Whereon, being utterly confounded, he made the tactful remark that he would have to go and put out the milk-bottles; it was almost morning!

SHE had been waiting since ten o'clock, she said. A taxicab, with her maid, was at the door. They were going back to New York in the morning, and things were terribly wrong.

"Wrong? You need not mind Mr. McWhirter. He is as anxious as I am to be helpful."

"There are detectives watching Marshall; we saw one to-day at the hotel. If the jury disagrees — and the lawyers think they will — they will arrest him."

I thought it probable. There was nothing I could say. McWhirter made an effort to reassure her.

"It wouldn't be a hanging matter, anyhow," he said. "There's a lot against him, but hardly a jury in the country would hang a man for something he did, if he could prove he was delirious the next day." She paled at this dubious comfort, but it struck her sense of humor, too, for she threw me a fleeting smile.

"I was to ask you to do something," she said.

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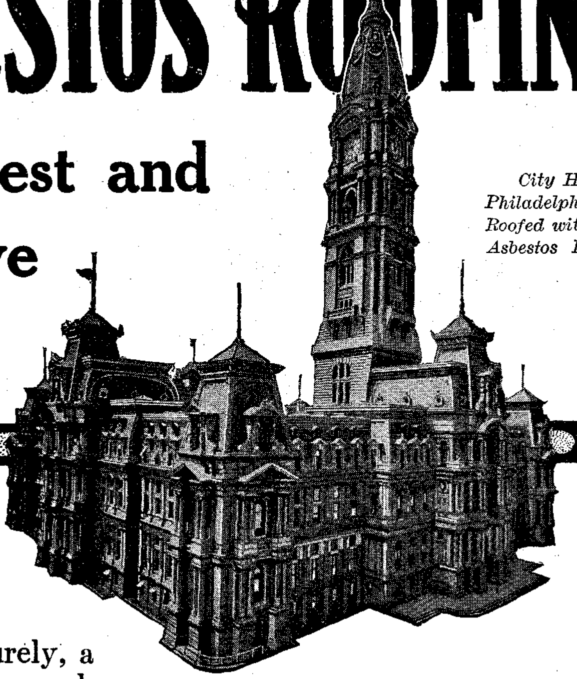

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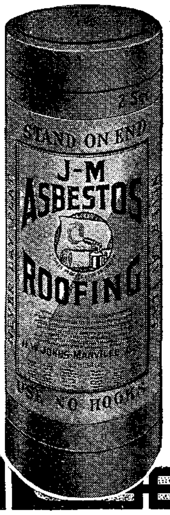

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"None of us can, for we are being watched. I was probably followed here. The *Ella* is still in the river, with only a watchman on board. We want you to go there to-night, if you can."

"To the *Ella*?"

She was feeling in her pocket-book, and now she held out to me an envelope addressed in a sprawling hand to Mr. Turner at his hotel.

"Am I to open it?"

"Please."

I UNFOLDED a sheet of ruled note-paper of the most ordinary variety. It had been opened and laid flat, and on it, in black ink, was a crude drawing of the deck of the *Ella*, as one would look down on it from aloft. Here and there were small crosses in red ink, and, overlying it all from bow to stern, a red ax. Around the border, not written, but printed in childish letters, were the words: "NOT YET. HA, HA." In a corner was a drawing of a gallows, or what passes in the every-day mind for a gallows, and in the opposite corner an open book.

"You see," she said, "it was mailed downtown late this afternoon. The hotel got it at seven o'clock. Marshall wanted to get a detective, but I thought of you. I knew — you knew the boat, and then — you had said ——"

"Anything in all the world that I can do to help you, I will do," I said, looking at her. And the thing that I could not keep out of my eyes made her drop hers.

"Sweet little document!" said McWhirter, looking over my shoulder. "Sent by some one with a nice disposition. What do the crosses mark?"

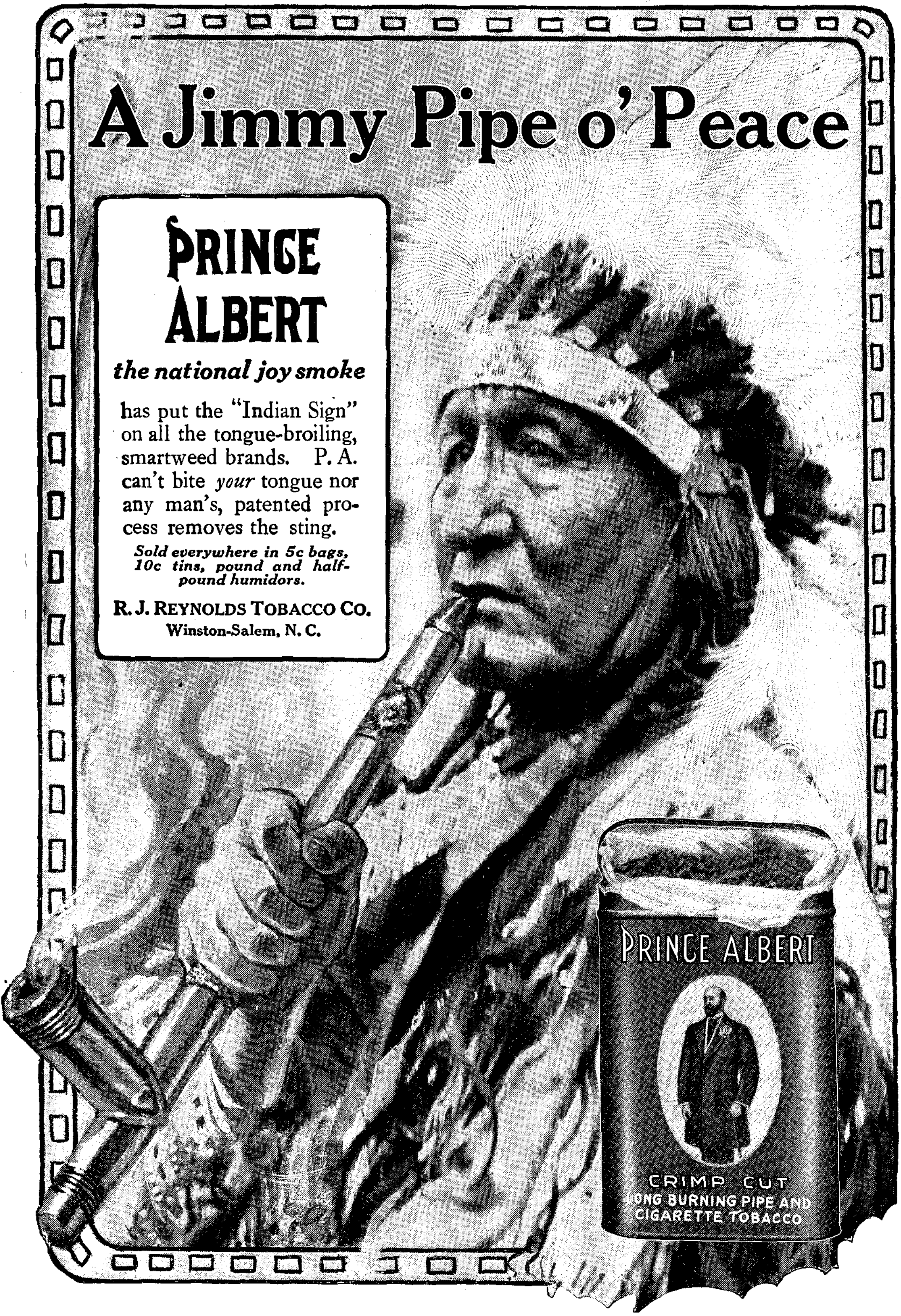
"The location of the bodies when found," I explained — "these three. This looks like the place where Burns lay unconscious. That one near the rail I don't know about, nor this by the mainmast."

"We thought they might mark places, clues perhaps, that had been overlooked. The whole — the whole document is a taunt, isn't it? The scaffold, and the ax, and 'not yet'; a piece of bravado!"

"Right you are," said McWhirter admiringly. "A little escape of glee from somebody who's laughing too soon. One-thirty — it will soon be the proper hour for something to happen on the *Ella*, won't it? If that was sent by some member of the crew — and it looks like it; they are loose to-day — the quicker we follow it up, the better, if there's anything to follow."

"We thought if you would go early in the morning, before any of them make an excuse to go back on board ——"

"We will go right away; but, please — don't



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build too much on this. It's a good possibility, that's all. Will the watchman let us on board?"

"We thought of that. Here is a note to him from Marshall, and — will you do us one more kindness?"

"I will."

"Then — if you should find anything, bring it to us; to the police later, if you must, but to us first."

"When?"

"In the morning. We will not leave until we hear from you."

She held out her hand, first to McWhirter, then to me. I kept it a little longer than I should have, perhaps, and she did not take it away.

"It is such a comfort," she said, "to have you with us and not against us! For Marshall didn't do it, Leslie — I mean — it is hard for me to think of you as Doctor Leslie! He didn't do it. At first, we thought he might have, and he was delirious and could not reassure us. He swears he did not. I think, just at first, he was afraid he had done it; but he did not. I believe that, and you must."

I believed her — I believed anything she said. I think that if she had chosen to say that I had wielded the murderer's ax on the *Ella*, I should have gone to the gallows rather than gainsay her. From that night, I was the devil's advocate, if you like. I was determined to save Marshall Turner.

She wished us to take her taxicab, dropping her at her hotel; and, reckless now of everything but being with her, I would have done so. But McWhirter's discreet cough reminded me of the street-car level of our finances, and I made the excuse of putting on more suitable clothing.

I stood in the street, bareheaded, watching her taxicab as it rattled down the street. McWhirter touched me on the arm.

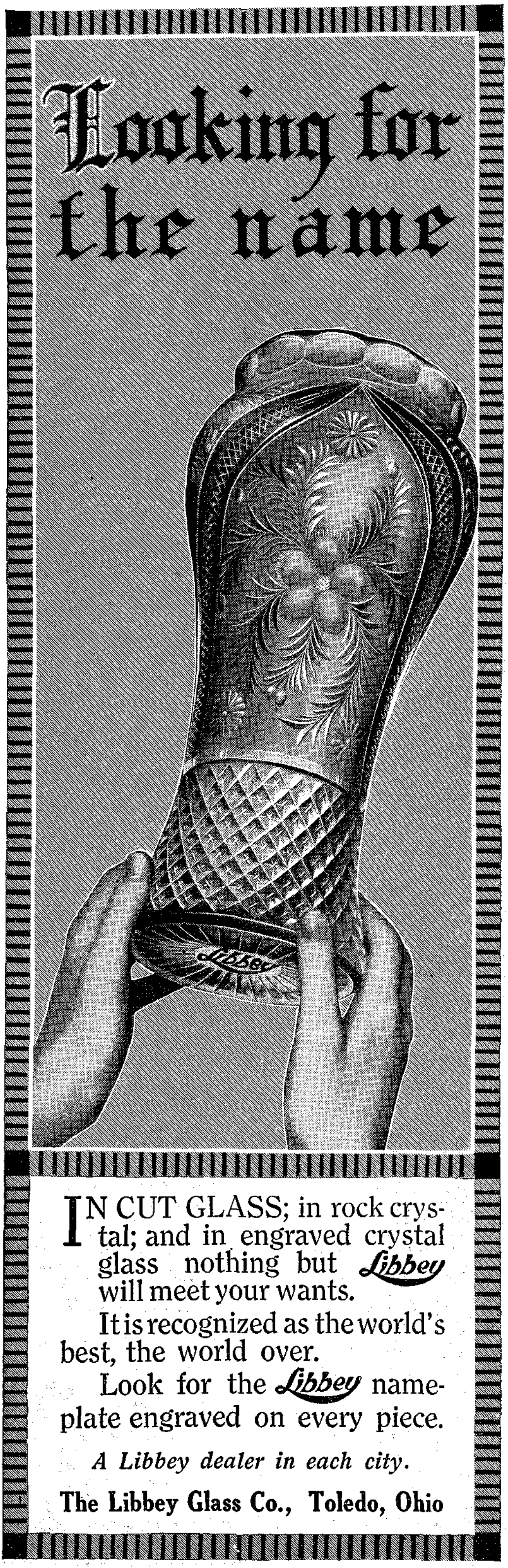
"Wake up!" he said. "We have work to do, my friend."

We went upstairs together, cautiously, not to rouse the house. At the top, Mac turned and patted me on the elbow, my shoulder being a foot or so above him.

"Good boy!" he said. "And if that shirt-front and tie didn't knock into eternal oblivion the deck-washing on the *Ella*, I'll eat them!"

CHAPTER XXIV

I DESERVE no credit for the solution of the *Ella's* mystery. I have a certain quality of force, perhaps, and I am not lacking in physical courage; but I have no finesse of intellect. McWhirter, a foot shorter than I, round of face, jovial and stocky, has as much subtlety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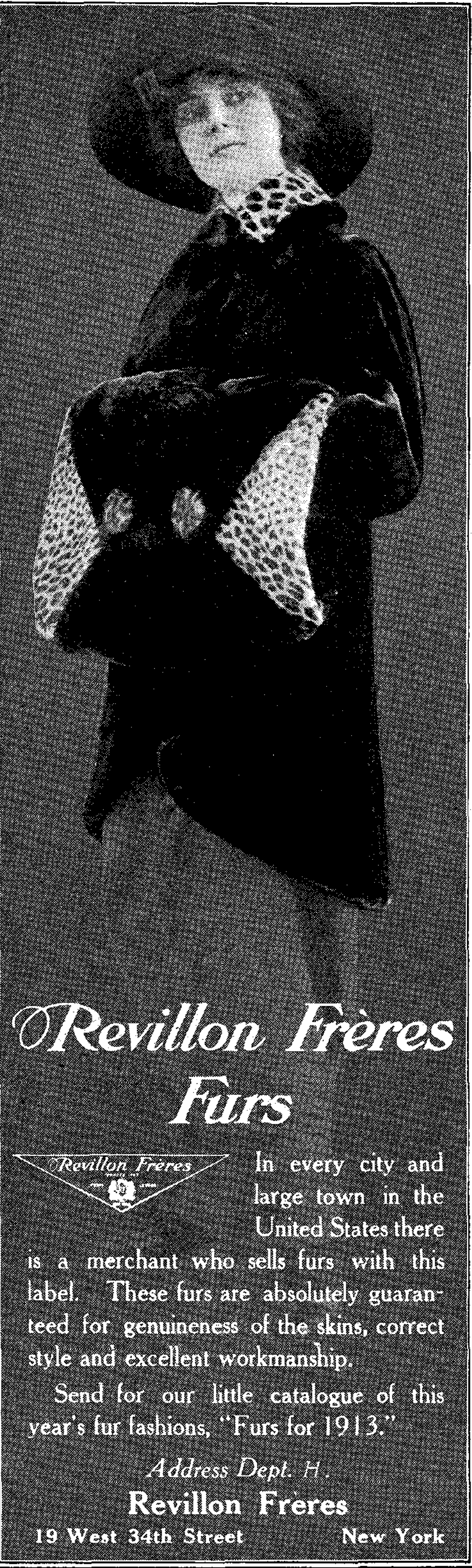

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in his little finger as I have in my six feet and a fraction of body.

All the way to the river, therefore, he was poring over the drawing. He named the paper at once.

"Ought to know it," he said, in reply to my surprise. "Sold enough paper at the drug store to qualify as a stationery engineer." He writhed as was his habit over his jokes, and then fell to work at the drawing again. "A book," he said, "and an ax, and a gibbet or gallows. B-a-g — that makes 'bag.' Doesn't go far, does it? Humorous duck, isn't he? Any one who can write 'ha! ha!' under a gallows has real humor. G-a-b, b-a-g!"

The *Ella* still lay in the Delaware, half a mile or so from her original moorings. She carried the usual riding-lights — a white one in the bow, another at the stern, and the two vertical red lights which showed her not under command. In reply to repeated signals, we were unable to rouse the watchman. I had brought an electric flash with me, and by its aid we found a rope ladder over the side, with a small boat at its foot.

Although the boat indicated the presence of the watchman on board, we made our way to the deck without challenge. Here McWhirter suggested that the situation might be disagreeable, were the man to waken and get at us with a gun. We stood by the top of the ladder, therefore, and made another effort to rouse him.

"Hey, watchman!" I called. And McWhirter, in a deep bass, sang lustily: "Watchman, what of the night?" Neither of us made any perceptible impression on the silence and gloom of the *Ella*.

McWHIRTER grew less gay. The deserted decks of the ship, her tragic history, her isolation, the darkness, which my small flash seemed only to intensify, all had their effect on him.

"It's got my goat," he admitted. "It smells like a tomb."

"Don't be an ass."

"Turn the light over the side, and see if we fastened that boat. We don't want to be left here indefinitely."

"That's folly, Mac," I said, but I obeyed him. "The watchman's boat is there, so we ——"

But he caught me suddenly by the arm and shook me.

"My God!" he said. "What is that over there?"

It was a moment before my eyes, after the flash-light, could discern anything in the darkness. Mac was pointing forward. When I could see, Mac was ready to laugh at himself.

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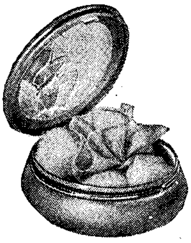

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"I told you the place had my goat!" he said sheepishly. "I thought I saw something duck around the corner of that building; but I think it was a ray from a search-light on one of those boats."

"The watchman, probably," I said quietly. But my heart beat a little faster. "The watchman taking a look at us and gone for his gun."

I thought rapidly. If Mac had seen anything I did not believe it was the watchman. But there should be a watchman on board — in the forward house, probably. I gave Mac my revolver, and put the light in my pocket. I might want both hands that night. I saw better without the flash, and, guided partly by the bow light, partly by my knowledge of the yacht, I led the way across the deck. The forward house was closed and locked, and no knocking produced any indication of life. The after house we found not only locked, but barred across with strips of wood nailed into place. The forecastle was likewise closed. It was a dead ship.

No figure reappearing to alarm him, Mac took the drawing out of his pocket and focused the flash-light on it.

"This cross by the mainmast," he said — "that would be where?"

"Right behind you, there."

He walked to the mast, and examined carefully around its base. There was nothing there, and even now I do not know to what that cross alluded, unless poor Schwartz —— !

"Then this other one — forward, you call it, don't you? Suppose we locate that."

ALL expectation of the watchman having now died, we went forward on the port side to the approximate location of the cross. This being in the neighborhood where Mac had thought he saw something move, we approached with extreme caution. But nothing more ominous was discovered than the port life-boat, nothing more ghostly heard than the occasional rusty creak with which it swung on its davits.

The life-boat seemed to be indicated by the cross. It swung almost shoulder-high on McWhirter. We looked under and around it, with a growing feeling that we had misread the significance of the crosses, or that the sinister record extended to a time before the "she devil" of the Turner line was dressed in white and turned into a lady.

I was feeling underneath the boat, with a sense of absurdity that McWhirter put into words. "I only hope," he said, "that the watchman does not wake up and now see us. He'd be justified in filling us with lead, or putting us in strait-jackets."

But I had discovered something.

"Mac," I said, "some one has been at this boat within the last few minutes."

"Why?"

"Take your revolver and watch the deck. One of the barécas —— "

"What's that?"

"One of the water-barrels has been upset, and the plug is out. It is leaking into the boat. It is leaking fast, and there's only a gallon or so in the bottom! Give me the light.'"

The contents of the boat revealed the truth of what I had said. The boat was in confusion. Its cover had been thrown back, and tins of biscuit, bailers, boat-hooks and extra rowlocks were jumbled together in confusion. The baréca lay on its side, and its plug had been either knocked or drawn out.

McWhirter was for turning to inspect the boat; but I ordered him sternly to watch the deck. He was inclined to laugh at my caution, which he claimed was a quality in me he had not suspected. He lounged against the rail near me, and, in spite of his chaff, kept a keen enough lookout.

The barécas of water were lashed amidships. In the bow and stern were small air-tight compartments, and in the stern was also a small locker from which the biscuit tins had been taken. I was about to abandon my search, when I saw something gleaming in the locker, and reached in and drew it out. It appeared to be an ordinary white sheet, but its presence there was curious. I turned the light on it. It was covered with dark-brown stains.

Even now the memory of that sheet turns me ill. I shook it out, and Mac, at my exclamation, came to me. It was not a sheet at all, that is, not a whole one. It was a circular piece of white cloth, on which, in black, were curious marks — a six-pointed star predominating. There were others — a crescent, a crude attempt to draw what might be either a dog or a lamb, and a cross. From edge to edge it was smeared with blood.

OF what followed just after, both McWhirter and I are vague. There seemed to be, simultaneously, a yell of fury from the rigging overhead, and the crash of a falling body on the deck near us. Then we were closing with a kicking, biting, screaming thing, that bore me to the ground, extinguishing the little electric flash, and that, rising suddenly from under me, had McWhirter in the air and almost overboard before I caught him. So dazed were we by the onslaught that the thing — whatever it was —

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could have escaped, and left us none the wiser. But, although it eluded us in the darkness, it did not leave. It was there, whimpering to itself, searching for something — the sheet. As I steadied Mac, it passed me. I caught at it. Immediately the struggle began all over again. But this time we had the advantage, and kept it. After a battle that seemed to last all night, and that was actually fought all over that part of the deck, we held the creature subdued, and Mac, getting a hand free, struck a match.

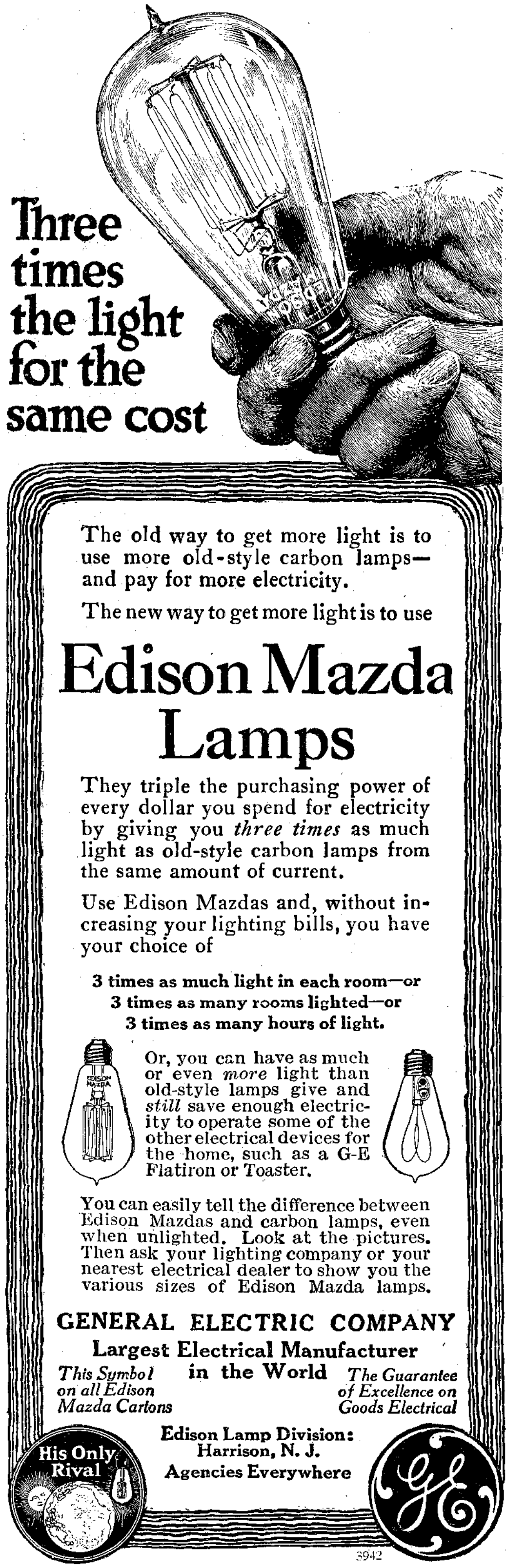
It was Charlie Jones.

That, after all, is the story. Jones was a madman, a homicidal maniac of the worst type. Always a madman, the homicidal element of his disease was recurrent and of a curious nature. He thought himself a priest of heaven, appointed to make ghastly sacrifices at certain signals from on high. The signals I am not sure of: he turned taciturn after his capture and would not talk. I am inclined to think that a shooting star, perhaps in a particular quarter of the heavens, was his signal. This is distinctly possible, and is made probable by the stars which he had painted with tar on his sacrificial robe.

THE story of the early morning of August the thirteenth will never be fully known; but much of it, in view of our knowledge, we were able to reconstruct. Thus — Jones ate his supper that night, a mild and well disposed individual. During the afternoon before, he had read prayers for the soul of Schwartz, in whose departure he may or may not have had a part — I am inclined to think not, Jones construing his mission as being one to remove the wicked and the oppressor, and Schwartz hardly coming under either classification.

He was at the wheel from midnight until four in the morning on the night of the murders. At certain hours we believe that he went forward to the bow, and performed, clad in his priestly robe, such devotions as his disordered mind dictated. It is my idea that he looked, at these times, for a heavenly signal, either a meteor or some strange appearance of the heavens. It was known that he was a poor sleeper, and spent much time at night wandering around.

On the night of the crimes it is probable that he performed his devotions early, and then got the signal. This is evidenced by Singleton's finding the ax against the captain's door before midnight. He had evidently been disturbed. We believe that he intended to kill the captain and Mr. Turner, but made a mistake in the rooms. He clearly intended to kill



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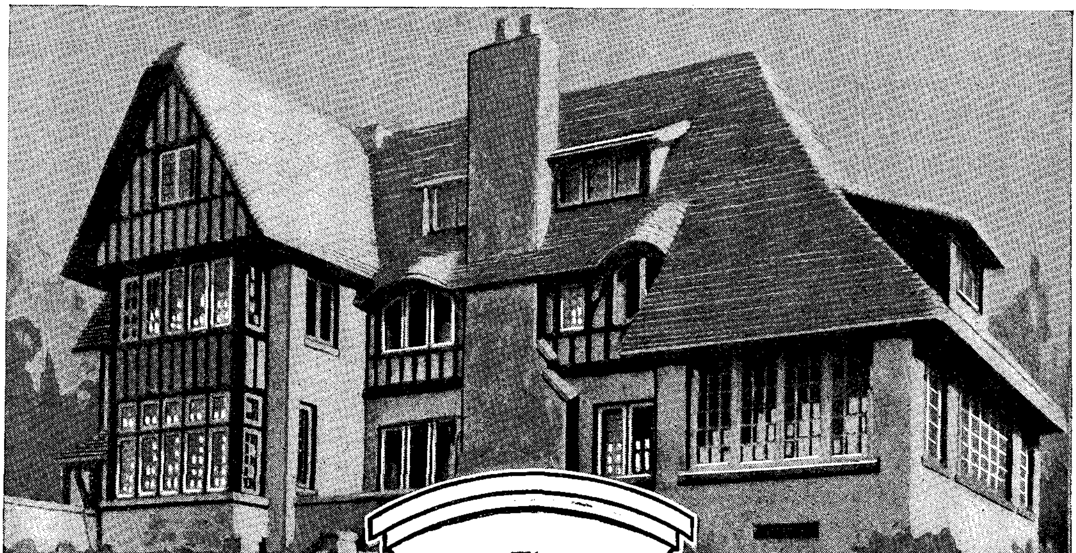

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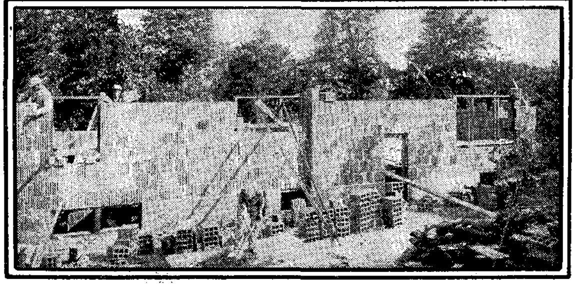

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the Danish girl. Several passages in his Bible, marked with a red cross, showed his inflamed hatred of loose women; and he believed Karen Hansen to be of that type.

He locked me in, slipping down from the wheel to do so, and pocketing the key. The night was fairly quiet. He could lash the wheel safely, and he had in his favor the fact that Oleson, the lookout, was a slow-thinking Swede who notoriously slept on his watch. He found the ax, not where he had left it, but back in the case. But the case was only closed, not locked — Singleton's error.

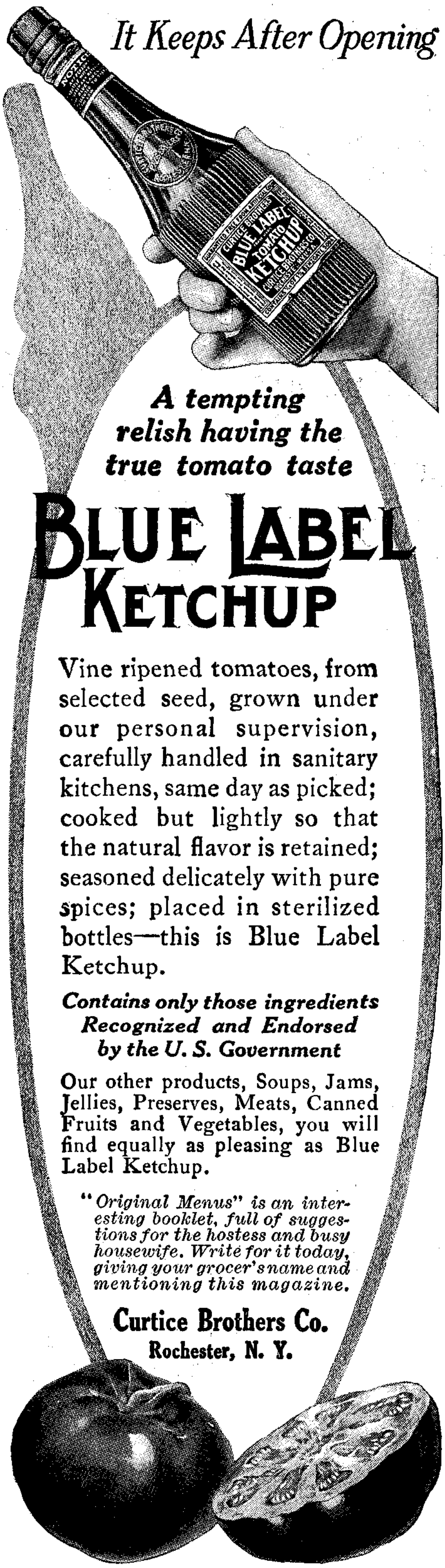
Armed with the ax, Jones slipped back to the wheel and waited. He had plenty of time. He had taken his robe from its hiding-place in the boat, and had it concealed near him with the ax. He was ready, but he was waiting for another signal. He got it at half past two. He admitted the signal and the time, but concealed its nature — I think it was a shooting star. He killed Vail first, believing it to be Turner, and making with his ax the four signs of the cross. Then he went to the Hansen girl's door. He did not know about the bell, and probably rang it by accident as he leaned over to listen if Vail still breathed.

THE captain, in the meantime, had been watching Singleton. He had forbidden his entering the after house; if he caught him disobeying he meant to put him in irons. He was without shoes or coat, and he sat waiting on the after companion steps for developments. It was the captain, probably, whom Karen Hansen mistook for Turner. Later he went back to the forward companionway, either on his way back to his cabin, or still with an eye to Singleton's movements.

To the captain there must have appeared this grisly figure in flowing white, smeared with blood and armed with an ax. The sheet was worn over Jones' head — a long, narrow slit serving him to see through, and two other slits freeing his arms. The captain was a brave man, but the apparition, gleaming in the almost complete darkness, had been on him before he could do more than throw up his hands.

Jones had not finished. He went back to the chart-room, and possibly even went on deck and took a look at the wheel. Then he went down again and killed the Hansen woman.

He was exceedingly cunning. He flung the ax into the room, and was up and at the wheel again, all within a few seconds. To tear off and fold up the sheet, to hide it under his coat or under near-by cordage, to strike the ship's bell and light his pipe — all this was a matter of two or three minutes. I had only time to look



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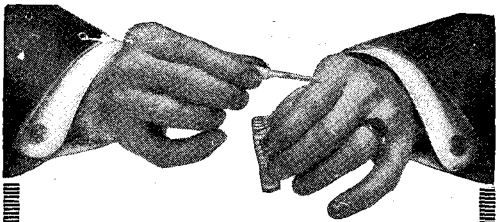
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at Vail. When I got up to the wheel, Jones was smoking quietly.

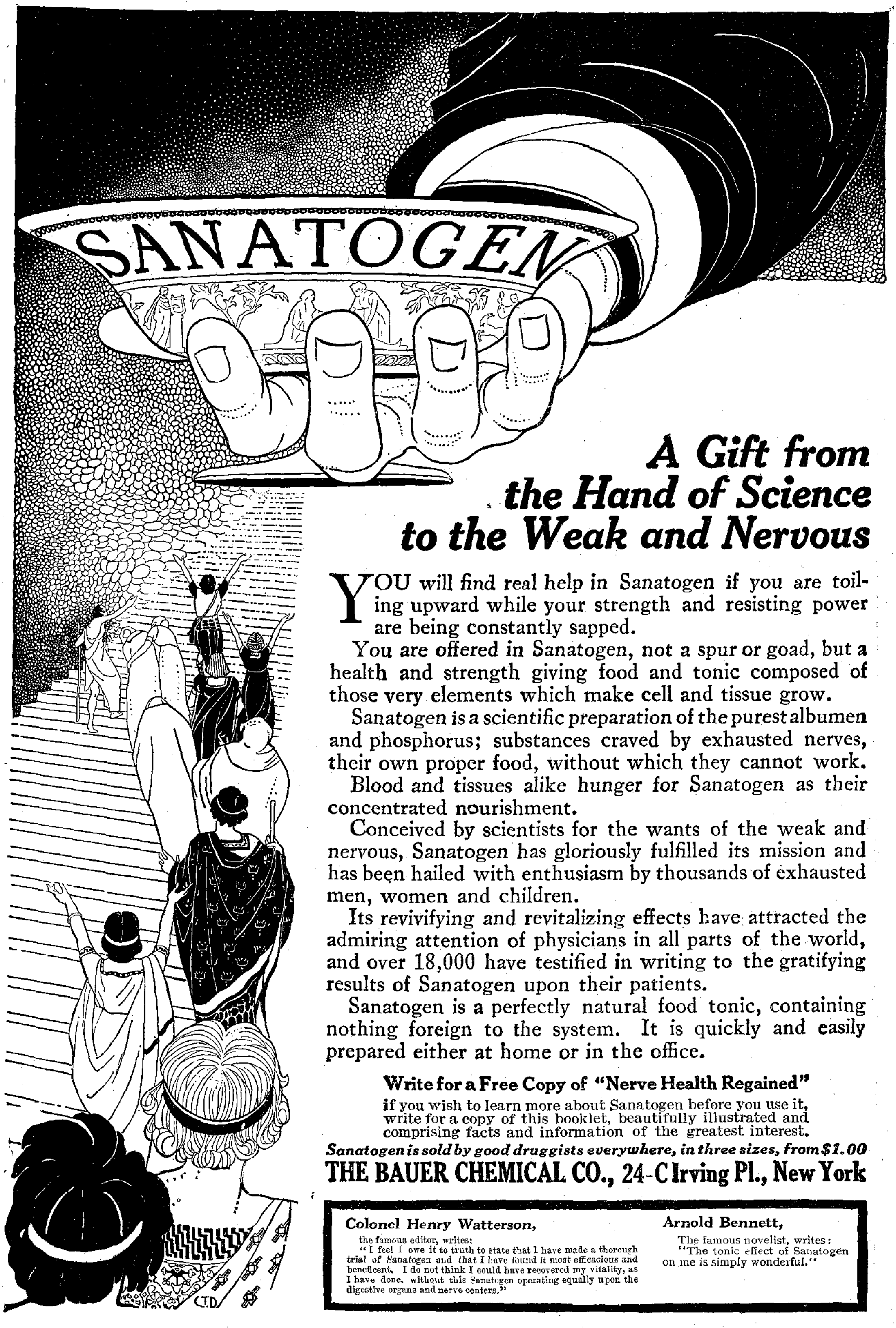
I believe he tried to get Singleton later, and failed. But he continued his devotions on the forward deck, visible when clad in his robe, invisible when he took it off. It was Jones, of course, who attacked Burns and secured the key to the captain's cabin; Jones who threw the ax overboard after hearing the crew tell that on its handle were finger-prints to identify the murderer; Jones who, while on guard in the after house below, had pushed the key to the store-room under Turner's door; Jones who hung the marlinespike over the side, waiting perhaps for another chance at Singleton; Jones, in his devotional attire, who had frightened the crew into hysteria, and who, discovered by Mrs. Johns in the captain's cabin, had rushed by her, and out, with the ax. It is noticeable that he made no attempt to attack her. He killed only in obedience to his signal, and he had had no signal.

PERHAPS the most curious thing, after the murderer was known, was the story of the people in the after house. It was months before I got that in full. The belief among the women was that Turner, maddened by drink and unreasoning jealousy, had killed Vail, and then, running amuck or discovered by the other victims, had killed them. This was borne out by Turner's condition. His hands and parts of his clothing were blood-stained.

Their condition was pitiable. Unable to speak for himself, he lay raving in his room, talking to Vail and complaining of a white figure that bothered him. The key that Elsa Lee picked up was another clue, and in their attempt to get rid of it I had foiled them. Mrs. Johns, an old friend and, as I have said, an ardent partisan, undertook to get rid of the ax, with the result that we know. Even Turner's recovery brought little courage. He could only recall that he had gone into Vail's room and tried to wake him, without result; that he did not know of the blood until the next day, or that Vail was dead; and that he had a vague recollection of something white and ghostly that night — he was not sure where he had seen it.

The failure of their attempt to get rid of the store-room key was matched by their failure to smuggle Turner's linen off the ship. Singleton suspected Turner, and, with the skilful and not over-scrupulous aid of his lawyer, had succeeded in finding in Mrs. Sloane's trunk the incriminating pieces.

As to the meaning of the keys, file, and club in Singleton's mattress, I believe the explana-



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the famous editor, writes:

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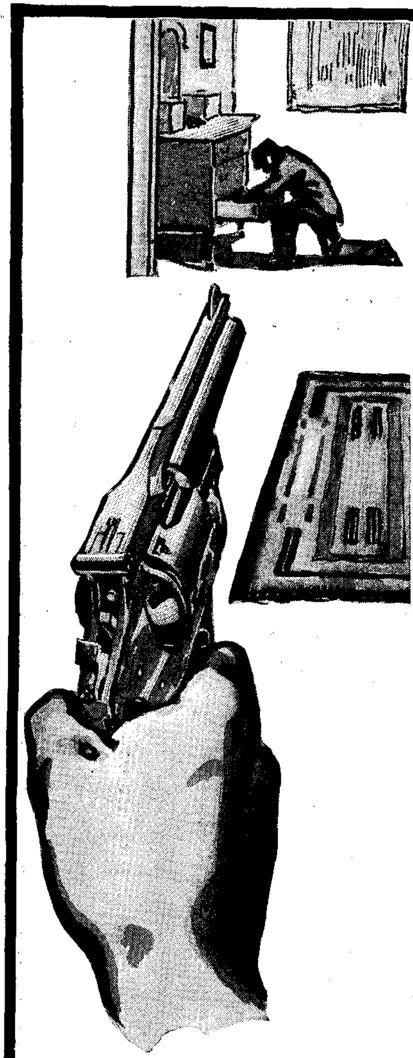
Arnold Bennett,

The famous novelist, writes:

"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."



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A degenerate—a cowardly, sick-minded degenerate who prowls at night like a rat—in bedrooms of women and children—tense, cringing, always a deadly menace—deadly as a poisonous snake or a mad dog.

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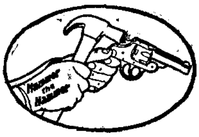

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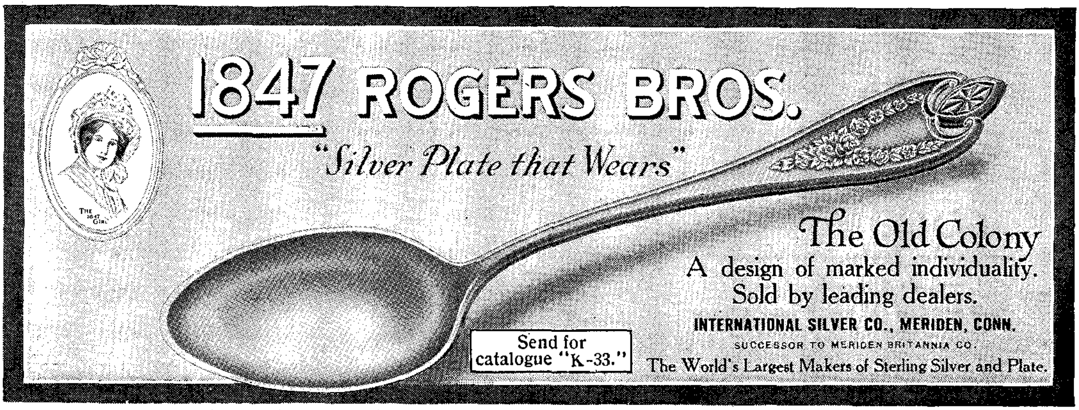

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tion is simple enough. He saw against him a strong case. He had little money and no influence, while Turner had both. I have every reason to believe that he hoped to make his escape before the ship anchored, and was frustrated by my discovery of the keys and by an extra bolt I put on his door and window.

The murders on the schooner-yacht *Ella* were solved.

McWhirter went back to his hospital, the day after our struggle, wearing a strip of plaster over the bridge of his nose and a new air of importance. The Turners went to New York soon after, and I was alone. I tried to put Elsa Lee out of my thoughts, as she had gone out of my life, and, receiving the hoped-for hospital appointment at that time, I tried to make up by hard work for a happiness that I had not lost because it had never been mine.

A CURIOUS thing has happened to me. I had thought this record finished, but perhaps ——

Turner's health is bad. He and his wife and Miss Lee are going to Europe. He has asked me to go with him in my professional capacity!

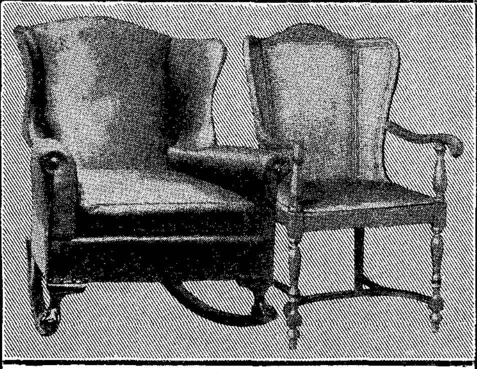
It is more than a year since I have seen her.

The year has brought some changes. Singleton is again a member of the Turner forces, having signed a contract and a temperance pledge at the same sitting. Jones is in a hospital for the insane, where in the day-time he is a cheery old tar with twinkling eyes and a huge mustache, and where now and then, on Christmas and holidays, I send him a supply of tobacco. At night he sleeps in a room with opaque glass windows through which no heavenly signals can penetrate. He will not talk of his crimes,— not that he so regards them,— but now and then in the night he wraps the drapery of his couch about him and performs strange orisons in the little room that is his. And at such times an attendant watches outside his door.

CHAPTER XXV

ONCE more the swish of spray against the side of a ship, the tang of salt, the lift and fall of the rail against the sea-line on the horizon. And once more a girl, in white from neck to heel, facing into the wind as if she loved it, her crisp skirts flying, her hair blown back from her forehead in damp curls.

And I am not washing down the deck. With all the poise of white flannels and a good cigar, I am lounging in a deck-chair, watching her. Then ——



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Your money will be refunded by the dealer without quibbling if time reveals faults in construction or defects in material.

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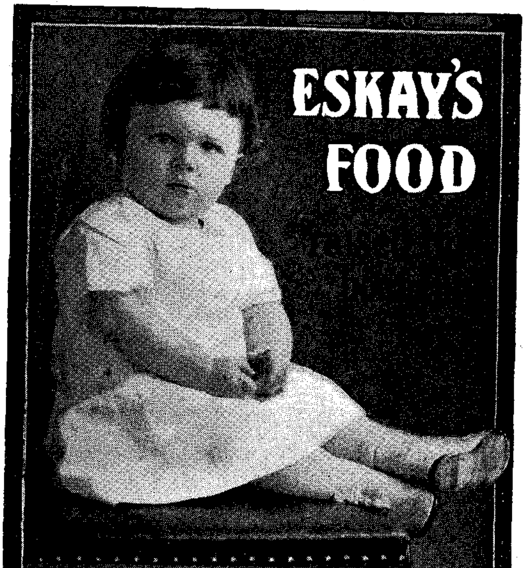

THE family doctor put this baby on "Eskay's Food" when he was but 10 days old. His mother, Mrs. Jas. H. Bush, Schenectady, writes: "*'Eskay's' agreed with little Richard perfectly. He is thoroughly healthy, weighs 34 lbs. at 14 months, and has nearly all his teeth.*"

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While you are "taking" milk, it will pay you to look up a Jersey dairy. If you want some facts on Jerseys and Jersey milk, write us.

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324 W. 23d St., New York City

"Come here!" I say.

"I am busy."

"You are not busy. You are disgracefully idle."

"Why do you want me?"

She comes closer, and looks down at me. She likes me to sit, so she may look superior and scornful, this being impossible when one looks up. When she has approached ——

"Just to show that I can order you about."

"I shall go back!" — with raised chin. How I remember that raised chin, and how (whisper it) I used to fear it!

"You can not. I am holding the edge of your skirt."

"Ralph! And all the other passengers looking!"

"Then sit down — and, before you do, tuck that rug under my feet, will you?"

"Certainly not."

"Under my feet!"

She does it, under protest, whereon I release her skirts. She is sulky, quite distinctly sulky. I slide my hand under the rug into her lap. She ignores it.

"NOW," I say calmly, "we are even. And you might as well hold my hand. Every one thinks you are."

She brings her hands hastily from under her rug and puts them over her head. "I don't know what has got into you," she says coldly. "And why are we even?"

"For the day you told me the deck was not clean."

"It wasn't clean."

"I think I am going to kiss you."

"Ralph!"

"It is coming on. About the time that the bishop gets here, I shall lean over and ——"

She eyes me, and sees determination in my face. She changes color.

"You wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't I!"

She rises hastily, and stands looking down at me. I am quite sure at that moment that she detests me, and I rather like it. There are always times when we detest the people we love.

"If you are going to be arbitrary just because you can —— "

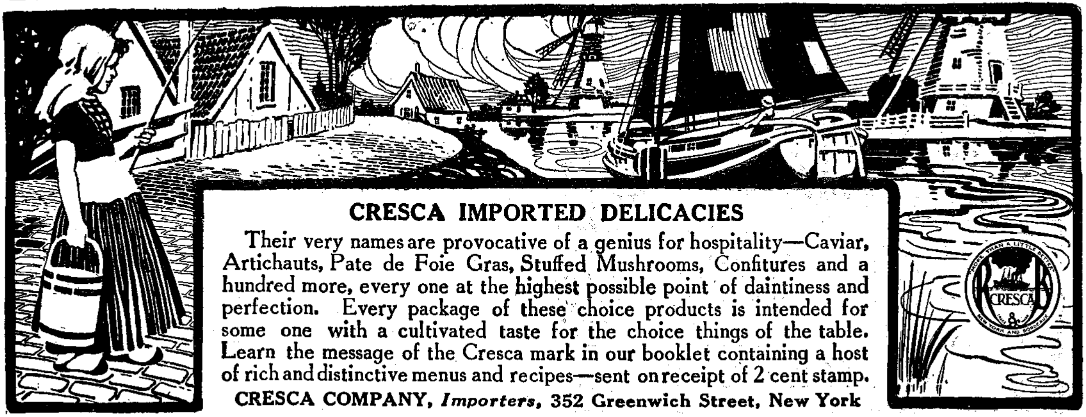
"Yes?"

"Marsh and the rest are in the smoking-room. Their sitting-room is empty."

Quite calmly, as if we are going below for a clean handkerchief or a veil or a cigarette, we stroll down the great staircase of the liner to the Turners' sitting-room, and close the door.

And — I kiss her.

THE END



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—U. S. Gov't Rept., Bulletin 95, June, 1911

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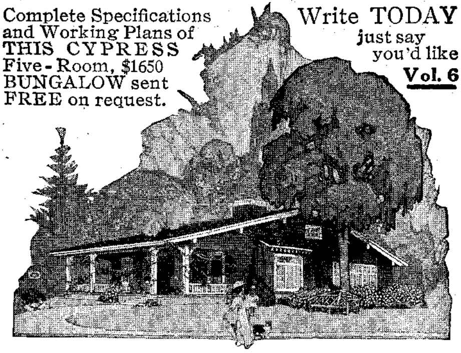

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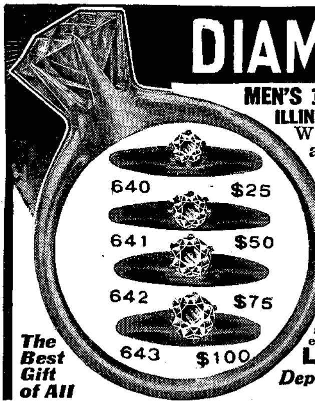

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BOOKS OF THE DAY

BY

GARDNER W. WOOD

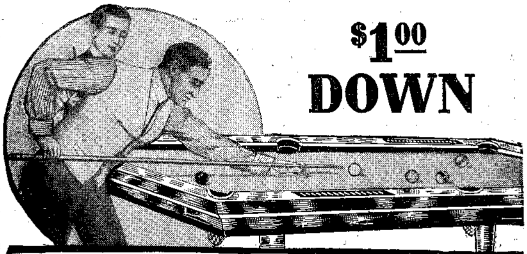
The Lure of Proserpine The intricate verbiage of Maurice Hewlett; his love of weaving gray or golden fancies of words, the mystic reserve of him, his grave *insouciance* in advancing extraordinary situations and the aloofness that defines his attitude toward his product, was bound sooner or later to result in such stories as are comprised in *The Lure of Proserpine* (Scribner's).

In his preface Mr. Hewlett disclaims responsibility for the truth of the incidents related in the book. They "seem to be true" to him and he believes that nothing is related in them that is not susceptible of a spiritual and moral interpretation. In themselves the tales mainly concern gray-green, glowing, illusively smocked fairy creatures of unsubstantial composition, which Mr. Hewlett's fancy tricks into several delicate word fabrics. The tales have the acknowledged flavor of autobiography — reminiscences of youthful days, youthful visions of his own and of others.

Certain of us there are, as in *The Soul at the Window,* relates Mr. Hewlett, set apart for spiritual communion: fairies' friends, soul-mates of the unknown and impalpable. And in *Quidnunc* we are shown that beneficent spirits are helpfully watching and guarding weak humankind. The narration of *Beckwith's Case,* a circumstantial legend of England, describes Beckwith's finding a fairy woman invisible to all save himself, his little daughter, and his dogs, with whom she lived happily. Not an alluring fairy. Not nearly as attractive as *The Fairy Wife* of Andrew King. Her he found in the forest and brought to his home, a dumb fairy remarkably endowed. She is the only fairy in the book which through misadventure became human.

It is pleasant to believe in fairies, especially of Mr. Hewlett's kind.

Stella Maris Mr. Locke is so determined a writer of novels by formula, fanciful though that formula may be, that *Stella Maris* (Lane) gains added charm by



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I have helped 63,288 (to date) of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

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of as many more

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to common sense.

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Be Attractive—well-groomed.

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Your correspondence is held in strictest confidence. The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

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Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 95 624 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care af the health and figure of woman. She personally supervises her work.

very contrast with some of its predecessors. Inherently *Stella Maris* has a quality that sets it apart from and in a higher niche than anything Mr. Locke has done since *The Beloved Vagabond.*

Heretofore Mr. Locke has built his several romances around a character that possessed elements of the grotesque—the Vagabond, Septimus, Clementina, Simon. Here he gives us the unfolding of a child-girl's nature, an invalid supposed to be doomed, whose room was a sanctuary to all her devoted friends and whose sick life was a bright and brightened spot. Stella Maris was fed on dreams; life to her was pictured in glowing, almost supernal colors by all her friends and especially by John Risca, called and considered by her "Belovedest." Unexpectedly Stella Maris was cured, and walked out to learn the world as a woman.

Here is the situation in which Mr. Locke finds his finest opportunity, and he develops it with rare delicacy of understanding and brilliance of interpretation. It is perhaps unfair to *Stella Maris* to select its more dominant excellences when the entire story is so strongly and surely a complete demonstration of Mr. Locke's unusual art. Of the other characters John Risca, the strong, sorrowing man, is the most important and most vigorously defined. Herold, the lovable, self-effacing friend, is developed with infinite feeling and sympathy. Their love of Stella Maris, her love for them, her final decision, form the story—an unreal story, if you will, of impossible but superb self-sacrifice and of improbable people. But life is sometimes made beautiful by just such unreal and impossible realities.

The Lady and the Pirate

The President plays golf as a diversion from congressional matters; it is not inconceivable that Mrs. Pankhurst may enjoy her tea; even so august a personage as the Czar presumably has his little pleasures, so it is merely a natural impulse that led Emerson Hough to yawn, stretch his arms and say, "Away with the serious side of life for a time. We will play a fanciful game." *The Lady and the Pirate* (Bobbs-Merrill) is the cheerful result.

A gentleman very much in love took a lodge in the wilderness in which to recover from his latest rejection. There he was captured by two pirates aged twelve and fourteen respectively, and with them started out on a bold expedition to take prisoner the lady of his fancy, who was going down the Mississippi on a yacht. From Dubuque to Natchez the pursuit was hot, but there she was overtaken and the yacht forced to haul down her colors and run up the "Jolly Roger." Adventure followed fast and furious

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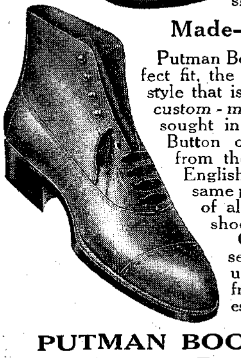
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on the heels of adventure until the Spanish Main was reached, "the heartless jade" had succumbed to "Black Bart's" piercing gaze, and great treasure of pearls and marshmallows had been transferred to the captive maid.

Not quite the treatment accorded of old to the victims of Jean Lafitte and L'Olonnois; but this is a modern pirate yarn and details must be revised. Two more engaging young pirates than Jimmy Henderson and Johnny Saunders would be hard to meet; and it must be admitted also that the heartless jade was a captive after our own heart.

Mr. Hough may go back to his serious work with a light heart after this errant bit of drollery.

The Abysmal Brute

Mr. Jack London is moved to muckrake the fighting business and does it by means of an extraordinary invention—a clean and unbeatable pugilist who was carefully handled by a shrewd manager to their great mutual profit. But the unbeatable boy was too clean and the manager too shrewd to hold the favor of fortune to the end. The boy married, rebelled, and at the dramatic moment told the fight-following public how they had been cheated.

That is the motive of the yarn. The action is all that Jack London can put into such a story, and it moves swiftly and always to the point of the jaw. Deacons and elderly elders will not care for "The Abysmal Brute."

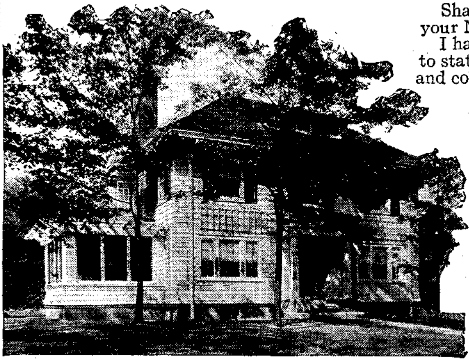
The Old Adam

The best praise that can be accorded to Arnold Bennett in these his halcyon days is to say that he has done as well in *The Old Adam* (Doran) as could be expected. Mr. Bennett in this story goes back happily to the Five Towns for his beginning and his characters. It is like getting back home.

Edward Henry Machin, successful in business and proud of it, was not so great a figure in his home town, and it irked him. He felt deeply that Nellie Machin, his wife, needed further evidence of his greatness, and so decided upon London as the medium for broadening his fame and increasing Mrs. Machin's respect for his powers.

In London accordingly he did that very thing; the province made the metropolis sit up. Machin became a theatrical figure of note and did it as theatrically as a Hammerstein. He even dashed over to New York to accomplish an amazing piece of publicity, and did it.

Whether Edward Henry Machin made a profit from his theater is of as little importance as Hammerstein's profits when balanced against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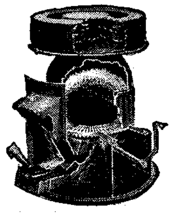
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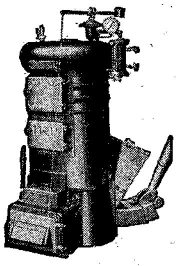
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his personality. Machin went back to Five Towns with his purpose achieved. At least he thought so; but we would need much convincing in the case of so calm tempered a woman as Nellie Machin. An even temper in a woman generally means obstinacy, and you know what an obstinate woman is. *The Old Adam* is excellently Bennett.

V. V's Eyes

It has happened at times that a writer, even while his first successful novel is still among the "best sellers," has rushed into the market with a line of canned goods — uncalled-for products of his earlier days. It is a strong temptation, but it usually reacts. Whether Henry Sydnor Harrison was tempted is not known; obviously he did not yield; and for that reason *V. V's Eyes* (Houghton, Mifflin) glitters so brightly, even in comparison with *Queed.*

"V. V." was a young doctor through whose eyes Carlisle Heth came finally to view the world and incidentally herself. It was a troubled process, for Carlisle was blessed with a mother of the climbing variety who considered Carlisle her greatest asset. V. V. finally won out in a soul struggle that would have been outrageously out of proportion if for a less valuable prize than Carlisle.

V. V., formally Dr. V. Vivian, was a dreamer, and dreamers know no fear. Nothing daunted him — not even Carlisle's mother — save the woes of the world. V. V's eyes were wonderfully deep in charity, and when Carlisle got through hating them he closed them quietly in accomplishment.

A story that might easily have been a mockery of tragedy becomes, under the kindly, humorous guidance of Mr. Harrison, a story of well registered beauty.

Those of us who have waited curiously for *Queed's* successor are not disappointed. Mr. Harrison has done well a second time.

Sylvia

We learn from Mr. Upton Sinclair in *Sylvia* (Winston) that Sylvia was tall, blue-eyed, golden-tressed, and Southern; and that the cadenced thrill of the languorous tongue of this American "Zuleika" marched side by side with the lure of lowered lashes to the conquest of the chivalry of the South.

We learn that the swarming lovers of Sylvia fell on their knees at her feet, reckless of their impeccable trousers; they perched in trees; they stood on their heads for her delectation. They danced; they sang; they proposed in dozens.

But Sylvia wanted a different kind of a man, and to her family's horror, her choice fell upon the son of a man who had "worn stripes"— innocently, of course, but quite contrary to precedent. They loved, however, with a fervor worthy of Beatrice and Dante. Frank was his name and nature. He was poor but very proud, and he told Sylvia that he would go to Harvard and learn, for her sake, to be a money-maker. Would Sylvia wait? Yes, Sylvia would wait — years upon years!

But she visited him in Cambridge, and trouble was started. Sylvia's corn-flower eyes mowed down whole squadrons of Harvard's finest, including one whose wealth was a heavy burden. Then Frank did something that gentlemen should never do. He hit a man too hard at the wrong time of night, and got his name in the newspapers.

Mr. Sinclair shows how disastrous it is to get one's name in the newspapers; for Sylvia then accepted the millionaire and his money. Her father helped the decision by going bankrupt at the opportune moment.

You may search your soul for a tenable reason why Mr. Sinclair thrust this impossible brew upon the public. Once upon a time Mr. Sinclair stirred up comment with "The Jungle." Perhaps that excuses *Sylvia's* birth — poor thing!

Martha By-the-Day

Martha By-the-Day (Holt), by Julie M. Lippmann, is an airy trifle of the highly feminized kind that has become so surprisingly popular recently.

Martha was a large, comfortable party who scrubbed for a living and drank her tea from a saucer, while she amiably, and uninvited, regulated the affairs of all her neighbors and friends. Apparently she lived on terms of close intimacy with the millionaires whose marble halls she scoured. Martha was remarkably verbose, and continually maltreated our most sacred and hoary maxims in terms of the mop and brush. Martha also had a heart of gold and a husband.

Into these circumstances was precipitated a young Wellesley graduate named Claire, who had seen better days in Grand Rapids and had come to New York to find a position as an art editor. She failed, and Martha discovered her sobbing in the rain, without a job or a home or a nickel. Martha fixed all that: got her a position as a tutor, and managed to have her meet a millionaire who also had a heart of gold. He did beautiful things for everybody, and he loved little Claire. She would have naught of him, but one night he found her out under the moon (arranged by Martha), and he said — well, you know what he said and what she did. It happens somewhere sixty times an hour.

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TWENTY BELOW

BY

M. GAUSS

IT was to be a bitter night. Already, around the little house at the very end of the one street in town, the limbs of the old apple trees groaned and snapped; and the pump chain wheezed ominously in the depths of the cistern.

The air was quite still, and overhead glittered an unusual number of stars. Tipton stood at a railroad junction, only twelve miles from a large and evil city: but it was a quiet town, nestling in its snowy valley — with its little string of lights — like a picture on a Christmas card. Nobody stirred in its streets, that cold evening, from the bluff at its outermost end to the railroad with the red and blue signal lights — though, at Mike's place, light and noise issued from under and around the drawn curtains.

In the early dusk, an uninvited guest of the town turned away from the kitchen door of the last house in the street. It was in the reign of the well known Dr. Starr, Mayor of Tipton — and he was making it a good town to live in and a bad one for hoboes; so, though the cold snap had come suddenly, and early in winter, not a single tramp had ventured in before sunset with the usual request for cast-off underclothing. This one was shy of the street. He circled the garden, crunching the hard snow, passed the chicken-house, where half a dozen fowls were huddled together to keep warm, and approached the rail fence that bounded the place in the rear.

Two doors away, a dog was yelping with pain; but a door opened, a light flashed across the snow, somebody whistled softly, and the yelp turned to a bark of relief as the beast rushed inside. The door closed. Out in the starlight, all was still except the creaking trees. The stranger knew the old woman who had turned him away was watching to see that he did not linger about; for she had been much alarmed at sight of him. She was a stout, stooped old woman, who seemed to have a bad cold on her chest — and the warm kitchen into which he had peeped had a smell of turpentine. A flannel nightgown was spread to warm on a chair, and on the splintery, scrubbed floor were old-fashioned rag rugs. It was a pleasant room.

THE cold had caught this stranger unaware. The night before had been warm and snowing, and he had slept well in a box-car which he had supposed would move on into the city. At daybreak, finding himself still in Tipton, he had thought best to eat the bread and meat in his pocket and slip off among the ravines that edged the town. About noon a biting wind began to sweep down from a hill at the end of the one street. At five the air began to grow quiet, with rapidly falling temperature — and still the mercury was dropping down the tube. All day this unwelcome guest at Tipton had eaten nothing but a slice of cheese he stole from a doorstep where he saw the grocer leave it. So, though he was seventeen, large and strong for his age, his poorly nourished body shrank from the cold.

Behind the little house was a pasture with large walnut trees; beyond that, the road. He thought he might perhaps get out into the country and find shelter in the hay of some barn — outside the jurisdiction of the Mayor of Tipton.

Now, the Mayor did not want anybody to freeze. There was shelter to be had at the jail, or by application to the proper town authorities. It was only that the strange boy did not care to avail himself of what was offered — for reasons of his own. He had few virtues, but one of them was a contempt of physical odds. So, as he struggled out of the town, he did not even consider turning back to the warm shelter of the jail.

On his eyebrows and lashes the frost soon became as thick as snow, his breath came painfully, and his mouth hung open. Especially, from long exposure, his feet had grown numb and stiffened, so that his progress was slow. And, with every minute that passed, the mercury went on dropping toward twenty below — the lowest mark known in the valley.

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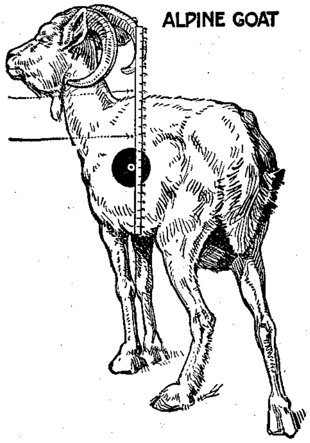

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On top of the hill the snow was shallow, grass and weeds sticking through it. On account of the snow in his eyes, the boy lost the road and floundered off toward the west.

An engine shrieked, near at hand. Wiping the snow from his lashes, he found he was at the head of a sharp incline — one of those where wood violets are thick in May. Below lay the railroad tracks. A headlight appeared, rounded a curve, and shot past him. He stumbled away from it, hunting the road, his eyes quickly becoming covered with frost again.

AFTER what seemed a long while, his hand struck a fence. It was a high one, of palings, which he could not climb, so he followed it with his hands, feeling for the gate. He was long in finding it; nor did he see any light or hear a dog. But he felt patiently along the palings, since even a deserted farm might have a barn, with straw. And his search was at last rewarded.

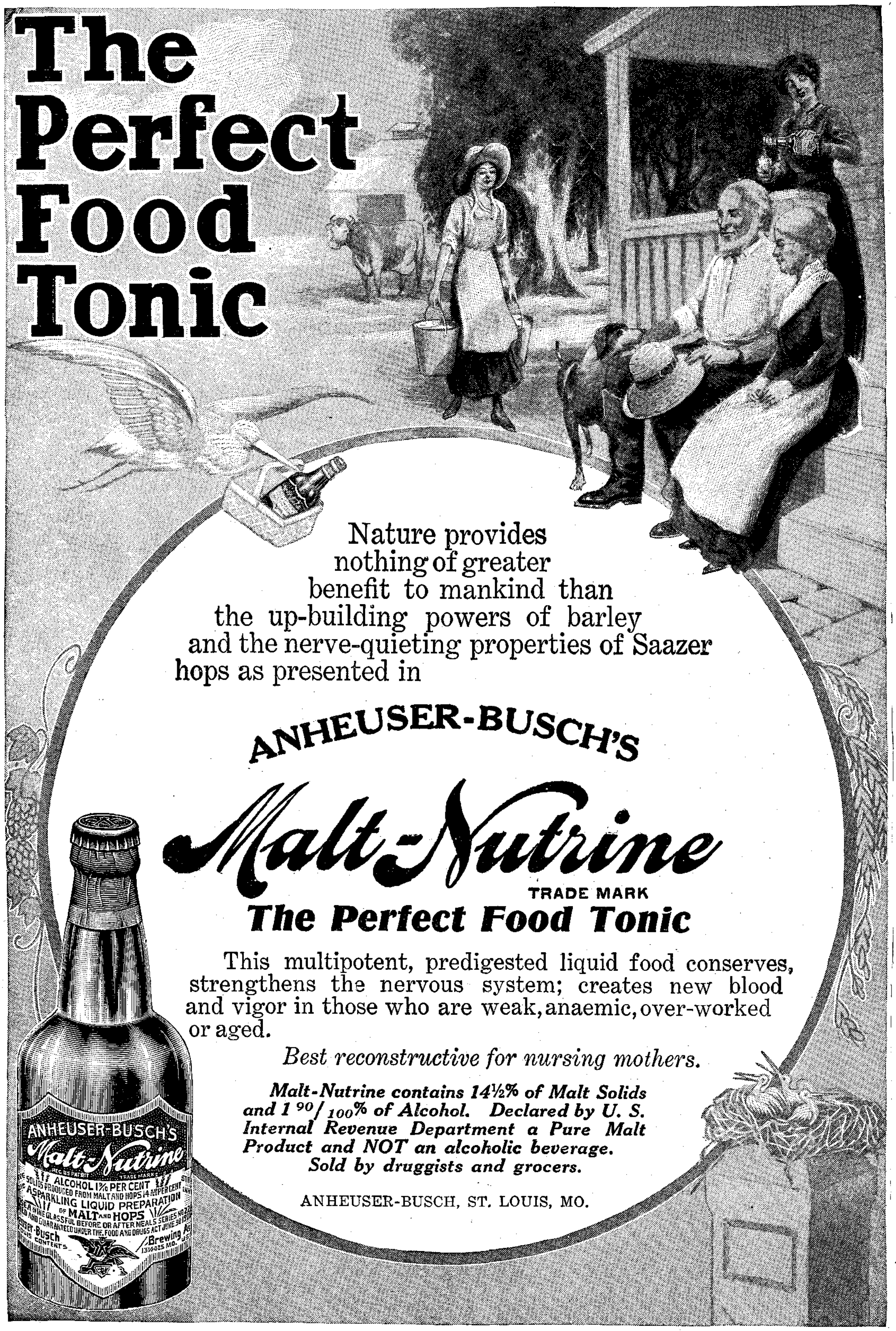
The gate closed with a chain, which he found very hard to unfasten with his stiffened fingers. As he worked at it he grew colder; for, though the valley below him was now quiet, the wind of the afternoon still scurried about this hill, which it had swept almost bare of snow. "My God!" he said aloud, as the chain gave way and he stumbled forward. "My God — git me to a barn somewhere."

The place in which he was seemed very quiet, with a peculiar swish of wind above him. He tried to get his sleeve up to his eyes again, and found it hard with his numbed arms — but at last he looked about him.

Above his head rose a clipped fir tree, one of a score of evergreens; and before him, breast high, was a white stone lamb, on a little pedestal. His grit failed him at last; he fell in a huddle against the tree, and cried like a baby.

But not for long. Very soon he found himself growing blind, with a numbness and nausea which he had never felt before but instinctively recognized. He recalled stories he had heard of the cold: he pictured how the people from the town would come out here in a day or two and find him huddled against the fir tree — and the young blood in him rallied for a last struggle. Getting to his feet, he stumbled over the mounds that lay between him and the gate — seven white ones, and another, which was dark and stiffly frozen.

"My God, git me out of this!" he continued to mutter as he made his way from the gate: and when next he wiped his eyes he had gone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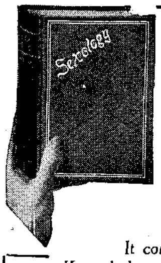

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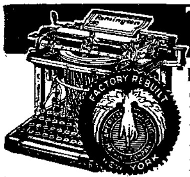

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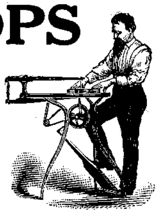

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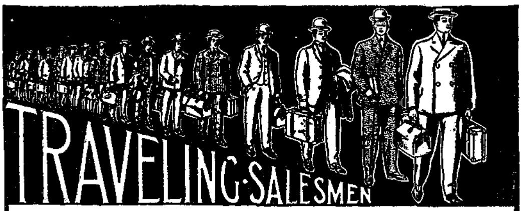

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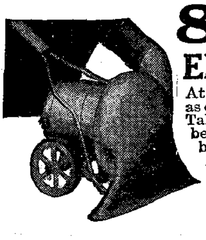

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some distance toward the town. Below him, its lights twinkled in a string, red and green ones at the railroad end; and down the hill he went, sliding on the bare earth of its side. At the foot he tripped on a loose board, and got a cut in the forehead.

WHEN he stumbled forward once more, he was just outside the last little house in town — with the trees, the pump, and an old rag carpet on the clothes-line. There was now no light in the window, only the ruddy glow of the stove; and he thought he might take shelter, unheard and unseen, in the little back porch, with the old carpet to wrap about him.

It was when he crouched in the carpet, and pitted his young body, with its animal heat, against the cold, that he realized the full power of twenty below; but he was now past any more effort, past thinking. Silently and relentlessly the cold increased. Nothing stirred before it; even the trees stopped their snap of limbs; and he was quiet too, sitting on the back porch, with his head bent over between his knees.

Presently, on the staircase that went up inside the kitchen, he heard the creak of an old woman's shoes, and a light appeared and grew stronger, around the door. It was thrown open, revealing a lamp, and a stout bent figure, with a woollen skirt and an old shawl, hastily put on over a flannel nightgown.

"Who is it?" asked the old woman, in a voice tremulous from alarm and wheezy with the cold on her chest. The smell of roasted onion and of turpentine rushed out on a current of warm air.

The boy got out of his carpet roll, tried to get to the house, and fell against its wall.

"Air ye cold?" quavered the frightened old lady. For answer, he rushed to the stove.

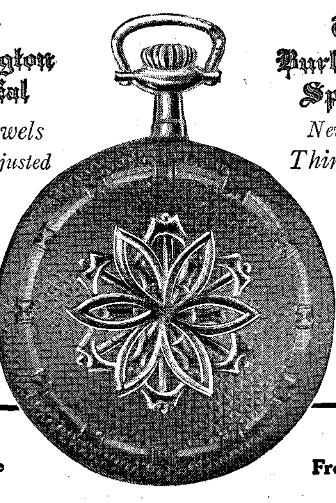
She watched him from a safe distance, her hand shaking on the lamp. "Ain't you the man I turned away after supper?" she asked.

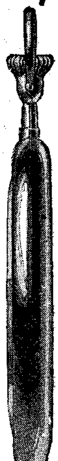
THE snow had now melted from his eyelashes, and he rubbed his face with his sleeve, smearing across it the blood from the cut on his forehead. He was a thick-set, sandy-haired boy, with an old scar on his upper lip.

"Why, goodness me!" his hostess exclaimed, in great relief. "You ain't nothing but a little boy. Ef I'd ha' knowed that, you could have come in to warm before."

He huddled behind the stove, and looked up at her thankfully; for all his manhood had gone down before the cold, and he felt that he was indeed a little child.

"The Mayor says we must 'phone for the marshal when a grown man comes askin' for





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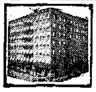

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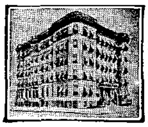

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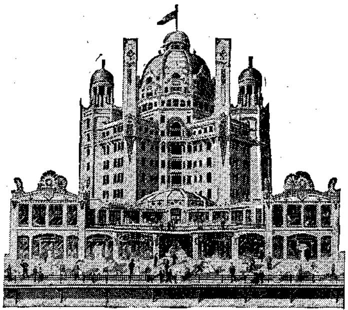

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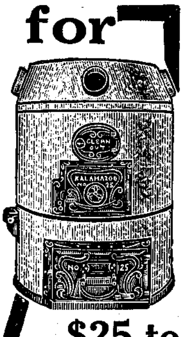

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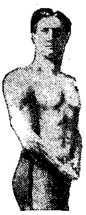

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anything; but it wouldn't be right to let a boy like you sleep in a jail. I'll just make you up a pallet on my floor, like I do for my grandson when he comes in from the ranch. Are you hungry, son?"

Thus, at last, the uninvited guest found warmth, food, and a gracious hospitality in Tipton. He lay on his bed behind the stove, warm and drowsy; he heard the creak of shoes up the stairs, and heard the bed sag as the heavy old woman lay down. Then he turned and put his hand under his cheek — like a child — to sleep.

The pump wheel froze at the cistern, the frost coated the windows with white fur, the mercury went lower and lower. Just before daybreak, it touched twenty-eight below, the lowest mark recalled by the oldest inhabitant — while the strange boy was sleeping dreamlessly. But, about five, an engine went shrieking through the town; he sat up in bed, and heard a clock strike in the front room.

He did not waken a little child. The first thing he did was to get out a little bag concealed in his clothing. It contained eighty-four dollars and some cents, a half dozen jack-knives, and a few trinkets of cheap jewelry. He saw that these things were safe, examined his new gun, and crawled out of his bunk.

At the foot of the stairs, he listened a moment to the hard breathing of the old woman; then he spoke: "It's me. I gotta ketch de early train out."

"Shake up the fire first and get warm," said the old lady.

"You saved my life. I wished I t'ought I could pay you."

"I don't want no pay, son," she wheezed. "If you want to pay me, be a good boy."

Her guest was silent.

"I know you *are* a good boy!" she hastened to add. "I mean, you just go right on being as good a boy as you can; that'll pay me, the best kind."

At the kitchen door the boy stopped — went back and folded his quilts neatly; and replaced the rugs that had made his mattress.

Just from his warm bed, the cold at first staggered him; but as his blood came up, it tingled with a healthy defiance of weather, and soon he was all aglow — for it took hours of exposure to break his spirit. He passed the waiting-room at the station, peeped in at the glowing stove with half a dozen sickly-looking people huddled about it, and heard the irregular clack of the telegraphic instrument.

Overhead, on the way down the tracks, the wires sang shrilly with cold; and in the bitter morning the brakemen were not alert. A long

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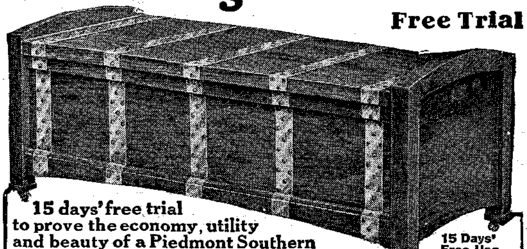

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freight was just ready for its run down to the city — a half hour's ride, at the most; and he had no difficulty in climbing into an empty car, where he huddled close to the wall, pulling his cap down over the cut in his forehead.

The engine jammed backward; a creak and groan went through the train; then, with a mighty forward pull, the run to the city began — and Tipton was rid of an unwelcome guest.

THE town was already waking. Lights appeared in kitchen windows. A milk-wagon came through, its wheels grating on the frozen street; and women, muffled in old coats, came out to the kitchen doors to take the milk. A smell of pancakes mingled with the pure cold of the starry morning. Everywhere the milkman spread the news that it had been the coldest night in years.

The day star grew paler above the hill where dark firs and cedars began to be visible; the whole sky whitened, then flushed; and at last the sun came up, twinkling through the long blue icicles that draped the porch in front of Mike's Place.

By and by the Mayor — who was also the doctor — thought he would go over and see if old Mrs. Stone had got rid of the cold on her chest; and he went around the little house at the end of the street, entering through the kitchen without knocking.

"It was the coldest night for years past," he remarked, as he released her wrist and began polishing up the thermometer.

"I thought it was cold," said the old lady. "I took in a pore boy, about the age of Frank's Willie: and I do believe the pore child would have froze outdoors."

The doctor stopped rubbing his fever tester. "What's that you did?" he demanded.

The old lady was having a coughing fit; but when she had wiped her eyes and taken a sup of water, she looked up with a bright face. "I took in a strange boy for the night," she said. "And he was a dear boy, too!" she added — for her whole heart went out to any one she fed or sheltered.

The doctor wheeled around in his big fur coat. "Why *didn't* you send for me or the marshal?"

"I would, Henry: only he was just a boy, and ——"

"Only you are bent and determined to feed tramps, aren't you, grandma?"

She did not hear, being very deaf from her cold. "I always feel glad," she rambled on softly, "when I can feed or warm any human person. I think of them words of the Master, 'Ye done it unto me.'"

NOW, the doctor was very fond of Grandma Stone: but patience was hard, for a man who had given his time, without a cent of pay, to the task of making Tipton a good town to live in. Smilingly she would assent to his arguments; and smilingly, also, she would feed all the tramps who came to her door.

"Why did your dear boy leave so early?" he asked, kicking a footstool out of the way.

"He had to ketch an early train," said grandma—and meekly opened her mouth for the thermometer.

The doctor put it under her tongue. "Yes," he said dryly, "I presume it was quite important to him. You see, Parkinson's second-hand store was robbed, night before last, in the snow-storm; and likely if you hadn't taken the dear boy in, he would have surrendered to the sheriff—maybe Parkinson would have got his money back."

He glanced at grandma; and when he saw what a bitter disappointment it was, his heart quite smote him. "You see, gran'ma," he went on, more gently, "you did it with the best intentions, but you mustn't do it again. We don't want to hear some morning that you were murdered in your bed. And besides you're hurting the town, when we're all working together for Tipton. It's not that we want any harm to the bums—only we know if we let them in we'll have crime. And we want to make property safe in our town, and women and children safe. You see, we must keep the bums out—it's the law of self-preservation, the oldest in the universe."

"Yes, Henry," said the old woman faintly. "I think it would be very wrong to harbor a thief, where a person knew it. But if they done it in ignorance, don't you think it might be overruled for good, some way?"

The doctor laughed, and stirred up a dose with a tea-spoon. A beam of light shot through the furry window, playing across the pillows and around the old woman's face. "There's the sun," said Dr. Starr. "That'll do you more good than medicine—and when I get back home I'll send the hired girl over for the morning—Jenny says she can spare her. Don't get out in your bare feet—I wouldn't wonder if you made your cold worse running around last night." He pulled on his fur gloves. "I hope, for the sake of you old folks, it'll not be a cold winter," he said. "This may be the worst of the year." And he went away.

THE winter turned out to be a mild one. January was a bit frosty, but before Washington's Birthday came a big thaw, when the roads were ankle-deep in mud, and the

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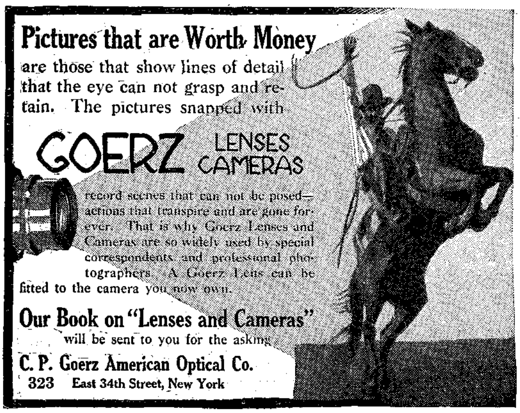
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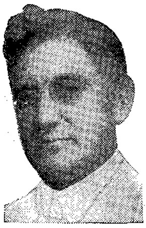
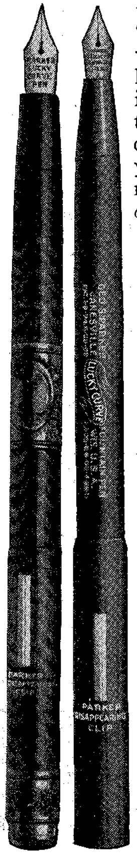
Geo. S. Parker.





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willows sprouted along the creek in the rear of the cemetery, sending out velvety "pussies," for the children to gather and take to school. Everybody predicted then that there would be a freeze that would kill the peaches.

But it didn't. The winter was over. That bitter night in December had been a mere freak of the frost, and in April everybody was saying what a mild winter it had been. Still, it hadn't been a healthy one. The doctor counted up on his fingers, one day, how many old landmarks had gone down since November. What with pneumonia and the grip — sometimes, driving past the cemetery, he'd stop a minute, and count the new graves.

But it had come now to be the pleasant time of the year. Old people who had weathered the winter were out of doors now, pottering about their gardens — likely to live on pleasantly till the hard freezes, the damp thaws, and the pneumonia winds of another winter.

In its green valley, Tipton was lovely that spring. Day by day, driving about the country, the Mayor noted with satisfaction how many new buildings were going up. A town of homes — that was the logical future of the place. He dreamed of a time to come, when people who did business in the city would make their homes out here, and Tipton be called a residence suburb.

ONE pleasant evening, the Mayor drove through the street. The kitchen doors were all wide open, sending forth a smell of frying eggs, to be eaten at supper with young onions and radishes and pie-plant — all grown in the moist brown gardens behind the houses. He loved his town. All through it, and thicker on its edges, clustered the fruit trees, white and pink with bloom, a few belated bees still mumbling among them. The violets were thick in the hills, blue mats of them pushing almost up to the wheel ruts.

As he turned into a narrow, lovely lane, he spied a young fellow lounging in a fence corner. Never slothful in the city's business, the Mayor pulled up his mare and observed the stranger keenly. He saw at a glance that it was not a Tipton boy or a farm-hand, but one who belonged to the city. He was a thick-set, sandy-haired fellow of eighteen, with an ugly scar on his upper lip.

"Good evening," said the Mayor. "Do you live here in town?" They were just within the new expanded limits of the town. Up the lane, past them, bumped a fine cow, driven by a little bare-legged girl.

"Nix," said the boy.

"Are you working here?"

"Nix."

"Well, we don't allow persons to come to Tipton looking for work."

"I ain't after work. I gotta ask after a friend of mine."

"What's his name?" asked the doctor skeptically.

"Who lives in de last house on de street?" The pink glow was dying off in the west. A fresh wind brought orchard and wood scents, as the boy moved away from his fence corner, pointing down the hill. He kept a keen eye on the Mayor, swaggered a little as he walked, and, when he stopped, jingled some money in his pockets.

"Nobody," said Dr. Starr promptly. "That house has been empty for months."

"Who lived there last winter?"

"Old Mrs. Stone, till the first of the year. I rather think that you're mistaken about having friends in Tipton; you had better ——"

The stranger folded his arms, in their pink shirt sleeves, across his chest. "Dat old lady done me a kindness once," he announced. "And it ain't *my* way to let a kindness go unpaid."

"Old Mrs. Stone died last December," said the doctor. "She took one of those grip colds, one night when the mercury went to twenty below — and died." As he spoke, he felt a little pull at his heart-strings: for this old woman — who would feed tramps, and had an especial tenderness for boys, had been a landmark of the heart to him. He missed her out of the town — and especially because she always called him "Henry"; for it is something, at forty, to know an old woman to whom one is still a boy. He drove on, thoughtfully.

When he glanced back to see, the strange boy was going up the hill. He paused to kick a pebble down the other side, and plunged after it, out of sight. But the doctor saw him reappear, going in the direction of the railroad.

THE town continued to prosper. At the spring election, a strong effort was made to get rid of Mike's Place — by way of making the town a suitable residence suburb; and, though it failed, the element behind it felt hopeful of success another year. Residence property was rising; some day the Mayor — who owned several pretty building sites — would be a rich man: and he would have the satisfaction of helping his worthy neighbors to become rich also.

More and more rigidly tramps were excluded. If a train dropped a suspicious stranger at Tipton, the marshal at once learned what his business was, and, lacking a suitable explanation, took him a mile or two down the track

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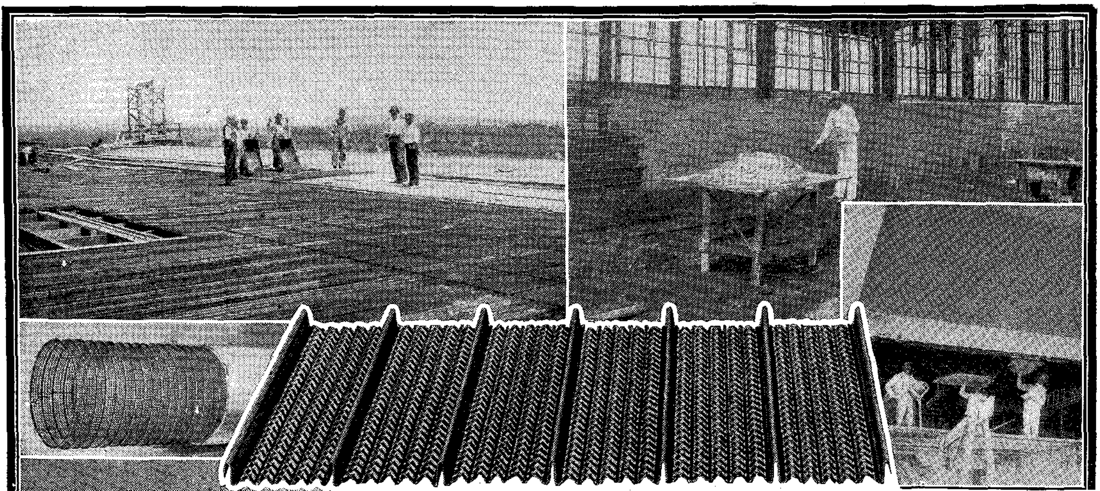
and advised him to move on to the next town. During the summer, a hobo camp was broken up, among the willows beyond the cemetery, their cooking utensils thrown into the creek, and the furniture they had made was burned.

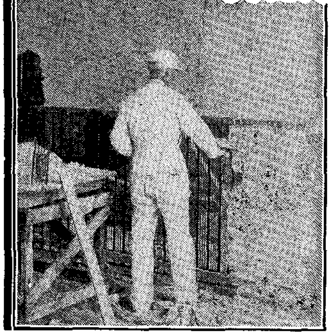
One night early in the following winter, a strange thing occurred. There was a wet snow blowing from the east, making it very dark after nightfall — especially on the north side of the tracks, where Parkinson had his second-hand store. Parkinson went back after supper, on the chance that somebody might drop in to see the holiday goods he had added to his regular stock. As he approached his place, he thought he saw a figure skulking away from the very window that was pried up in the robbery of the year before. Whoever the fellow was, he got away in the storm: but when Parkinson went in, he found under that window a little bag he had never seen before. It contained eighty-four dollars and some cents, a few trinkets, and half a dozen penknives; and one of *his* penknives was gone and had been replaced with another.

THE matter was the one topic of discussion about Tipton on the following day. Nobody could see why the robber gave the stuff back, unless he was afraid—such was the reputation of Tipton—that he'd be run to earth and punished if he didn't. Dr. Starr mentioned the matter in the paper he had been invited to read at a municipal officers' convention in the city. It was entitled "How We Deal with Bums at Tipton": and it was an excellent, sensible paper, inasmuch as the law of self-preservation is an excellent law. God forbid it should cease to uphold the scheme of things! And if the Mayor claimed the miracle also for the law — that mistake has been made by wise people in the past.

It turned cold after Parkinson got his money back — and the night was very bitter when the Mayor went up to the city to read his paper. Looking back from the coach window, he saw the familiar short string of lights — but the house at the very end was dark. It wasn't modern, and was to be torn down as soon as the weather moderated. So it would never again give warmth or shelter, its last fire had gone out, and its kitchen — perhaps — was colder than the out of doors. But it was the oldest house in town, and in its time it had done good service to humanity.

The train pulled out. Hourly the mercury dropped — till, at midnight, it stood twenty below. As the cold increased, the town was almost as silent before it as the fir trees and the white stones on the overhanging hill.





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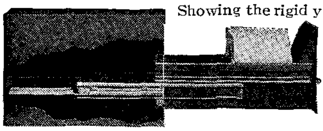

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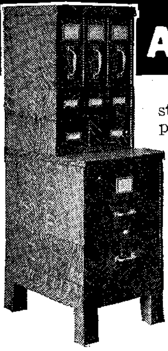

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YOUR MONEY AND HOW TO MAKE IT EARN

Finance and Insurance

BY ALBERT W. ATWOOD

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How do I go about it?
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TO tell men and women how to succeed in business or professional life would be to cover nearly the whole range of human affairs. But to tell you how to make your money earn more money after you have obtained it by teaching school, running a store, or doing any one of those countless things called earning a living, is both practical and possible. You have earned or inherited money. It is all one and the same for purposes of investment. The question is, how shall it be made to grow and produce more money?

If a small carriage manufacturer makes a profit of $4,000 a year and needs only $3,000 to live on, he is more than likely to put the other $1,000 into new machinery. Whether it is a wise business move for him to do so, we can not say. But if a widow, a distant cousin of the carriage manufacturer, were asked to put $1,000 of her inheritance into the carriage business, without actually managing the business, that would be investment. We propose to discuss investment.

It is no easy or simple matter to invest wisely. But there are certain rules and safeguards, certain well recognized principles, which, if observed, make wise investment possible without one's having to know all about business. One might invest in a carriage factory, provided these rules, safeguards, and principles were observed, without knowing anything about carriages. But actually to operate a carriage factory without such knowledge would be business suicide.

Investment simply means to put your money out to work without having to go and work with it. There is a doctrine, commonly associated with the Industrial Workers of the World and certain radical labor groups in France, that it is a sin to have capital working. But we need not concern ourselves with that idea now. The American people still generally agree with the ethics of Benjamin Franklin's saying: "Money makes money, and the money that money makes, makes more money."

Work, or sometimes inheritance or gift, has brought it. How shall it work for me? Here is the practical question that faces every man or woman who has more than enough to pay bare living expenses. How shall one's savings increase and multiply and become productive?

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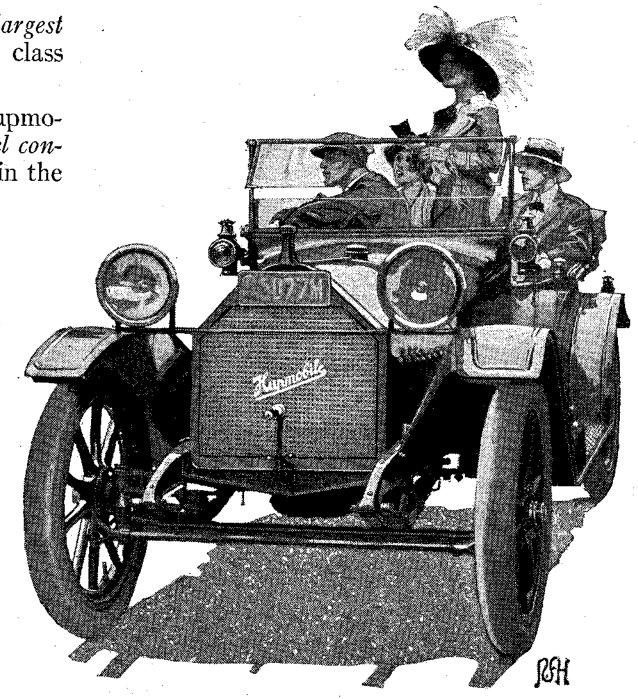

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quantities of stocks and bonds of corporations and towns and cities are bought and sold. But it is a serious and often dangerous error to suppose that there are no other forms of investment. There are many others, the chief of them being:

1. *Deposits in Commercial Bank or Trust Company*
2. *Deposits in Savings Bank*
3. *Insurance Policies*
4. *Savings and Loan Shares*
5. *Real Estate*
6. *Mortgages*
7. *Securities (stocks and bonds)*

The Investment Must Suit the Individual

Nothing is more ill advised than to suggest one class of investments to all buyers. Any or all of the above forms of property may be the wisest for certain individuals to buy. The real tragedies of the market-place are not those of high finance, but of the man of moderate means who is misled into buying ten shares of a speculative stock, with the idea that he is investing wisely, when a deposit in a savings bank would meet his requirements far better. Bonds are in some cases inferior to mortgages. Mortgages are often less desirable than the ownership of an insurance policy. And so on through the list. Correct investment consists not only in buying property that is intrinsically good, but the purchase must fit the needs of the individual.

Because a bond is good, or because a first mortgage is good, is no reason why an investor should buy them. Everything depends on how soon the owner needs or wishes to reconvert the investment back into cash. Everything depends on the sum to be put out, or on whether safety or high income is most sought, or permanence is desired. One might enumerate a score of other conditions, considerations, and ifs.

Briefly, when and where does each class of investment best apply? How does each best meet the needs of the individual? In outline, to be filled in later, here are the essential characteristics of the seven forms of investment most often encountered:

1. Deposits in Commercial Bank or Trust Company

Perhaps the best temporary place for the employment of funds. A bank deposit is an investment in the strictest sense of the word. Your money is cared for and put to work.

You are granted the incomparable convenience of paying for things by simply writing your name on a slip of paper. You do not have to keep currency on your person or premises. Yet you can always immediately convert any part of your deposit into cash in hand without an iota of loss, which is not true of any other entire class of investments. In addition, you are often allowed a small interest on your account. If you agree to leave your deposit with the bank for several months without checking out below a fixed minimum, you may be allowed as much as two per cent.

2. *Deposits in Savings Bank*

You can not check out but you get as high as 3½ or even 4 per cent interest. In addition, you can always have your money back when you want it by giving reasonable notice (in common practice no notice is required). In certain Eastern States money is safer in a savings bank than in any other conceivable place, because the bank is permitted by law to invest only in certain specified bonds and mortgages of the highest known grade. The fact that the deposits are distributed over hundreds of different investments makes your money much safer than if you had placed it yourself. The individual with only a few hundred dollars is able to buy only one or two different securities, and thus can not minimize the risk by spreading it over many different things. The savings bank is usually the best place for one or two hundred dollars.

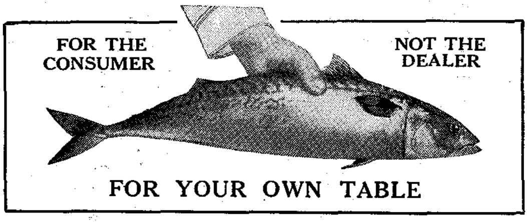
3. *Insurance Policies*

The most desirable form of investment for those whose incomes are limited and yet who desire to make generous provision for the benefit of persons dependent upon them, and one of the safest where full payment is not required at once. Insurance also is a great incentive to thrift.

4. *Savings and Loan Shares*

This is probably the most profitable and one of the safest plans of instalment investment available to the average person. It is most suitable for those who wish to build homes. Shares are sold and the proceeds used to loan on mortgage to members who wish to build. This is one of the few, if not the only, strictly coöperative form of investment. The savings and loan society should be local in character, and one of its essential elements is that members are known to each other and are familiar with

SALT MACKEREL, CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER



FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY,** with newly caught **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT,** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** east of Kansas on orders above $3.00. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, the fat, meaty, juicy fish are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH as we salt it, is white and boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat at much lower cost.

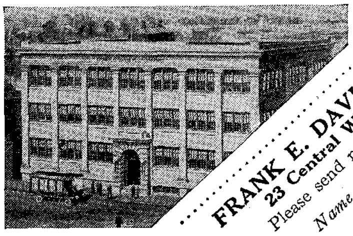
FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, they are simply boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT LINED CANS.** They come to you as the purest and safest lobster you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS are a relishable, hearty dish that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for a fried fish, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg and devilled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad, you can get here and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

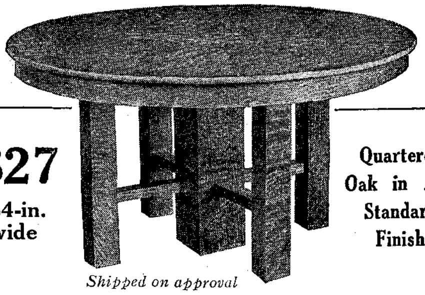
With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all of our fish products.

Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.



FRANK E. DAVIS FISH CO.
23 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me latest Fish Price List.
Name..........
St..........
City..........
State..........

Shirley President Suspenders
Feel better, look better, fit better, wear better
50¢
"Satisfaction or money back"
Be sure "SHIRLEY PRESIDENT" is on buckles
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.



$27
54-in. wide

Quartered Oak in Any Standard Finish

Shipped on approval

The Kind That Lasts a Life Time

Isn't that the furniture you are looking for, particularly when it means an unlimited selection of the world's best market and a big saving in dollars and cents.
This is what Quality furniture offers. It is sold direct to you from the Quality factory at the wholesale factory price. Send for our new

Arts and Crafts Furniture
Free Catalogue

All furniture is shipped at our risk, for your approval. If not completely satisfied return to us. We pay all expenses.

Save the Dealer's Profit

Write for this Quality Catalogue today. It will save you time and money.

Quality Furniture Co.
(Formerly Grand Rapids Furniture Mfg. Co.)

$8.25
1105 Quality Building **Grand Rapids, Mich.**

SET SIX SCREWS—*SAVE FURNITURE DOLLARS!*

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and **the saving is $13.25.** Now if your time is worth more than $2.21 a minute, don't read any further.
This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

$11.75

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Sold on a Year's Trial

If you love beautiful things in the home—furniture of actual quality in choice designs—solid worth and character throughout—then send for our big new catalog today and learn how this great, new idea of furniture built in sections and shipped direct from factory to you will save you one-half in price and will offer you a choice of designs and finishes that will give your home an atmosphere of harmony and taste.
Take this beautiful Mission Library Table, for instance, measure out its dimensions with a tape measure. Compare it with any piece equally good at any dealer's. It saves you more than one-half—and it is sold to you on a full year's money-back guarantee.
Although our business is comparatively new, we are now supplying regularly over 30,000 American homes who appreciate the wisdom of buying quality at the same price or even less than is usually paid for ordinary grades of furniture.

No. 300 Library Table

This handsome table is Quarter-Sawn White Oak, with rich, deep, natural markings; honestly made; beautifully finished to your order, shipped completely stained—your choice of eight shades—hand rubbed polish. Height, 30 inches; top, 44 x 28 inches; legs, 2½ inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates—shipping weight 150 lbs.
With a screw-driver and six *minutes you have a table that* would ordinarily sell for $25!

Our Price Only $11.75

Get This New Catalog Today

Our new catalog is ready for distribution. It is the most beautiful furniture book ever given away—tells all the details—gives you a choice of over 400 pieces in living, dining and bedroom furniture—color plates showing the exquisite finish and upholstering—factory prices. Write for this beautiful big book today—it is free—postpaid.

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 1005 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

one another's resources. This makes possible a combination of safety and large profits.

5. *Real Estate*

Except for stocks and some bonds, this is the *only form of investment where a possible* increase in the face value is a conspicuous feature. On the other hand, risks of a decrease in value are very great. Successful purchase of real estate so often requires special training that it becomes a highly technical pursuit rather than investment in the strict sense. Without special knowledge, the average person should not, as a rule, buy real estate except for actual use.

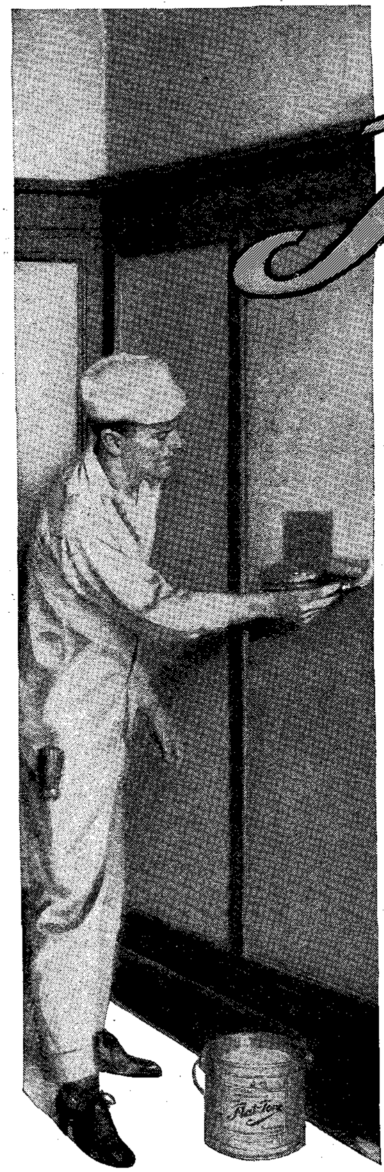
6. *Mortgages*

First mortgages on real estate are a direct and simple form of investment. But, unless the purchaser himself is familiar with local real estate conditions, it is absolutely essential to purchase mortgages through a reliable dealer. As compared with bonds and many stocks, mortgages have the disadvantage of not always being easy to sell in case of necessity. On the other hand, their price does not fluctuate, and safe mortgages pay much higher rates of interest than safe bonds or stocks. The question of whether bonds or mortgages constitute the better class of investment has long been a classic dispute. The two types have many points in common as compared with all others.

7. *Stocks and Bonds*

Although stocks and bonds are often widely different, they must be classed together in contradistinction to all other types of investment. With the single exception of real estate, stocks and bonds alone present the possibility of an increase in value. A wise purchase will bring a much larger return than an equal sum placed in savings bank, commercial bank, or insurance policy. With the single exception of bank deposits, good stocks and bonds are usually the easiest to get rid of in case of necessity.

These then are the essential characteristics of the various types of investment. An attempt at once to understand each in relation to all is sure to be bewildering. But to know wherein each type is suitable or unsuitable for his or her particular needs is of prime value to the would-be investor. In successive articles this subject will be gone into in sufficient detail to apply it in a practical way to personal needs.



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Flat-Tone

gives the wall finish you want at a price you can afford

It offers the widest possible choice of soft, harmonious shades. It spreads smoothly and readily, lasts remarkably, and can be washed as frequently as you please.

Flat-tone offers the true economy of artistic decoration—great capacity for covering space. Whether you contemplate redecorating a part of a room or your whole house, there is a Sherwin-Williams paint, stain, varnish or enamel exactly suited to your purpose. All of these up-keep finishes are completely described in our

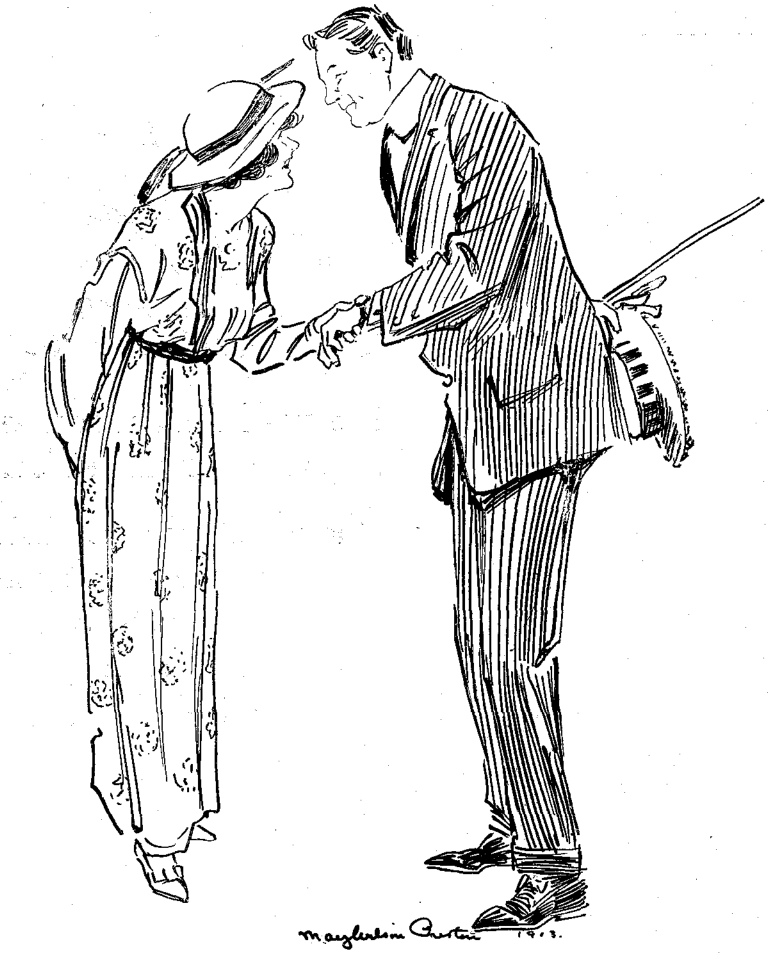
Portfolio of Suggestions for Painting and Decorating

This handsome booklet contains a lot of decorative schemes, illustrated in color, for the improvement of your house, outside and in. Suggestions for everything, from painting a house to staining a chair. We mail it free. Send us a line today.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

COVER THE EARTH PAINTS & VARNISHES COVER THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co.
603 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio



THE WOES OF TWO WORKERS

BY HELEN VAN CAMPEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SCENE. *The telephone switchboard in the lobby of a New York hotel.*
CHARACTERS. FLOSSIE *the operator and* EVANGELINE, *a show girl.*
TIME. *Afternoon.*

FLOSSIE. Uncle Heinie's goin' to take me an' maw to the San Francisco exposition, an' maw's just worried sick. Yunno, he hadn't ever been on a train till the time we went to Boston, 'cause he was a sailor an' scared of 'em, an' didn't he rouse the whole sleeper with wild cries, after tryin' to git in the little berth hammock, an' sufferin' awful! Maw'd told a lady we was wealthy tourists from abroad, an'— Hello? John Drew ain't stoppin' here.

An' while we was to a reception in Boston, havin' took Uncle so he could tell some of his sea stories, he set down in the midst of a lot of cultivated ladies an' says: "I'll bet any you dames a hundred I kin lift the pianner!" Sometimes I wish he stayed on the water.

EVANGELINE. It looks like he'll be a constant knock against your social position, dearie.

FLOSSIE. He is! I took him to Hector's as chaperon for me an' 480 — *he'd* git in one of

The Most Admired of Timepieces

Note the murmur of sincere admiration that arises whenever the Gruen Verithin is shown. And notice, too, the pride its owner takes in showing it.

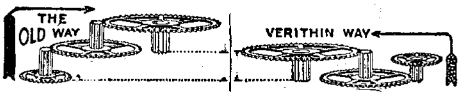
Only half as thick as the ordinary watch—compact, perfect in proportion and finish—a "style" with accuracy possessed by no other watch has made the

GRUEN Verithin Watch

"The Most Admired of Timepieces"

"The thinnest watches made are Gruens"

How we secured this beautiful and practical thinness, yet retained the highest timekeeping standards is explained by the wheel-train illustration below, and by the careful hand finishing and adjusting of skilled Swiss workmen which each part receives after the machines have done their work.



The result is this: Gruen Verithin Adjusted models, priced from $25 to $60, are guaranteed to come within what is known as accurate railroad time requirements.

Grades marked "Precision," priced from $45 to $250, are guaranteed to come within best observatory time requirements, which are much more exacting than railroad time inspection rules.

Go to the best jeweler in your town and *see* this watch. The minute you do you will realize that you, too, would take a world of pride in possessing it. If your jeweler should happen not to have the Gruen Verithin, ask him to get you one to see.

Write today for the interesting "Story of the Gruen Verithin." With it we will send you the names of those jewelers who have the Gruen agencies in your locality.

Prices Men's and Ladies' Sizes, $25 to $250

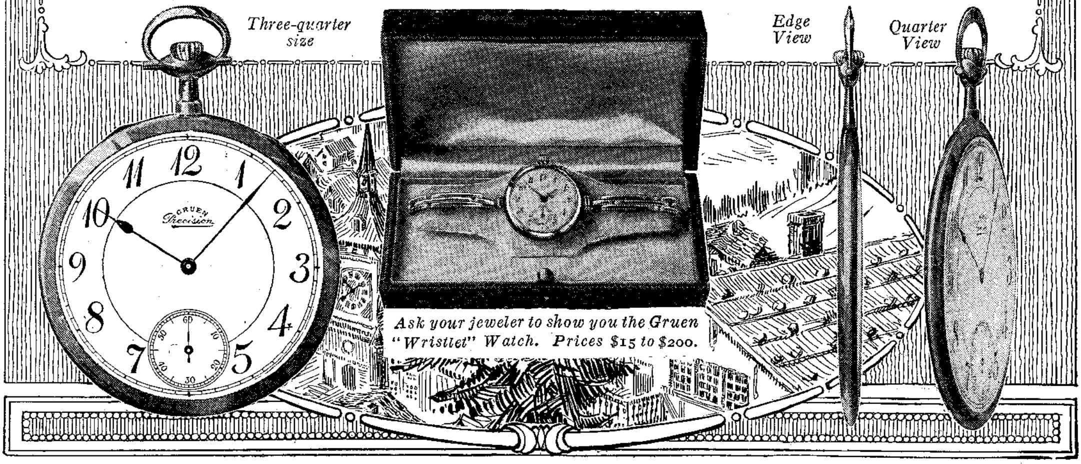
GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876

58 East Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

FACTORIES: Cincinnati and Madre-Biel, Switzerland. CANADIAN OFFICE: C. P. R.R. Building, Toronto, Ont.

Duplicate parts always on hand at Gruen agencies everywhere, insuring prompt repairs in case of accident.



Ask your jeweler to show you the Gruen "Wristlet" Watch. Prices $15 to $200.

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE influence of the bathroom upon the health of every member of the family—makes the selection of the proper fixtures imperative. Because of their sanitary perfection "Standard" *Guaranteed Plumbing Fixtures* have brought health and comfort to millions of American homes—and their installation should be insisted upon.

"Modern Bathrooms"—Everyone who is planning to build should send for a copy of "Modern Bathrooms"—100 pages in color. It shows practical, modern bathrooms at costs ranging from $78.00 to $600.00 with prices of each fixture in detail. Floor plans, ideas for decoration, tiling, accessories, together with model equipment for kitchens and laundries, are also shown. Sent free.

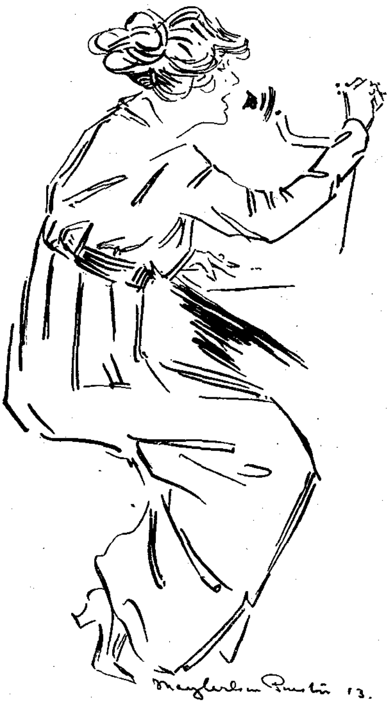
Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. E Pittsburgh, Pa.

New York . . 35 West 31st Street
Chicago . 900 S. Michigan Avenue
Philadelphia . 1215 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. . 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh . . 106 Federal Street
St. Louis . . . 100 N. 4th Street
San Francisco 719-21-23 Rialto Bldg.
Cincinnati . . 633 Walnut Street
Nashville . . 315 Tenth Avenue, S.
New Orleans, Baronne and St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can. 215 Coristine Building
Boston . . John Hancock Building
Louisville . 319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland . . 648 Huron Road, S.E.
Hamilton, Can. 20-28 Jackson St., W.
London, E. C. 57-60 Holborn Viaduct
Houston, Tex. Preston and Smith Sts.
Washington, D. C. Southern Building
Toledo, O. . . 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex. Front and Jones Sts.

the lobby chairs an' stare at me with his hull soul in his eyes, an' I seen that I oughta go to save his reason, as nobody wants them things on their conscience. An' when I remarked I was too frail to eat more'n sumpin' quite delicate,— for them guys with large brown meltin' lamps abhores your material woman,— Uncle Heinie hadda go an' crack that no wonder I wasn't hungry, after three helpin's of pot roast at dinner. I went all to pieces when I got home — I was that mortified.

EVANGELINE. My own nerves got me wingin' to-day. While they was settin' for the last act, yesterday mat'nee, the flyman left a sandbag drop on Perla Levy, an' when she was revived she said it was me got it did, though I give you my sacred word 'tis false, Floss; but the truth is, he's been leavin' notes an' annoyin' me terrible, an' he was glarin' down from the flies while I was kiddin' with the press agent, whose name is Lawrence, an' he wears a bracelet watch, but he means well, at that. I gotta mind to resign, it's so lonely, when even the chorus is married an' got the children asleep on trunks in the dressin'-room an' keep hollerin' to you not to speak so loud. Oh, pipe Donald Brian! That must be his wife. I had a shock last night. When I come on in the ball-room scene, I got a hand from a stage box that sum-



"HELLO? OH, INDEED, MA'AM? YOU GOT NO WISH TO LISTEN TO A WORKIN'-GIRL'S SAD EXPERIENCE!"

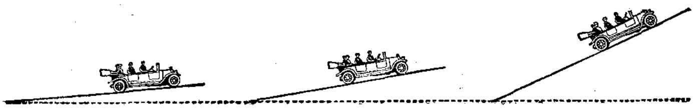
Seeing Things Straight

Fits-U Eyeglasses have a businesslike way of holding your lenses precisely in place. There is never a deflected angle of vision to strain and inevitably injure your eyes.

Once put on, you forget them. If your friends notice them, it is as a touch of distinction added to your appearance. Look for this monogram on the bridge:

Send for our new booklet, "Eyes Right." It gives some valuable information about the wearing of glasses— and it is free.

American Optical Company
Address Dept. B, Southbridge, Mass.
Largest makers of Spectacles, Eye-glasses and Lenses in the world.
New York Chicago San Francisco London



THE HILLS TELL

A well-known peculiarity of lubricating oil is this:

Chemical or physical tests are often quite misleading.

Two oils of the same gravity may differ in efficiency.

Two oils of the same flash test may be entirely unlike in action.

Oils from widely different bases may be given the same body or viscosity.

Gravity, flash test, body, and viscosity are, therefore, not safe guides to the oil's actual durability or lubricating qualities.

The only real tests of lubricating oil are practical tests.

Hill climbing offers the motorist one good opportunity for practical demonstration. The oil which enables you to climb a hill most easily will be the oil which yields you the greatest horse power.

You will find that with Gargoyle Mobiloil your car will climb steeper grades on high speed.

If you wish to make a comparative test, pick out a hard hill. See how far up you can go on high gear with your present oil. Then replace the oil with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil. Make sure that the operating conditions of your motor are identical in both cases.

The greater distance that Gargoyle Mobiloil will carry you up the hill represents greater actual horse power—resulting from reduced friction and reduced escape of compression and explosion.

You receive this greater efficiency on the level stretches as well as on the hills. It is simply more difficult to measure.

The lubricating chart on the right will indicate the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for the cars listed.

A booklet on lubrication containing our complete chart, which embraces all American makes of cars and the leading foreign makes, will be mailed on request.

GARGOYLE

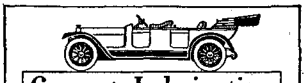
Mobiloil

For correct automobile lubrication

The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "D"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in 1 and 5 gallon ***sealed cans,*** in half-barrels and barrels. ***All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.*** They can be secured from all reliable garages, automobile supply stores and others who supply lubricants.



Correct Lubrication

SMOOTHEST OPERATION | MOST POWER | FEWEST REPAIRS | LONGEST LIFE

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1909		1910		1911		1912		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Alco	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar (2 cy.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Avery	....	....	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
Benz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (1 cyl.)	B	A	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (4 cyl.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Com'l	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A	....	....
" "Knight"	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Daimler	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
De Dion	B	A	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
E. M. F.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Flanders	....	....	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
" (6 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" Com'l	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc
G. M. C.	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm-Logan	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
Herreshoff	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hewitt (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Hudson	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile "20"	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "32"	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
I. H. C. (air)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	A
" (water)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
International	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A	....	....
Interstate	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Isotta	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (4 cyl.)	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Kelly	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Kelly Springfield	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel-Kar	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" " Com'l	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Locomobile	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Marion	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Marmon	Arc.	Arc.	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Matheson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	....	....
" (4 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cyl.)	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
" "Knight"	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Michigan	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Minerva "Knight"	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Overland	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Paige Detroit	....	....	E	E	A	Arc.	A	E	A	E
Panhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" "Knight"	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " Com'l	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pullman	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rambler	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Rayfield	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Regal	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Renault	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
S. G. V.	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Service	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Simplex	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" "Mead"	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" "Knight"	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Stevens Duryea	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard-Dayton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
" "Knight"	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Thomas	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	....	....
Walter	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Warren Detroit	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
White (Gas)	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the world pin' told me was meant personal, an' there set Albert! Don't you 'member the one who ust to call me from Utica? He was a dentist, an' we'd be on good terms to-day, only he's temperamental — he was doin' my bridge-work, an' merely because I reached up an' tried to make the tag of his hair that always stuck up in the back lie down, an' ast him to say what he wanted for Christmas, he addressed me very angrily, an' gimme a lot of fresh remarks.

FLOSSIE. Men certainly are peculiar. Yet they — Hello? *Who?* Miss Sanderson's playin' her matinée. All right. I — Hello? Yes, 8888 — go ahead. You which? Lost your diamond an' black opal toerings at Mrs. Thompson of Chillicothe's Greek dance, in the Moorish salong last night? No, they ain't been found, ma'am. Oh, she don't never git up till four! Sure, I know how you feel, for the day my sapphire earring was took off me at a lunch at City Island — yunno, some them waiters are so expert they kin' bite 'em out while you're sayin' what you want — I come near swoonin', an' the party who was givin' the lunch, a absolute *prince*, to who money's *nothin'*, he says to me — Hello? Oh, indeed, ma'am? A' course you got no wish to listen to a workin'-girl's sad experience, though I'm s'posed to git told the worries of the whole world an' not complain! All you want is your toe-rings? Have *I* got 'em, I like to know? I — Hello? Well, *git* detectives! . . . . Gee, I bet her husband's sorry when he's gotta quit work an' go home!

EVANGELINE. Toe-rings ain't half as modish as jeweled circlets with your dog or your fiancé's picture for the ankle, anyway. An' when I got one of my Egyptian moods, I wear sandals, dearie, an' cultivate a deep an' thoughtful expression, for the doll woman has went, an' if you want to be a bell cow, be intellectual, or you'll never git your map on a front page. Who's that distangy-lookin' man?

FLOSSIE. That's Colonel Chester, our taxicab starter. He does so much better'n when he was in the British army, too, 'cause he's so exclusive the guests are afraid to hand him less'n half a buck. One party from Three Rivers, Quebec, slipped him a dime, an' the Colonel struck the insulter's open face with his suède glove, an' said his seconds would be around to the guy's room unless reparation was immediately made; so the fella got out a case note, an' the Colonel dropped the matter.

He's got his own curry cook, an' he sent maw the swellest idol he got in a temple while the priest was eatin' the offerin's! But when Abie ast me to dinner the other night, an' called a cab from our stand, him an' the Colonel had high words, as Abie said not two dollars just

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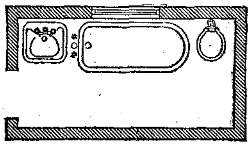

Then you read over the specifications. They call for a bath, a lavatory, etc., described in more or less technical language.

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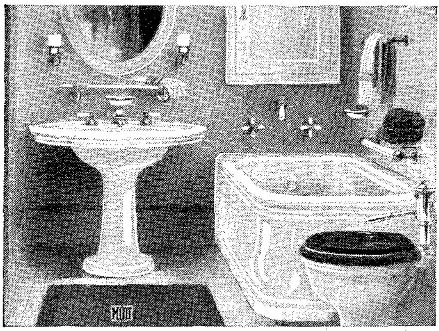

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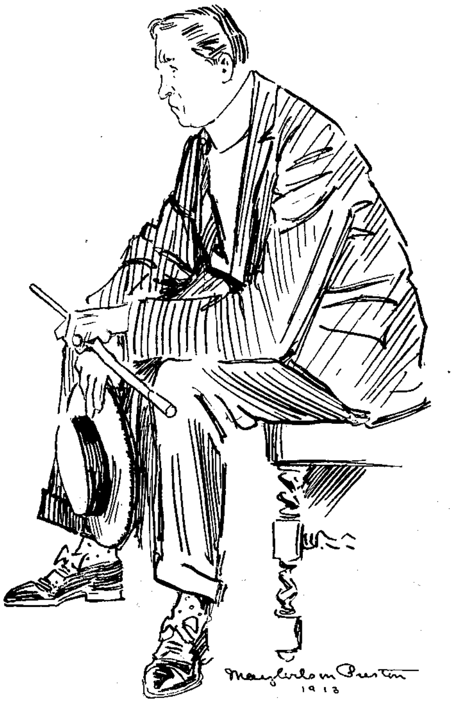
to Forty-eighth Street, if he never rode, an' he made me git out, an' then the Colonel apologized to me for Abie carryin' on so before a lady, but said s'long as we'd got in at all, it was still two, an' Abie seen a Headquarters man he knowed goin' by, an' both of 'em attacked the Colonel, an' a Broadway cop standin' there laughin' like it was a joke! I ain't been able to even glance at him since, an'— Hello? Just a minute an' I'll see. An' he — Hello!

Oh, howdy, Mr. Brewster — how you feelin' now? I should think you would, the time you go to bed. What, just coffee? Not even toast? All right. Front! Git a pot of coffee an' some ice water to 74 — it's that party from Alberta.



"HE'D GIT IN ONE OF THE LOBBY CHAIRS AN' STARE AT ME"

EVANGELINE. I wonder how a person who goes over an' breaks the bank at Monte Carlo feels? I wouldn't ever walk on a stage again, unless it was my own show — an' I'd live in Yurp, after that. The lower classes are too prevalent here, dearie — you can't wear a thing without every one in our comp'ny havin' one soon's they git their next salary. I think they oughta be compelled to stick in their place.

FLOSSIE. But as a nation we're progressin'. Some the very dames now leadin' the woman movement is the daughters of them Western pioneers who didn't want a railroad 'cause it'd run over the sheep, an'— Hello! I'm pagin'

Susanna Cocroft's Facial Exercises

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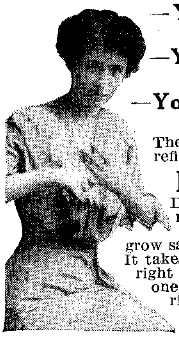

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Do not allow your facial muscles to droop, or your skin to wrinkle, grow sallow or disfigured. It takes no longer to do the right thing than the wrong one. But KNOW the right way. Do not experiment. Fully one-third of our pupils are sent to us by former pupils. Our pupils look 10 years younger. Write for our FREE booklet explaining the course for self-improvement. Write today.

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shows how important it is in the October number of

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him. Sir? Stuyvesant, 700000, Central. People — number six, please! Did you lamp that gold an' platinum watch-chain of his, Vangie? An' such delicious eyes! Hello? Why, she said they was on the wire.

Hello, Central. Whadda you mean by — pardon me, dearie, but you *did!* She's gittin' 'em, sir. Say, Central, he wants that party *now!* Wha-at? I got more patience than you, an' the fact is — Hello? Miss White is outa the city. Hello? Central? Have I gotta git the manager, as usual? If you was they'd be on the wire. Don't answer, she says, sir — yes, it is a outrage, an' us op'rators git all the blame. I'll try again in a second. His eyes *are* lovely, ain't they, Vangie? So poetical!

EVANGELINE. He seems too courtly for a business man.

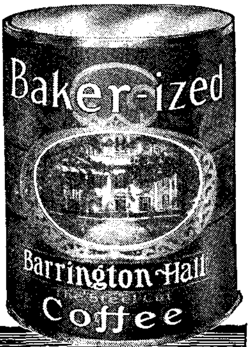
FLOSSIE. He's a gambler, an' he was remarkin' just lately that sometimes his poor wife asts if it wouldn't even be better if they had to go to work, for as soon as he gits one set of cops staked, they change squads on him! I've saw him so discouraged that he wouldn't care whether the diamond on his big ring was turned in or out!

EVANGELINE. I wish we could make his life brighter.

FLOSSIE. That's what I said to Abie, an' he says them fellas ain't the gamblers — it's the public. Say, listen, don't you believe that if a girl is the right sort she oughta be prepared to make sacrifices? Queenie Wadsworth's in love with a plumber's helper, but he ain't gone out with his tools, an' only gits six a week, an' he ast her for her hand — an' Queenie dunno whether to dare all an' leap, or tell him that for both their sakes she's gotta remain a actress. I kin still feel the pain of partin' from Walter — he gimme this ring — when he went to Alaska to spend a year prospectin' up to the head of the Kuskokwin; but, at that, he was goin' to trap me enough land-otter for a full-length coat, an' it helped me to endure it better. But our frail nerves ain't so strong as theirs. He married an old schoolmate he met on the boat comin' out, but *I* wouldn't had him anyway, an' he insisted on stoppin' here when they hit town, an' every time they'd go by I'd smile sort of scornfully. He was scared to leave her git a number by herself — an' her in my land-otter coat, yunno!

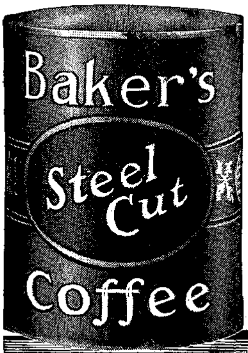
EVANGELINE. Yes, an' when Queenie's plumber's jumped to eight, it won't be her he'll spend it on, dearie. Injustice, thy name is legion — an' it is! When I made the funny face that was *featured* in the other show, while the comedian was workin' up his own laugh Saturday night, merely because the face won

40c *Eastern Basis*



"Great! and it costs no more per cup than ordinary coffee."

Eastern Basis **35c**



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SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

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Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

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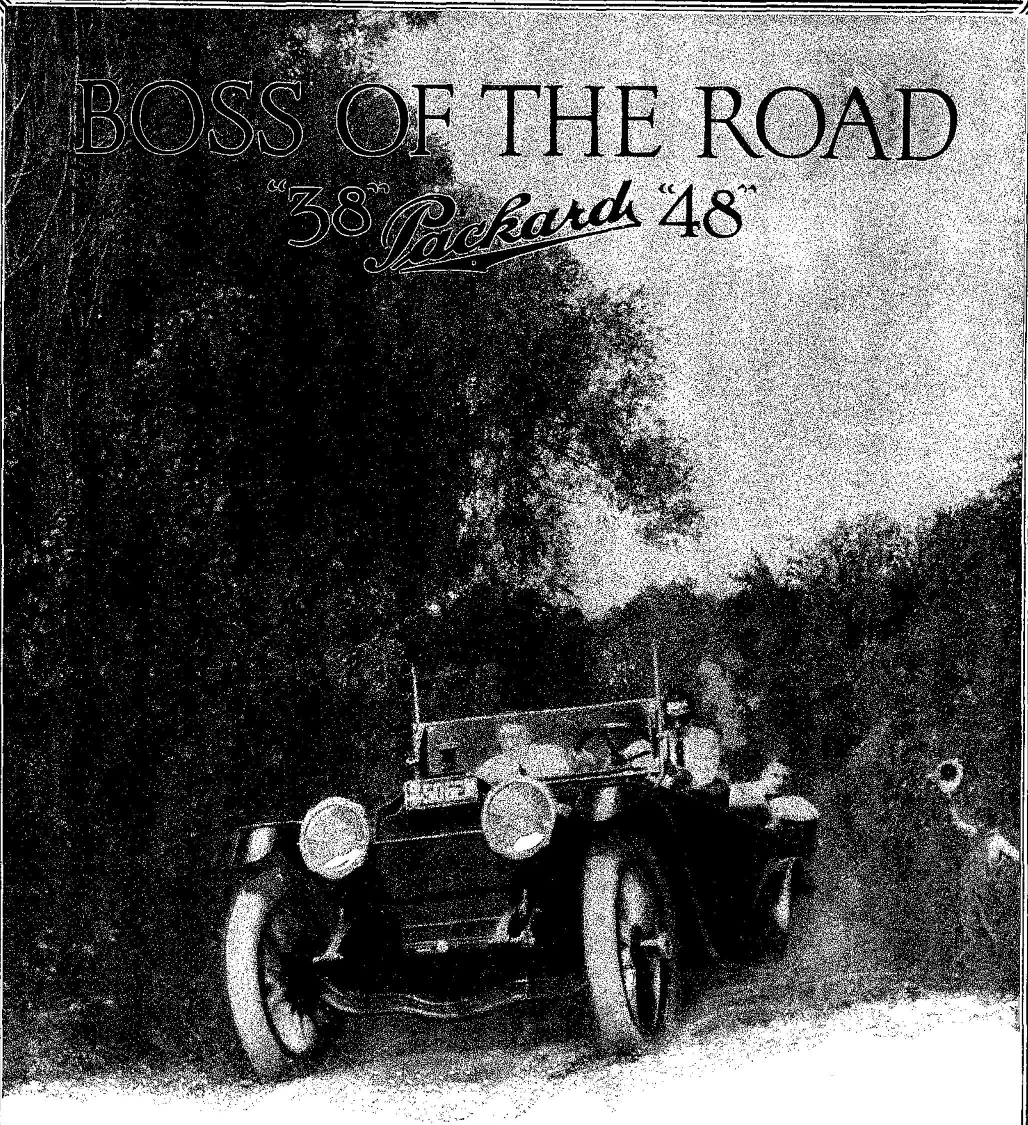
Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee



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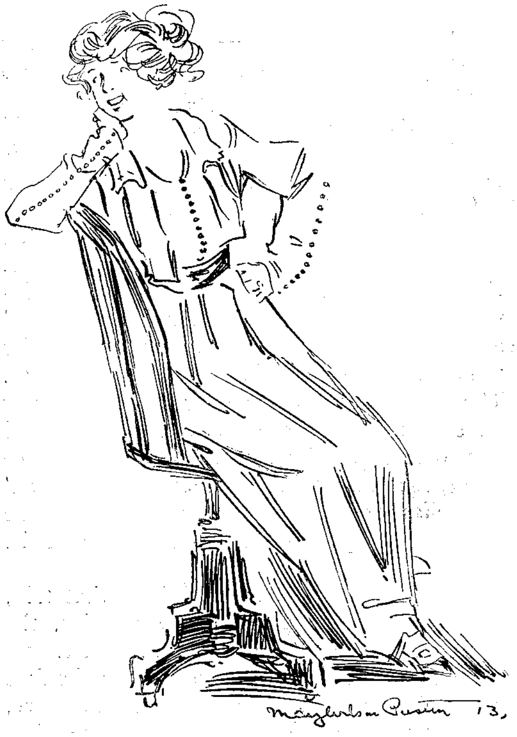

"THE DOLL WOMAN HAS WENT, DEARIE, AN' YOU HAVE TO BE INTELLECTUAL, OR YOU'LL NEVER GET YOUR MAP ON A FRONT PAGE"

applause, he hissed at me an' got the stage man'ger to say that ladies in my subordinate capacity must foller their parts or be canned. Ridin' away from the stage door, after, I told my chauffeur to haste from them vulgar surroundin's, an' he nearly run over the comedian doin' it — that's some comfort.

George Rowan seen my possibilities when we opened in Chicago, an' in a voice full o' feelin' he says: "Kid, you certainly are there with the personality, an' our cars is the same make, also." Real artists 'll be frank in them matters, an' I'm goin' to ast George to gimme sumpin' in one of his shows, an' after a crack like that he won't have the nerve to hand me less'n a soubrette part.

FLOSSIE. He — Hello? No, he ain't stoppin' here this time. The whole thing proves that men are too much in control of our destinies, Vangie. I says to Abie: "It was wrote by a great genius, 'The sweetest noise on earth, a woman's tongue, a string which has no discord.'" An' he says: "That gink'd enjoy the openin' of the Chinese parliament!" But they're hearin' the echoes of our song of liberty, dearie, an' when it — Hello?

EVANGELINE. Cora Murphy discovered the type *she* married by puttin' a dictagraph in his

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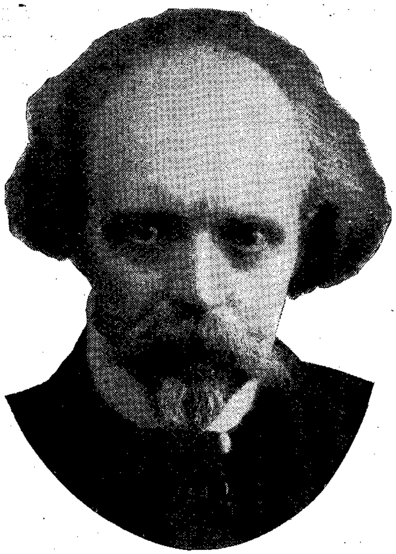

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room, for in his sleep he admitted losin' nine hundred on the hosses — yet he refused her a paltry diamond chain! She went direct to her lawyer.

FLOSSIE. Us women are born to grief. Did I tell you about Uncle Heinie givin' maw his Elks pin to wear when her show was on the road, an' sayin' she'd git unfailin' attention from any of the order? Whereas not a soul even looked at her, an' her fadin' away from ennui! Comin' back, she hid the old pin, an' was invited to lunch three times hand runnin', an' a party from K. C. ast in a meanin' tone for the next week's route, but — Hello? I'll see. These bitin' wynds of winter makes me long for climes where sun an' hearts is kinder — I was readin' about canoein' on the Swanee River, the overarchin' branches of live oaks an' magnolias creatin' a dreamy twilight, while the darkies sings a plaintive strain. It must be grand.

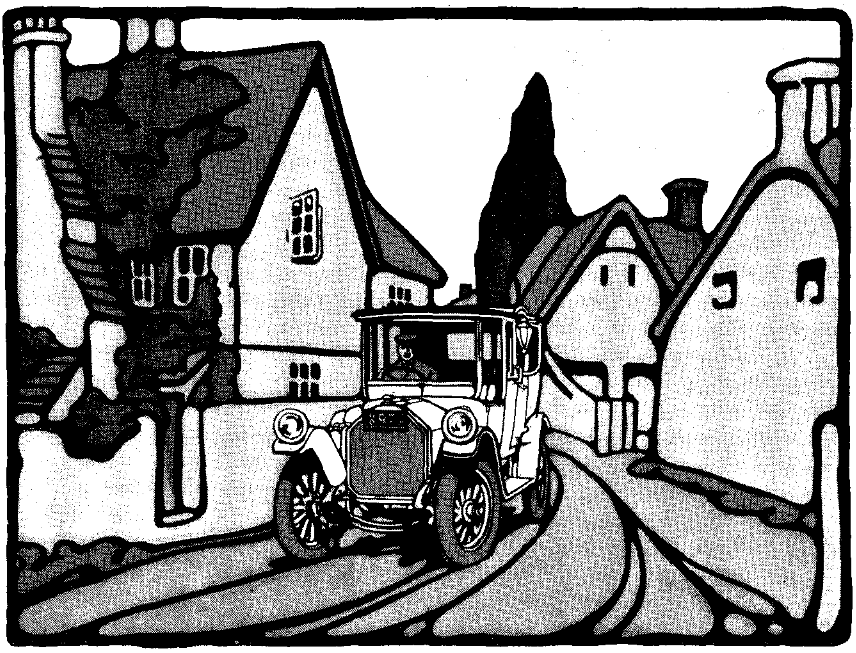
EVANGELINE. Don't you fall for that talk, dearie! When we played St. Augustine, the fella what was takin' me to supper had to excuse himself an' run over home to keep up the fires under his banana trees so they wouldn't freeze, an' you won't git nothin' on the Swanee but malaria an' a chance to buy Jacksonville real estate.

FLOSSIE. You never like no idea that I git!

EVANGELINE. No honest frien' 'd leave you make a mark outa yourself, Floss — it was me stopped you buyin' a brick in that brocaded charmeuse, an' the next day you seen the fourth-floor maid wearin' one.

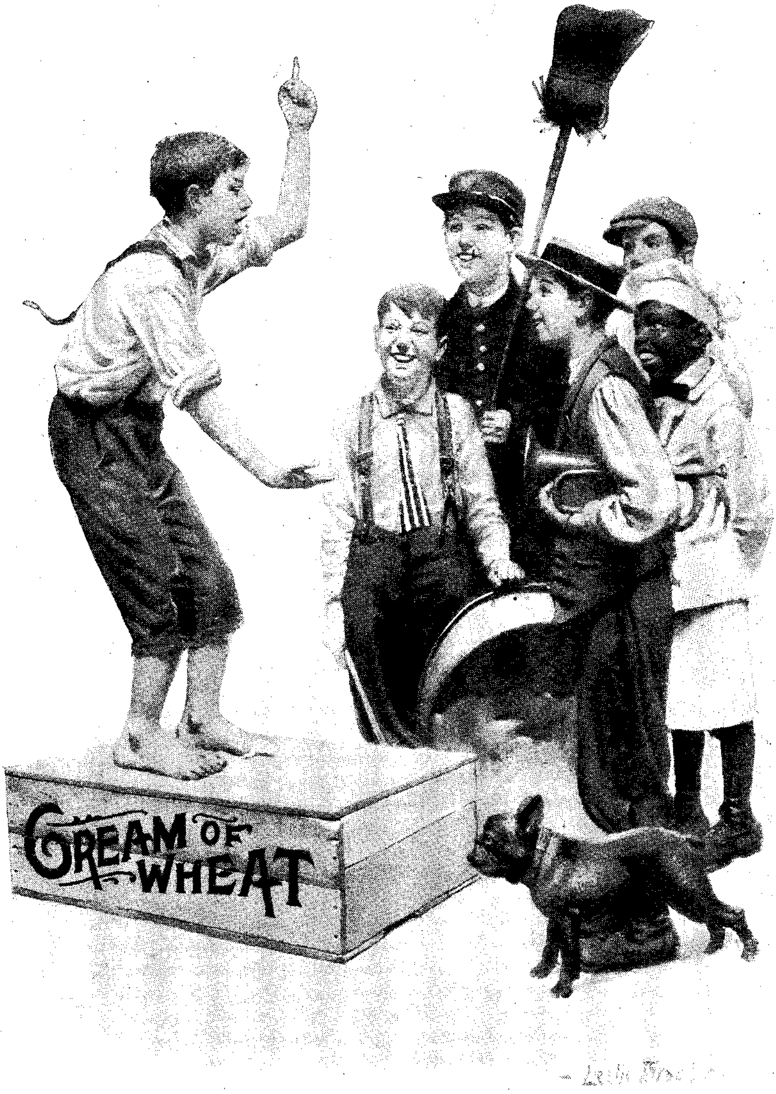
FLOSSIE. I — Hello? Is that you, Lonnie? This ain't three o'clock, yunno, an' I don't have to wait on people who — Held up in the subway? Huh! You assume I live so secluded I'll believe anything! You simply think I — Hello? He's the dearest thing, with a mustache like Jack Barrymore an' *four* flyin' machines, dearie, but I'm just callin' him down so he'll respect me. He — Hello?

Why, *Abie!* No, I kin not — I got the company's business to transact, if we are engaged, an'— Hello, Lonnie. Hold the wire, will you? . . . Hello, Abie? Ring the flat late, or drop around, an' don't forgit to take maw some flowers; she ain't feelin' well. . . . Hello, Lonnie. I — Gee! I crossed them wires an' Lonnie heard me; he says monoplanes 'll be his only love in future. . . . But, Lonnie, *listen!* Oh, gracious, ain't it hard on a girl! . . . Hello, Abie? Wait, can't you? He's comin' right over, an' says I gotta explain, dearie. I — I — an' yet, if you just stick to one, maybe he'll see some other girl, an' you'd be left at the post!



Not only has the Pierce-Arrow turned the tide of imported cars so that there are today far less in proportion than some years ago—not only that, but the Pierce-Arrow in American hands has invaded Europe, giving greater satisfaction to its owners than a native car on its native heath.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, N. Y.



"OUR PLATFORM"

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